

# Silver Heels

## Fleetwood Mac

Written by Bob Welch.

She came in like a hurricane  
Wearing boots and diamond rings  
With a fox fur on her shoulder

She set wondering  
And I could tell she was feeling abandoned  
Because she flashed a look across my way

She said hop for a ride  
You'll never ask me but I'll tell you anyway  
She took me out on the blackboard jungle  
Put me straight in a hurricane

She hypnotized my eyes with her silver heeled ways  
If I could sing like Paul McCartney, or get funky like Etta James  
I'd never change, I'd never change, I'd never change silver heeled ways

She came in and her flags were flying  
She was a sailboat of sweet perfume  
And I could see that her eyes were smiling

From across the room  
Well I couldn't think of conversation

I was busy looking at her furs  
She said Hey, you'll never ask me  
So I guess I'll say the word  
She took me out on the blackboard jungle  
Put me straight in a hurricane

She hypnotized my eyes with her silver heeled ways  
If I could sing like Paul McCartney, and funky like Etta James  
I'd never change, I'd never change, No I'd never change silver heeled ways

(silver, silver heels) that's what I mean  
(silver) whoo talking bout silver (silver heels)  
(silver) alright (silver heels)

I'm talkin' bout silver (silver) silver heels (silver)

She took me out on the blackboard jungle  
Put me straight in a hurricane

She hypnotized my eyes with her silver heeled ways  
If I could sing like Paul McCartney, and funky like Etta James  
I'd never change, No I'd never change her, I'd never change silver heeled ways (silver) Oooh silver heels

(silver) talkin' bout silver heels  
(silver) silver heels  
(silver) that's what I mean...

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

Lyrics provided by  
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