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 everywhereHe 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."

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