



# LEATHER ON MY SHOES

*From Album Flying Colours . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Chris de Burgh*

I've got leather on my shoes,  
And I've got a dream to live,  
There is nothing left to lose,  
So I'm going,  
I've got a suitcase here in my hand,  
And I've got a hungry heart,  
And I'm going to join the millions,  
There before me, on the freedom road;

No-one's coming to my door,  
And all my friends have gone,  
There's no work here anymore,  
It's deserted,  
And though I know I hate to leave,  
From this land that I love,  
There's a new tomorrow waiting,  
Yes it's shining on the freedom road,  
On the freedom road;

Oh sometimes it's going to be lonely,  
Sometimes it will be sad,  
But I've got to keep on going,  
Until I hold that promised land  
In the palm of my hand;

Nothing ventured, nothing gained or won  
Without a hard fight,  
We would never reach the sun  
Without trying,  
And when we're a million miles from home,  
Out in the starry night,  
We will see we're not alone  
In the heavens, out on freedom road,  
Out on freedom road,

Out on freedom road... out on freedom road.