Another Man's Shoes

Drew Holcomb

Play your rock n' roll on the stereo
push the cruise control, disappear into the groove.
Take the photograph, try to make it last,
then the awkward laugh, doesn't make it true.

Everyone's got their own set of troubles.
Everyone's got their own set of blues.
Everyone's got their own set of struggles.
Walk a mile in another man's shoes.

In her rocking chair, playing with her hair,
singing in the air, a midnight tune.
She can't fall asleep, heart is on her sleeve,
waiting on a call, it never comes through.

Everyone's got their own set of troubles.
Everyone's got their own set of blues.
Everyone's got their own set of struggles.
Walk a mile in another man's shoes.

(X4)
If you ain't learned that by now,
go ahead and walk another mile.

Everyone's got their own set of troubles.
Everyone's got their own set of blues.
Everyone's got their own set of struggles.
Walk a mile in another man's shoes.

Lyrics submitted by Hannah Jones.

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