

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 travelling 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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