

Widespread Panic, Imitation Leather Shoes

My little brother is an insect
He likes to crawl around his room
His mother shudders at the sight of him
His pappy is a businessman

Every move he makes is torture
He cannot speak words anymore
Our sister likes to flip him on his back
And watch little brother squirm

I really like the way you look in
Your imitation leather shoes
And I don't wanna fake it anymore

He took a trip to California
Strung out on Hollywood and Vine
The Tinsel-Towners came from miles around
That little bugger felt at home

I really like the way you look in
Your imitation leather shoes
And I don't wanna fake it anymore

My brother paints a pretty picture
These things are bad as these things get
Like dreaming 'bout the Mona Lisa
And waking up at Ruby Ridge

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And I don't wanna fake it anymore
Anymore
Anymore
Anymore