

Pink Shoelaces
By Mickie Grant

Now I've got a guy and his name is Dooley
He's my guy and I love him truly
He's not good lookin', heaven knows
But I'm wild about his crazy clothes

He wears tan shoes with pink shoelaces
A polka dot vest and man, oh, man
Tan shoes with pink shoelaces
And a big Panama with a purple hat band

Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh

He takes me deep-sea fishing in a submarine
We got to drive-in movies in a limousine
He's got a whirly-birdy and a 12-foot yacht
Ah, but that's-a not all he's got

He's got tan shoes with pink shoelaces
A polka dot vest and man, oh, man
Tan shoes with pink shoelaces
And a big Panama with a purple hat band

Now Dooley had a feelin' we were goin' to war
So he went out and enlisted in a fightin' corps
But he landed in the brig for raisin' such a storm
When they tried to put 'em in a uniform

He wanted tan shoes with pink shoelaces
A polka dot vest and man, oh, man
He wanted tan shoes with pink shoelaces
And a big Panama with a purple hat band

Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh

Now one day Dooley started feelin' sick
And he decided that he better make his will out quick
He said

"Just before the angels come to carry me
I want it down in writin' how to bury me."

A'wearin tan shoes with pink shoelaces
A polka dot vest and man, oh, man
Give me tan shoes with pink shoelaces
And a big Panama with a purple hat band

Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh

And a big Panama with a purple hat band!