

## Fancy Shoes

Steam Powered Giraffe

There's a thunder cloud behind those eyes,  
A storm's a-brewin' in your mind's thoughts.  
A static-  
electrical discharge will emulate for your swollen heart.  
Well the doctor prescribes  
Rubber soles.

You can teach a robot how to dance  
You can't teach a pair of shorts how to dance

Stand between two mirrors  
And look into the distance

You see you turn infinite  
Still you're only human.

It's a suit-and-tie affair  
And you're only wearing shoes.  
Although they're pretty sick  
No one will let you through.

(Well)  
It doesn't matter those fancy shoes  
It's all about the words you choose  
It doesn't matter those fancy shoes  
If it's all about the friends you lose  
It doesn't matter those fancy shoes  
So why would, why would you?

I can see where they may be some confusion  
I was just once just like you  
Let me tell you a story to clarify the matter  
Once upon a time a mouse put on some shoes.

'Hey, friend, where'd you get those fancy shoes?  
Are you wearing them, or are they wearing you?  
I've seen you walking down the boulevard,  
You must've come pretty far  
You make it look really hard.  
Those shoes sparkle gold and blue,  
They seem brand new  
Must've set you back a few.  
Oh, my fancy shoes