# Put Your Shoes on Lucy

Put Your Shoes on Lucy
(Hank B. Fort Jr.)

Intro:
Got an invitation to visit to Manhattan with my highfalutin king
Sent off to the catalog to get some clothes
Felt so stylish from my head to my toes
Seen all the sights and I even did some flirtin'
I was doin alright till my feet started hurtin'
So I kicked off my shoes when I thought they couldn't see
But they must have 'cos this is what they all said to me:

Put your shoes on Lucy don't you know you're in the city,
Put your shoes on Lucy, it really is a pity
That Lucy can't go barefoot wherever she goes
'Cos she loves to feel the wiggle of her toes

Put your shoes on Lucy, 'cos you're here in old New York
You'll get by alright if you let them hear you talk
All the city slickers love that Southern drawl
So give 'em that ""honeychile"" and ""howdy all""

Lucy, let the good things happen to you
Lucy, won't you quit that gapin'
How you act will be the death of me
Don't they have skyscrapers down in Tennessee

Put your shoes on Lucy even though they kinda pinch
Stop that balking, you're going to do some walking, it's a cinch
Use your party manners, you'll need them and how
Put your shoes on Lucy, you're a big girl now

I spent years with a guitar accompaniment and a lost contact who knew the words. Eventually a friend found the sheet music. XX

XX
OCT98