

Dr. Shine

Eric Bibb

Walkin' through the airport one day, in Columbus, Ohio

Dr. Shine called out to me,

"Man, you're a king, not a hobo!

You got the time, I got the wax. Cost you \$5, no sales tax

Buddy, let me shine them shoes

You got a smile like a millionaire, but them shoes make you look like a tramp

When Dr. Shine gets through with that leather, you'll be steppin' like a champ

Read the paper, take a snooze, talk about baseball, whatever you choose, but buddy let me shine them shoesMy

Daddy's father was French

That's the Creole look in my eyes

Been shinin' shoes all my life, makin' good money, too

You'd be surprised

I can toss the brush from hand to hand just as good, if not better, than any living man

Buddy, I can shine some shoesYou won't forget this lucky day

It's gonna go down in history

You play guitar, I see

Might write a song about meI'm gonna make these shoes shine like a mirror

Everything in your world's gonna look a little clearer

Take my card, here's where I'll be

Tell your friends they can see about me

Buddy, I can shine some shoes"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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