

# Christine Lavin, High Heel Shoes

I'm getting dizzy way up here I haven't been this high in years  
Oh, whatever possessed me to  
Blow eighty dollars on these high heel shoes  
Looks like a pump, feels like a sneaker?  
Do they think we're idiots? But I bought 'em  
Now I'm standing in a subway car  
I ride because I cannot walk far  
I couldn't find an empty cab on the street  
They were filled with high-heeled women with non-functioning feet  
Twenty-six years ago I dreamed of wearing shoes like these  
Oh, the warped mind of the preteen with her strange priorities  
But this is a nightmare  
Of unsteady ankles, hands waving in the air  
But the looks my legs  
Are getting from that man across the aisle  
Almost make the pain and misery  
And doctor bills worthwhile  
If by chance you happen to meet  
This wobbly woman walking down your street  
The click of high heels on concrete  
Is not the thrill of victory, it's the agony of defeat  
Oh! Look at me everybody I learned this from Paula Abdul  
Oh, take pity on my vanity, maybe question my sanity  
Why I wear these uncomfortable things? Heaven knows  
Which make me wonder about these pierced earrings  
And my pantyhose, my control top  
Ooh, I can see you don't want me to sing about pantyhose  
You'd rather I go back to tap dancing  
Like my close personal friend Paula Abdul  
Who, like me, was a geek back in high school  
Oh, I'm sorry, but that's not what this song is about  
At least it wasn't when it started out  
I pray this subway ride never ends  
So I will never never have to walk again  
In high heels, it's a different atmosphere  
In high heels, I can see your house from here  
In high heels, high heels