

# Shoes

## Daisy May

Tell me 'bout it

Ooh

Men, have you ever tried to figure them out?

Huh, me too, but I ain't got no clue, how 'bout you?

Men are like shoes, made to confuse

Yeah, there's so many of 'em

I don't know which ones to choose

Ah, sing it to me if you agree

There's the kind made for runnin'

The sneakers and the low down heels

The kind that will keep you on your toes

And every girl knows how that feels

Ouch, ah, sing it with me

You've got your kickers an' your ropers

Your everyday loafers, an' some that you can never find

You've got slippers an' your zippers

Your grabbers and your grippers, an' man, don't you hate that kind?

Some you wear in, some you wear out

Some you wanna leave behind

Sometimes you hate 'em, an' sometimes you love 'em

I guess it all depends on which way you rub 'em

But a girl can never have too many of 'em

It's amazing what a little polish will do

Men are like shoes

Some make you feel ten feet tall

Some make you feel so small

An' some you wanna leave out in the hall

Or make you feel like kickin' the wall

Ah, sing it with me, girls, ooh

You've got your kickers an' your ropers

Your everyday loafers, an' some that you can never find

You've got slippers an' your zippers

Your grabbers and your grippers, an' man, don't you hate that kind?

Some you wear in, an' some you wear out

Some you wanna leave behind

Sometimes you hate 'em, an' sometimes you love 'em

I guess it all depends on which way you rub 'em

But a girl can never have too many of 'em

Some can polish up pretty good

Ah, all men are like shoes  
It's amazing what a little polish will do  
Some clean up good, just like new  
Some you can't afford, some are real cheap  
Some are good for bummin' around on the beach  
You've got your kickers and your ropers  
Your everyday loafers  
(Yeah, some that you can never find)  
You've got your slippers and your zippers  
Your grabbers an' your grippers  
(And man, don't you hate that kind?)  
You've got your kickers an' your ropers  
Your everyday loafers, an' some that you can never find  
You've got slippers an' your zippers  
Your grabbers and your grippers, an' man, don't you hate that kind?  
Some you wear in, an' some you wear out  
Some you wanna leave behind  
Sometimes you hate 'em, sometimes you love 'em  
I guess it all depends on which way you rub 'em  
But a girl can never have too many of 'em  
I ain't got time for the flip-flop kind  
Men are like shoes

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