

The Kingston Trio, High Heeled Shoes

High heel shoes, so sheik and elegant, tapping on the floor beneath the table of the fancy restaurant.
The maitre d' brings the phone to where she sits. He puts it down beside her daiquiri and walks away.
Warm, red lips whispering "Good-bye." A fifty-dollar tip. Dark glasses on her eyes.

High heel shoes step into her limousine. A number on a napkin for the driver it's a place he's never been.
A sea gull sits on a weather-beaten shack, a little fishing boat near by with "High Heels"
Ooo. Ooo. Ummm. Um!

High heel shoes on the floor beside the bed. The driver of the limo checks his watch and lights another cigarette.
The tide rolls in from out beyond the bay, she gets into her limousine, turns around and slowly drives away.
Cool, white hands hold a faded photograph of a little girl in high heel shoes and a shy boy standing next to her.

The shadows fall on the private parking lot. She walks across the pavement to the ladder of the mill.
He turns and smiles. He was worried and concerned.
They sail off in the sunset, "High Heels" written on the stern.