

## Shoes

## Atmosphere

Would you prefer if I remove... MY... UHH?  
Nah they.. they clean..  
I mean.. what?  
You wanna look at the bottom of...?

My shoes are clean girl, how about yours?  
Here we are sitting on your living room floor  
Listening to some records from your collection  
Boredom; in between a coma and an erection  
Staring at the skin on your shoulder blades  
And you don't take your eyes off my poker face  
I'm wasted, and your as sober as Jehovah  
Knocking door to door, trying to walk to road  
That the Mormon's paved  
If she was here on your sofa with a beer on a coaster  
She'd of told 'ya that my game was way over played  
Make no mistake  
I love the way you taste like yogurt and some clover cigarettes  
Girl show me leg!  
So I'ma gonna trade these shoes for rollerskates  
And I'ma stay happy just as long as there is a whore to pay  
But some of us already spent the rent  
So we can't be content until there isn't no more today

Those are your shoes  
These are my shoes  
We've got issues

My shoes are muddy girl, how about yours?  
Here we are loungin' on your bedroom floor  
I'm really drunk so I'm looking at your carpet like  
Man, fuck the permit, I know where I'ma park tonight  
It's closing time, the spins are gonna visit me  
They're rolling thick like they know they taking victory  
But not tonight, right, I'ma make some history  
Get up in your system and direct it like a symphony  
Let me get to be the man of your mystery  
'Cause them meddeling kids don't understand your sensitivity  
Show some sympathy  
Let me kiss your feet  
Let's talk about a pretty bird and a busy bee  
If I live to see fifty, I'ma be a tipsy, dirty old man  
Still following my kid beliefs  
I know it isn't really your responsibility  
So we'll be strait once I take a hit of Listerine

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I can't find my shoes girl, how about yours?  
Here I am naked on your bathroom floor  
I got faded, and you fell asleep  
And I'm thanking God that this date was hella cheap  
Sitting down, trying to keep the liquor down  
Light, stars and sounds everything flickers now  
Sick bound, the whole room twists around

In front of the toilet assume the position to drown  
Here it comes! Whiskey out bounces all over the floor  
Now I'm sitting in the bitches mound  
I'm just a clown and I'm sorry I found it funny  
When you tripped over my shoes and hit the ground  
Didn't know you would rip your gown  
Didn't think you would shout and get so loud, get so wound  
Yeah I'm drunk, but I'm more than a little proud  
I'm leaving, fuck the shoes you keep them, I'm getting out

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Perfection