

# Walking in My Shoes

Finger Eleven

I would tell you about the things,  
They put me through.  
The pain I've been subjected to.  
But the Lord himself would blush.  
The countless feasts laid at my feet,  
Forbidden fruits for me to eat.  
But I think your pulse would start to rush.  
Now I'm not looking for absolution,  
Or forgiveness for the things I do.  
But before we come to any conclusions,  
Try walking in my shoes.  
Try walking in my shoes.

You'll stumble in my footsteps.  
Keep the same appointments I've kept.  
If you try walking in my shoes.  
If you try walking in my shoes.

Morality would frown upon,  
And decency look down upon,  
The scapegoat fate's made of me.  
But I'll tell you now, my judge and jurors.  
Intentions couldn't have been purer.  
My case is easy to see.

I'm not looking for a clearer conscience.  
Peace of mind after what I've been through.  
But before we talk of any repentance,  
Try walking in my shoes.  
Try walking in my shoes.

You'll stumble in my footsteps.  
Keep the same appointments I've kept.  
If you try walking in my shoes.  
Try walking in my shoes.  
Try walking in my shoes.

Now I'm not looking for the absolution,  
Or forgiveness for the things I do.  
But before you come to any conclusions.  
Try walking in my shoes.  
Try walking in my shoes.

You'll stumble in my footsteps.  
Keep the same appointments I've kept.  
If you try walking in my shoes.

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Keep the same appointments I've kept.  
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