

Elvis Costello, Shoes Without Heels

This love of mine is packed with stepping stone
These shoes are made for walking in reverse
In the dead of night, you tiptoe out and leave me all alone
Putting on your satin slip-ons and your sultry French cologne.
She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over me
Weirder therein, you know how it feels
When she walks right out of the door.

Well, I thought that I was bigger than this town
I thought I'd spend a pace and go the distance
But she picked me out, she used me up, and then she put me down
Now I'm driven til I'm crying, or I'm dreaming till I drown.

She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over me
Weirder therein, you know how it feels
When she walks right out of the door.

While you're busy packing underwear and other worthless trinkets,
Spare a thought for worthless men who drag on women like they're
cigarettes, 'cause you watch him walk away from you
While he gets down and deals
Oh, he'll watch you walk away without heels

Oh, you think that he's a fool to tolerate
All the liberty you cherish and you roughly take
But to watch your love turn slowly from indifference to hate
Would hurt him more than any heart that you might care to break.

She's wearing shoes without heels.
She's walking over the floor.
She's walking all over you
But when she's finished, I know (?)
When she walks right back through the door.