

# Bell X1, Still Selling Shoes

We are at a crossroads  
Trees bow to the winds of change  
But where is all the dancing  
Where is all the dancing?  
Where are the comely maidens?  
With their hair wraps and braiding  
Here we are at a crossroads  
And where do we go from here?

Boozy charm will only get you so far  
That's a card played by the underdog  
With a lamp went cold to our rub  
We turned to nurse the tiger cub

Back when Rory played the blues and Ronan was still selling shoes..

Now I hear the echo of a thousand hollow welcomes  
Surely we can manage a sound one, a sound one  
We've long closed Billy's barn doors  
'Cos it doesn't rhyme with where the gang goes  
Have we forgotten what it's like to go 'cos we did not have  
We'd say it loud and with one voice  
We didn't really have a choice  
But to tear ourselves from this land  
And go colonise by sleeping bag  
Trojan nag

Back when Rory played the blues and Ronan was still selling shoes..  
When Rory played the blues and Ronan was still selling shoes..

Still selling shoes, still selling shoes, still selling shoes  
When Rory played the blues and Ronan was still selling shoes