

Waiting on the Other Shoe to Fall

Tom T. Hall

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

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 Ameri
ca free
Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall...

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 w
oman like your kind
Now I'm waitin' on the other shoe to fall...

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 walk
ing out on me
I can hear your footsteps going down the hall
And she is waitin' on the other shoe to fall