

# Fading Footsteps

Solomon Burke

Walt Whitman was a hippie, said that nothing could be lost  
If I only was a half that wise, I wouldn't be walking to get sauced  
Whisky

Now Mozart was a superstar by the time he made thirteen  
Sure would hurt my fingers Lord if I had to play that mean  
Rip it up

And I heard old Emerson say no debt will go unpaid  
But I feel my heart confounding as your cold shoulder turns away  
Turn away

I don't understand it, but I know what it means  
Your fading footsteps, when I tell you my dreams  
Who stood right there beside you when you were so afraid  
Now I'm crying out to no-one as your footsteps fade  
Fading footsteps, fade fade fade  
Fade away

Old George he must have talked funny with a mouthful of wooden teeth  
But a broke down starving army followed that man to victory  
True Lord

Got a shoe string for my supper and a suitcase full of rhymes  
Suns on hold and a band of gold and I'm looking at hard times  
Have mercy

And I built you a mountain high, castles in the sky  
Now there they all go falling, and I think that maybe  
You know why  
Why why why

And I don't understand it, but I know what it means  
Your fading footsteps, when I tell you my dreams  
Who stood right there beside you when you were so afraid  
Now I'm crying out to no-one as your footsteps fade

Fading footsteps, fade fade fade  
Fade away, fading footsteps, fading away  
Memories of the times gone by, how they fly  
Fading footsteps, castles in the sky

I wonder why why why why why why why  
Fading footsteps, fading footsteps  
Look out, watch it now  
Mercy, good Lord

Fading footsteps  
Pour whisky  
Rip it up  
Ooh ooh ooh