

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

<https://damnllyrics.com/>