

# Finger Eleven, Walking In My Shoes

I would tell you about the things  
They put me through  
The pain I've been subjected to  
But the Lord himself would blush  
The countless feasts laid at my feet  
Forbidden fruits for me to eat  
But I think your pulse would start to rush

Now I'm not looking for the absolution  
Or forgiveness for the things I do  
But before you come to any conclusions  
Try walking in my shoes  
Try walking in my shoes

You'll stumble in my footsteps  
Keep the same appointments I kept  
If you try walking in my shoes  
Try walking in my shoes

Morality would frown upon  
And decency look down upon  
The scapegoat fate's made of me  
But I tell you now, my judge and jurors  
Intentions couldn't have been purer  
My case is easy to see

I'm not looking for a clearer conscience  
Peace of mind after what I've been through  
And before we talk of any repentance  
Try walking in my shoes  
Try walking in my shoes

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