

# That Old Pair Of Jeans (Slim Fit)

## Fatboy Slim

Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah  
Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah All you used to do was put me down  
But I found a way to pick myself up off the ground  
And all you used to do was criticize me  
But now I found the good and I emphasise, ya see You would always get so sensitive  
And try to turn your transgressions into my guiltiness  
But now I'm certain of the way I live  
And what I'm responsible for in this twisted game And it's such a shame  
That you try to make pain  
Another word for my name  
Whether giving or receiving  
It's one the same  
Just one more link  
In your long-ass chain  
But it's time to break  
This frame and my strengthful will  
Time to jump off this negative cycle we've built  
Gave my heart  
But my self-respection you won't steal  
Now it's time to let ya know if you can hear me feel me Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah  
Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah So I asked my mama for her two cents  
And then I asked my little sister and I asked my friend  
Then I asked my papa once and I asked him again  
Came two little consensus from all them opinions  
That life is too short to be unhappy  
And since I know what I'm worth there'll be no settling for dirt  
Knowing what I deserve is gold  
If I want diamonds then I can't settle for coal Maybe I was just too strong to let go  
Maybe I was just too weak to let it show  
Maybe I was just too stubborn to say "No"  
But whatever the case I can't take it no more Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah  
Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah  
Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah  
Ah, ah ah, ah ah ah, ahhhh ah ah, ah ah ah Sometimes I think maybe we'll patch it all up  
Like a favourite pair of jeans that you won't give up on  
Or maybe one of these arguments will make up  
And start again like when we started this up  
Back when everything was fresh  
And every moment a blessing

I'd laugh at all of your jokes  
You'd listen to my suggestions  
One mind, one soul,  
With common decimation  
Now we can't help but fight over the direction

Songwriters

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