

Those Shoes

Eagles

Tell us what you're gonna do tonight, momma
There must be someplace you can go
In the middle of the tall drinks and the drama
There must be someone you know

God knows you're lookin' good enough
But you're so smooth and the world's so rough
You might have somethin' to lose

Oh no, pretty momma, what you gonna do in those shoes

Got those pretty little straps around your ankles
Got those shiny little chains around your heart
You got to have your independence
But you don't know just where to start

Desperation in the singles bars
And all those jerk offs in their fancy cars
You can't believe your reviews

Oh no, you can't do that once you started wearin' those shoes

They're lookin' at you, leanin' on you
Tell you anything you want to hear
They give you tablets of love
They're waiting for you, got to score you
Handy with a shovel and so sincere
Ooh, they got the kid glove

You just want someone to talk to
They just want to get their hands on you
You get whatever you choose

Oh no, you can't do that once you started wearin' those shoes
Oh no, you can't do that once you started wearin' those shoes
