Highheels In The Rain

Fred Eaglesmith

Last time that I seen her she was standin' on a sidewalk,
Infront of a town cafe,
And she smiled and she waved when I called out her name,
And then she just looked down again,
Maybe she didn't want me to come on over,
And maybe she was only ashamed,
Of the bright-colored paint she wore on her face,
Or those highheels she wears in the rain.

They had them a place on the sixteenth line,
A mile or so outside the city,
And the trucker's come in with all their sad stories,
And they feed them breakfast and pity,
But the days were long and the work was hard,
And I guess she decided to trade,
Bacon and Eggs a buck ninety-nine,
For highheels she can wear in the rain.

She moved into town and she got a place,
That backs off onto the street,
And him and me we set in with shadows,
We listen til' the music comes down through her screen,
And in the morning she wakes up and draws back the curtains,
And looks out on a brand new day,
She puts on her things and steps into the street,
With those highheels that she wears in the rain,

And he use to drink cuz he though it might save him,
But now he just drinks to drown,
There's been times when I've told him,
That I'd like to help him,
He says he'd rather if I just push him down,
and sometimes she walks by with a man on her arm,
And she won't even look our way,
With her hair tied and her bright-colored eyes,
And those highheels that she wears in the rain,

And last time that I seen her she was standin' on a sidewalk,
Infront of a town cafe.

Lyrics submitted by Kevin Connolly.

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