

Walking Shoes, D. Wooley
Cotton States Music Publishing, BMI

Things ain't been right, since you went wrong, you know that's right
Things ain't been right, since you got it wrong, an you know that's right

Best way I know, to loose the blues
It aint no gamble, you got nothing to loose

Ya gotta put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Walking Shoes

Say you know how, cause you done it before
So get up of you ass and on out the door

Ya gotta put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Walking Shoes

If you wanna get to heaven you gotta D I E,
but if you wanna have fun you gotta come with me

When the Queen of Hearts tells the King of Spades
Ya gotta move it baby, cause you're getting in my way

Ya gotta put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Walking Shoes

Best way I know, to loose the blues, grab a pair of them Walking Shoes
Just put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Walking Shoes

Get of that ass and put on them Walking Shoes
Get of that backside and on out the door and put on them Walking Shoes

Just put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Walking Shoes
Just put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Travling Shoes
Just put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Dancing Shoes
Just put on, put on, put on, put on, put on, them Running Shoes