

Eddie 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