

My running shoes don't fit me any more

Key of G

by Roch Horton

(chorus)

**My running shoes don't fit me any more,
My running shoes don't fit me any more...
Stay on this side of town Dale, until we come around
Cuz our running shoes don't fit us anymore.**

**It's a long way from here to over yonder,
My feet, they're feeling mighty sore...
The course is marked and yet we all still wander
Cuz our running shoes don't fit us anymore.**

**That Handies peak it never seems to phase me,
Been up and down so many times before...
But this time it really made me crazy
Cuz my running shoes don't fit me any more.**

**Haven't had to pee in a couple of days,
My stomach ain't working anymore...
Then I crapped in my shorts down near Ouray
Cuz some jerk left the lock on the outhouse door.**

**Who a guess'd the Hardrock would ever get this far,
John, Charlie, Rick, Gordon, Dale...
What were you guys think'n?
We could all be home watching NASCAR,
Sleep'n in and doing a little drinking**

**So here we are in the heart of the ol' San Juans,
With our blistered lips and bags of dirty socks...
All that matters now before we're gone
Is another chance to kiss that silly rock.**

**My running shoes don't fit me any more, (no more...no more)
My running shoes don't fit me any more...
Stay on this side of town Dale, until we come around
Cuz our running shoes don't fit us anymore.**