

Black 47, Green Suede Shoes

Six months out on the road
Don't know if I'm ever goin' home
Out there in the middle of America
Out of my head, feelin' hysterical
Wishin' that I was back in New York
Playin' in Reilly's on a Saturday night
Man on the phone says "I ain't jokin'"
Would yez ever come and play for us out in Hoboken?"

So we hop in the van and we drive overnight
Goin' to sweet New Jersey, startin' to feel alright
But the word is out that the boys are back in town
30,000 Paddies start gettin' on down
When we hit the stage, police chief goes nuts
What the hell am I gonna do with 30,000 drunks
He say "stop the music, I'm in charge"
Then he goes and he shut down alla the bars

I don't care if you got the blues
Just keep the hell off my green suede shoes
You can do anything you choose
But don't go messin' up my green suede, green suede shoes

Then we're comin' from Providence late one night
3 hours from home, hey life is alright
We're discussin' the demise of T Rex
Next thing we know the van is up on its ass
The windows are smashed, we're bouncin' off the Turnpike
The troopers come and haul us off the black ice
One says "Hi, my name is Kevin
It's a pleasure to meet you - Black 47"

So we're doin' Letterman, Leno and O'Brien
200 gigs a year and I'm outa my mind
We got our picture in Time Magazine
Hey, babe, I'm livin' the American Dream
Then a lawyer called up about Bridie and the baby
Wants to sue my ass for doin' the Funky Ceili
And I just got a message from a brother of Maria
"C'mon out to Bensonhurst, we all want a piece of ya"

But the more I play the deeper I'm in debt
If we ever get a hit, I'll be out on the street
I never knew I had so many friends
I'm gonna run against Rudy when this whole thing ends
I got lawyers and accountants up the kazoo
Managers and agents tellin' me what to do
With the money I'm eventually gonna make
But can you loan me a token - get me to the next gig