Shoes

Beaker

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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