

# Stranger in Blue Suede Shoes

[Kevin Ayers](#)

I walked into this bar  
And the man refused;  
He said, "We don't serve strangers  
In blue suede shoes;  
We don't give credit, and  
We don't give way  
We have to think about what the people might say..  
Uh, you know what I mean "  
I said, "Sure, man" Oh, he gave me a smile that was sickly and wet,  
And I offered him one of my cigarettes.  
He took it, afraid that he might appear rude,  
Then proceeded to sell me some second class food.  
Nice guy meet 'em everywhere He said, "My oh my, I have suffered too long,  
And this cigarette seems to be very strong;  
I don't make the rules  
I just get what I take  
And I guess every rule was made to break.  
You can take what you like, it won't hurt me  
Cause I'm just working for the company."  
From the green cigarette, He took a long drag,  
And said, "I think I'll pick my traveling bag. I'm tired of cheating, and wasting my head  
And filling the boss's bags with bread.  
I want to get out in the sun and rain,  
And feel the wind on on skin again;  
The world is large, and I've got time yet.  
And, by the way, thanks for that cigarette.  
Thank you very much."

Songwriters

AYERS, KEVIN CAWLEY Published by

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