

Walking Shoes

Red Wanting Blue

I am a blurred out background spot, on that photo on your wall
I'm of little significance, to anyone here at all,
I'm just a man with no roots, borrowed songs and busted boots,
Always broke but on the move, hey hey
I am a tourist in your sunny day, like a babysitter,
When I see your dog smile, I cry inside a little
But it's just so much to touch, but never enough to hold.
When you live your life, through postcards and telephones,
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing you,
We were born with walking shoes,
God bless my soul as I take his name in vain,
We are cursed to be travelers, in search of fame,
so when we hit the hollywood hills we're gonna scream our names
Hoping one day it will echo
We are the tourists in your sunny day, both sweet and bitter,
And lifes just a work in progress, it makes us sigh a little
'Cause it's just so much to touch, but never enough to hold.
When we live our lives, through postcards and telephones,
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes, so I guess I'll be seeing you
So much to touch, but never enough to hold
When you live your life, through post cards and telephones
Just like the wind blowing through, or that train going choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes,
So much to touch, but never enough to hold
You can live your life like Mr. Dylan's rolling stone,
He left the answers on the wind, and behind that choochoo,
We were born with walking shoes, so I guess we'll be seeing you
We were born with walking shoes, America will be seeing you,
Only ever passing through, so I guess we'll be seeing you
We were born with walking shoes

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