

Shoes

Shania Twain

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. (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)
Ah, sing it to me if you agree. (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

There's the kind made for runnin',
The sneakers and the low down heels. (Whoa!)
The kind that will keep you on your toes,
And every girl knows how that feels. (Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh.)
Ouch, ah, sing it with me. (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

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. (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'll do:
Men are like shoes.

Some make you feel ten feet tall, (Tall.)
Some make you feel so small. (So small.)
An' some you wanna leave out in the hall,
Or make you feel like kickin' the wall. (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)
Ah, sing it with me, girls, ooh! (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

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. (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, 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 ya 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. (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.