

# Eddi Reader, Wings On My Heels

I never was too good at dancing  
Somewhere I'd step out of line  
But I knew that I had wings on my heels  
When they played in three-quarter time

The pride of the north-end would swagger  
The blades from the south-side would shine  
But I swear those boys would hold on for dear life  
When they played in three-quarter time

One by one they pulled down those mirrored halls  
One by one the winters came forgetting names

I never learned how to sweet talk  
Those are the words I can't find  
Yet I had a tongue of pure silver  
When they played in three-quarter time

One by one they pulled down those mirrored halls  
One by one the winters came forgetting names

Money might slip through my fingers  
And there won't be much to call mine  
But I'll know that I had wings on my heels  
When they played in three-quarter time