

# Lavin Christine, Realities

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, 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.