High Heel Shoes

Christine Lavin

I'm getting dizzy way up here I haven't been this high in years
Oh, whatever possessed me to
Blow eighty dollars on these high heel shoes
Looks like a pump, feels like a sneaker?
Do they think we're idiots? But I bought 'emNow I'm standing in a subway car
I ride because I cannot walk far
I couldn't find an empty cab on the street
They were filled with high-heeled women with non-functioning feetTwenty-six years ago I dreamed of wearing shoes like these
Oh, the warped mind of the preteen with her strange priorities
But this is a nightmare
Of unsteady ankles, hands waving in the airBut the looks my legs
Are getting from that man across the aisle
Almost make the pain and misery
And doctor bills worthwhileIf by chance you happen to meet
This wobbly woman walking down your street
The click of high heels on concrete
Is not the thrill of victory, it's the agony of defeatOh! Look at me everybody I learned this from Paula AbdulOh, take pity on my vanity, maybe question my sanity
Why I wear these uncomfortable things? Heaven knows
Which make me wonder about these pierced earrings
And my pantyhose, my control topOoh, I can see you don't want me to sing about pantyhose
You'd rather I go back to tap dancing
Like my close personal friend Paula Abdul
Who, like me, was a geek back in high schoolOh, I'm sorry, but that's not what this song is about
At least it wasn't when it started out
I pray this subway ride never ends
So I will never never have to walk againIn high heels, it's a different atmosphere
In high heels, I can see your house from here
In high heels, high heels

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