

Red Shoes

Graham Weber

She wore red shoes by the drugstore
As the rain splashed the nickel
Spilled like chablis along the midway
There's a little blue jay
In a red dress, on a sad night
One straw in a root beer
A compact with a cracked mirror
And a bottle of evening in Paris perfume
He told her to wait in by the magazines
He had to take care of some business it seems
Bring a raincoat and a suitcase
And your dark eyes
And wear those red shoes
There's a dark huddle at the bus stop
Umbrellas arranged in a sad bouquet
Li'l Caesar got caught
He was going down to second
He was cooled
Changing stations on the chamber
To steal a diamond
From a jewelry store for his baby
He loved the way she looked in those red shoes
She waited by the drugstore
Caesar had never been this late before
And the dogs bayed the moon
And rattled their chains
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
Was the burglar alarm
Snitchin' on Caesar
Now the rain washes memories from the sidewalks
And the hounds splash down the nickel
Full of soldiers
And Santa Claus is drunk in the ski room
And it's Christmas eve in a sad cafe
When the moon gets this way
There's a little blue jay
By the newsstand
Wearing red shoes
So meet me tonight by the drugstore

We're goin' out tonight

Wear your red shoes

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