

Waiting On the Other Shoe To Fall

Tom T. Hall

When I was a young man, I busted my jeans
Hopping a freight down to New Orleans
Worked on the oil rigs and played in the bars
But nothing ever killed me so far Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall
And right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And I am waitin' on the other shoe to fall Well, I joined the army and I did my time
They sent me right up to the front lines
People were shoutin' and shootin' at me
But I had to keep America free Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall
And right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And I am waitin' on the other shoe to fall I've been to California and I've been to New York
And all in between, I had beans on my fork
Clothes on my back and a song on my mind
But I've never met a woman like your kind Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall
And right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And I am waitin' on the other shoe to fall Well, right down the street there's an old boardin' house
You better be careful bout throwin' me out
When she hears my footsteps comin' up their stairs
She's gonna start combing her hair She's a waitin' on the other shoe to fall
Right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And she is waitin' on the other shoe to fall

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