



now I m wishing by my god that I had stayed

Verse 3:

Longtime ago when I was young

I bought a guitar in the little shop in town

and when I touch its old and tired strings

It sounds so sad and wrong just like the lonely songs I always sing

Chorus 3:

Worn out shoes still got the blues

Every day now is a fight I lose

I guess I turn out to be a lousy fighter

When I came to this big town

All important people put me down

And I was told I m a no good writer

Worn out shoes still got the blues...