

Another Man's Shoes

Bryan White

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 in the cold
all that never comes through...

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