

Paul Simon - Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes

Tom: D

She's a rich girl, she don't try to hide it
 Diamonds on the soles of her shoes
 Hes's a poor boy, empty as a pocket
 Empty as a pocket with nothing to lose
 Sing ta-na-na, ta-na-na-na, diamonds on the soles of her shoes
 Sing ta-na-na, ta-na-na-na, diamonds on the soles of her shoes
 Diamonds on the soles of her shoes.
 Diamonds on the soles of her shoes, poor boy
 Diamonds on the soles of her shoes.
 People say she's crazy she got diamonds on the soles of her shoes
 Well, that's one way to lose those walking blues

Wearin' diamonds on the soles of her shoes

She's physic'ly forgot but then she slipped into my pocket with my car keys
 She say's you're taking me for granted because I please you

As if everybody here would know what I was talkin' about
 As if everybody would know exactly what I was talkin' about
 Talkin' about diamonds on the soles of her shoes (oo-oooh, oo-oooh)
 She makes the sign of a teaspoon, he makes the sine of a wave
 The poor boy changes clothes & puts on aftershave
 To compensate for his ordinary shoes
 She said "honey, take me dancing" but they ended up out sleeping
 in a doorway
 By the bordellos and the lights of Upper Broadway
 Wearing diamonds on the soles of their shoes
 And I can say

Acordes

