

Tom T. Hall, Waiting On The Other Shoe To Fall

When I was a young man I busted my jeans hopping a freight down to New Orleans
Worked on the oil rigs and played in the bars but nothing ever killed me so far
Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall and right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And I am waitin' on the other shoe to fall

(fiddle)

Well I joined the army and I did my time they sent me right up to the front lines
People were shoutin' and shootin' at me but I had to keep America free
Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall...

(dobro)

I've been to California and I've been to New York
And all in between I had beans on my fork
Clothes on my back and a song on my mind but I've never met a woman like your kind
Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall...

(fiddle)

Well right down the street there's an old boardin' house
You better be careful bout throwin' me out
When she hears my footsteps comin' up their stairs she's gonna start combing her hair
She's a waitin' on the other shoe to fall right now you're walking out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And she is waitin' on the other shoe to fall