

White Feet

Now you've been waiting for the day, when they say that they set you free
They keep an eye on your moves, on your feet and on the people you see
They say you can't leave town before 9 and after 8.15
They see your white feet cutting through the dark like a laser beam

So you served your sentence, you deserve to be back on the scene
You gave your word that you wouldn't leave town till the grass turns green

They see your white feet dancing on parole
They see your white feet shaking out of control

So you've been waiting for the night when your white feet don't shine through
And when your white feet fit into a sandal or a pair of shoes