

Old 97's, The Other Shoe

One old brown shoe falls in slow motion,
And the bedsprings hover right above your head,
As bed springs do, when you're beneath them.
Someone else just climbed into your bed.
By the time she thought you'd probably got to Phoenix,
She'd arranged for your shoes to be filled.
Well you've got your pride, and a blue-steel '45,
And you're waiting for the other shoe to fall.
You'll dig a double grave out in the meadow,
And you'll curse the rain that turns the dirt to mud.
You'll take I-35 south towards Laredo,
Then you'll try to find a doctor who can prescribe an elixir
That'll make everything better, except your late wife and her lover.
By the time she thought you'd probably got to Phoenix,
She'd sealed her fate and gotten herself killed.
Well you've got your pride, and a blue-steel '45,
And you're waiting for the other shoe to fall.