

# Red Shoes

Chris Rea

I was born a beggar  
With the garbage round my feet  
The devil lived in every hole  
And every corner of the street

When misery is all there is  
You got nothing to lose  
So come on and buy me  
Come on and buy me  
Some red, red, red shoes

Don't tell me what I do is wrong  
Don't preach 'cos you don't know  
'Cos I was left without a chance  
Such a long time ago

And anything is better  
Than being cut and bruised  
So come on and buy me  
Some red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes  
Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes  
Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes

Don't tell me what I do is wrong  
Don't preach 'cos you don't know  
'Cos I was left without a chance  
Such a long time ago

And anything is better  
Than being battered and bruised  
So come on and buy me  
Some red, some red, red shoes

Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes  
Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes  
Red, red, red  
Red, red, red shoes

Red, red, red  
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Red, red, red shoes

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