Shania Twain, Shoes

Tell me about 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

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
(yeah, yeah, yeah)
Ouch, ah, sing it with me

[Chorus:]
You've got your kickers and your ropers
Your everyday loafers, some that you can never find
You've got your slippers and your zippers
Your grabbers and your grippers
Man, don't ya hate that kind?
Some you wear in, some you wear out
Some you wanna leave behind
Sometimes you hate 'em
And 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
Some you want to leave out in the hall
Or make you feel like kicking the wall
(yeah, yeah, yeah)

Ah, sing it with me, girls
Ooh! (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Mmm..

[Repeat Chorus]

Some can polish up pretty good...
Ah, men are like shoes..

[Instrumental]

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 and your grippers
And man, don't ya hate that kind?

[Repeat Chorus]

I ain't got time for the flip-flop kind...
Men are like shoes!