

# Malia, Purple Shoes

Arrived in Paris in my Paul Smith shoes  
The purple ones, they weren't hard to choose  
I was feeling high, I had no blues  
I was grooving to the sound of my heartbeat, yeah  
All the guys were just checking my dues  
So I kicked a smile, swung my hips on cue  
Everybody was looking at my feet  
Staring hard couldn't resist

I always wear  
My Paul Smith shoes  
So good to wear  
My little purple shoes

It was cold, I didn't feel the cold  
Every day I was unknown  
I was always dancing on the street  
Everybody was looking at me  
Someone asked where I got my shoes  
I said, in London, where you will see  
Girls in winter with no tights on  
Bare-legged, loving, and free

I always wear  
My Paul Smith shoes  
So good to wear  
My little purple shoes  
Yeah

I don't care if it's cold or hot  
I don't care if you like them or not  
I don't care if it's cold or hot  
I don't care if you like them or not

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