

Old Shoes

[Sean Rowe](#)

Though my shoes are not for winter
Though my hands are very cold
Though my pockets may be empty
I intend to find you on my own Though the music has been fading
Though the cellos have gone home
The piano has been waiting
For some lonely man
To play a note I wrap my arm around your side
Put your hand where you can feel me
In this moment we're alive
In this moment we can die free
How can I make you understand

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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