

# Murray McLauchlan, Slingback Shoes

I'm gettin' tired of rememberin' when  
Now it's just a drag to see you again  
Lookin' for younger and younger men  
'Til you find some little boy's heart to break again

But I know that you're lonely  
I can see that you're stoned  
Take your sling-back shoes and go back home

You're witty and fast  
Your words they cut like a knife  
You talk of love, but it don't show in your eyes  
I've seen you be a coquette  
And I've heard you jive  
While you look for somebody's blood  
To make you feel alive

But I know that you're lonely  
I can see that you're stoned  
Take your sling-back shoes and go back home

Go back home  
You know, I don't need you  
Go back home and make love to yourself like you always do  
If one of your lovers, runs into me  
We might exchange a look of sympathy