

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan**"Shoes"**

Visit "[Shoes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Slug) Would you prefer if I remove... MY... UHH?

Nah they.. they clean..

I mean.. what?

You wanna look at the bottom of...?

My shoes are clean girl, how about yours?

Here we are sitting on your living room floor

Listening to some records from your collection

Boredom; in between a coma and an erection

Staring at the skin on your shoulder blades

And you don't take your eyes off my poker face

I'm wasted, and your as sober as Jehovah

Knocking door to door, trying to walk to road

That the Mormon's paved

If she was here on your sofa with a beer on a coaster

She'd of told 'ya that my game was way over played

Make no mistake

I love the way you taste like yogurt and some clover
cigarettes

Girl show me leg!

So I'ma gonna trade these shoes for rollerskates

And I'ma stay happy just as long as there is a whore to
pay

But some of us already spent the rent

So we can't be content until there isn't no more today

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Those are your shoes

These are my shoes

We've got issues

My shoes are muddy girl, how about yours?

Here we are loungin' on your bedroom floor

I'm really drunk so I'm looking at your carpet like

Man, fuck the permit, I know where I'ma park tonight

It's closing time, the spins are gonna visit me

They're rolling thick like they know they taking victory

But not tonight, right, I'ma make some history

Get up in your system and direct it like a symphony

Let me get to be the man of your mystery

'Cause them meddeling kids don't understand your

sensitivity
Show some sympathy
Let me kiss your feet
Let's talk about a pretty bird and a busy bee
If I live to see fifty, I'ma be a tipsy, dirty old man
Still following my kid beliefs
I know it isn't really your responsibility
So we'll be strait once I take a hit of Listerine

[Chorus]

I can't find my shoes girl, how about yours?
Here I am naked on your bathroom floor
I got faded, and you fell asleep
And I'm thanking God that this date was hella cheap
Sitting down, trying to keep the liquor down
Light, stars and sounds everything flickers now
Sick bound, the whole room twists around
In front of the toilet assume the position to drown
Here it comes! Whiskey out bounces all over the floor
Now I'm sitting in the bitches mound
I'm just a clown and I'm sorry I found it funny
When you tripped over my shoes and hit the ground
Didn't know you would rip your gown
Didn't think you would shout and get so loud, get so
wound
Yeah I'm drunk, but I'm more than a little proud
I'm leaving, fuck the shoes you keep them, I'm getting
out

[Chorus]

Perfection {*repeat 4X*}

Visit [Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.