

# Red Shoes

Wry

She wore red shoes by the drugstore  
As the rain splashed the nickel  
Spilled like chablis along the midway  
There's a little blue jay  
In a red dress, on a sad night  
One straw in a root beer  
A compact with a cracked mirror  
And a bottle of evening in Paris perfume  
He told her to wait in by the magazines  
He had to take care of some business it seems  
Bring a raincoat and a suitcase  
And your dark eyes  
And wear those red shoes  
There's a dark huddle at the bus stop  
Umbrellas arranged in a sad bouquet  
Li'l Caesar got caught  
He was going down to second  
He was cooled  
Changing stations on the chamber  
To steal a diamond  
From a jewelry store for his baby  
He loved the way she looked in those red shoes  
She waited by the drugstore  
Caesar had never been this late before  
And the dogs bayed the moon  
And rattled their chains  
And the cold jingle of taps in a puddle  
Was the burglar alarm  
Snitchin' on Caesar  
Now the rain washes memories from the sidewalks  
And the hounds splash down the nickel  
Full of soldiers  
And Santa Claus is drunk in the ski room  
And it's Christmas eve in a sad cafe  
When the moon gets this way  
There's a little blue jay  
By the newsstand  
Wearing red shoes  
So meet me tonight by the drugstore

We're goin' out tonight

Wear your red shoes

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by TOM WAITS

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>