

# Morten Abel, Fine Italian Shoes

Any open, any open door I put my foot in  
Any full moon I lay on my back  
On the cold autumn ground  
In the park, on your lawn  
I lay on my own

Any old friend  
Any old friend  
Unknown will do  
Whats your name  
Where do you come from  
Are you off or are you on?  
Came to see you anyway  
Allow me to stay

Try to make a living out of what I do

Who wants to buy a pair of  
Fine italian shoes?

Came to myself  
Came to myself  
With someones help  
Walked straight to the door  
Didn't look back  
They got a big cat, I'm a rat  
I'm a fool, I'm pathetic  
My head should be on a stick

Came to myself  
Came to myself  
With someones help  
Walked straight to the door  
Didn't look back  
They got a big cat,  
I'm a rat  
Get so carried away sometimes  
I live for my lies

Try to make a living out of what I do  
I just started a shoeshop  
In my hometown  
I've been through all the things you have to go  
Through when you start something new....

What size do you want, I see what I can do