

# Shania Twain - Shoes

Tom: G  
Intro: G C D

Tell me about it... G  
C D  
Ooh!

G  
Man!  
G  
Have you ever tried to figure them out?  
D G  
Huh, me too, but I ain't got no clue  
C D  
How 'bout you?  
G  
Men are like shoes  
C D  
A bit too confused  
G  
Yeah, there's so many of 'em  
C D  
I don't know which ones to choose  
(yeah, yeah, yeah)  
G  
Ah, sing it to me  
C D  
If you agree

G  
There's the kind made for runnin'  
C D  
The sneakers and the road down heels  
G  
The kind that will keep you on your toes  
C D  
And every girl knows how that feels  
G C  
Ouch, ah, sing it with me  
D Em  
(yeah, yeah, yeah)

Chorus:  
C  
You've got your kickers and your ropers  
G  
Your everyday loafers, some that you  
can never find  
C  
You've got your slippers and your  
zippers  
Your grabbers and your grippers  
G  
Man, don't ya hate that kind?  
C  
Some you wear in, some you wear out  
G  
Some you wanna leave behind  
D  
Sometimes you hate 'em  
D  
And sometimes you love 'em  
D  
I guess it all depends on which way you

rub 'em  
D  
But a girl can never have too many of  
'em  
  
(Pausa)  
D  
It's amazing what a little polish will do...  
D  
Men are like shoes...

C  
G C D  
G  
Some make you feel ten feet tall  
C D  
Some make you feel so small  
G  
Some you want to leave out in the hall  
C D  
Or make you feel like kicking the wall  
(yeah, yeah, yeah)  
G C  
Ah, sing it with me, girls  
D Em  
Ooh! (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Mmm..

(Repeat Chorus)  
  
(Pausa)  
Some can polish up pretty good...  
Ah, men are like shoes..

(Solo)  
C G C D  
G  
It's amazing what a little polish can do  
C D  
Some clean up good, just like new  
G  
Some you can't afford, some are real  
cheap  
C  
Some are good for bummin' around on  
D  
the beach  
C  
You've got your kickers and your ropers  
G  
Your everyday loafers, yeah some that  
you can never find  
C  
You've got your slippers and your  
zippers  
Your grabbers and your grippers  
G  
And man, don't ya hate that kind?

(Repeat Chorus)  
D  
I ain't got time for the flip-flop kind...  
G  
Men are like shoes

## Acordes

