American Shoes

Motor Ace

Hey, my head spins at the thought
That I'm sleeping my way out of this rut.
Stealing so we could be together,
Losing so we would never part.We wear
American shoes
So we can speak for anything, anything
We talk
But we're really confused
So we won't speak for anything, anythingDon't ask me how I know
It's a feeling you get when you're down low
She said your hands won't stick together
But your will stick like glueWe wear
American shoes
So we can speak for anything, anything
We talk
But we're really confused
So we won't speak for anything, anything

Songwriters
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