Spaghetti in My Shoe (D)

(A)

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             D
There's some spaghetti in my shoe and I don't know what to do

What's really unfair is I don't know how it got there
     G
It's sliding when I walk, slipping into my sock
     D
It's such a big shock that I barely can talk about it
A                           G
What can I say, this doesn't happen every day
  D                                 A            D
I don't know what to do, there's spaghetti in my shoe


There's some pasta in my loafer and I'm trying to think it over
As I sit here on the sofa, was it put there by a gopher?
Or my older brother Stu, that's the kinda thing he'd do
An errant kangaroo, it coulda been you
But I doubt that that's the case cuz you got a sweet face
Still, I don't know what to do, there's spaghetti in my shoe


There's some stellini in my sneaker, spiralini in my slipper
Cannelloni in my kicker, fusillini in my flipper
Conchiglie in my cleat, which I wear upon my feet
Bucatoni in my boot, which I wear upon my foot
Gramigna in my gaiter and trenne in my tainer
I don't know what to do, there's spaghetti in my shoe

A        G
Well, it rubs me wrong when it's under my toe
    D
It annoys my arch, it bothers my sole
  A                     G
I tell you boys that it ain't ideal
   D                        A        D
Spaghetti in my shoe is my Achilles' heel


There's some linguini in my high top, fettucini in my flip flop
A spiral in my sandal, which is more than I can handle
There's gigli in my gillie, which is really kind of silly
Pizzoccheri in my pump, which makes it hard to jump
This wiggler in my wedge has got me on the edge
I don't know what to do, there's spaghetti in my shoe


A                                                     DM7
No, I don't know what to do, there's spaghetti in my shoe
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