

I'll tell you about the things you put me through
The pain I've been subjected to
The Lord himself would blush
Countless feasts laid at my feet
Forbidden fruits for me to eat
But I think your pulse would start to rush
Now I'm not looking for the absolution
Or forgiveness for the things I do
But before you come to any conclusions
Try walking in my shoes
You'll stumble in my footsteps
Keep the same appointments I've kept
If you try walking in my shoes
Try walking in my shoes
Morality would frown upon
Indecency looked down upon
The scapegoat fate's made of me
But I tell you now, my judge and jurors
Intentions couldn't have been purer
My case is easy is to see
I'm not looking for a clearer conscience
Peace of mind after what I've been through
And before we talk of any repentance
Try walking in my shoes
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