Blue Jean Blues

Little Feat

I caught the bus out of New Orleans
Tipped my hat to the land of dreams
Looked out the window to try to forget
Where I was goin' ain't figured out yet
Southern Summer's got me soaked in sweat
I feel the cool green lawns of Connecticut
Miles apart, but it's all the same road
Holdin' barbed wire, had to let her go
Side-slippin' blind-sided zydeco feet
Hi-steppin' jumpin' don'tcha feel the beat
A wash of noise comin' down the street
I singed before I felt her heat
She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package from her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues
The wills and won'ts of the social fate
Dos and don'ts of cultural etiquette
The riddles of the politically correct
These are the things I just don't seem to get
I've all adrift in her garden set
I felt like God's own patriot
Miles apart but it's all the same road
I kissed her hand and said I got to go
She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package from her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues
Duck the bullets, hit the bricks
You know I got to get away quick
This constant adoration
Staggers the imagination
Found myself down at the old log inn
Swattin' skeeters and remembering
Dimpled chin on her pretty little face
The curves of her body I won't soon erase
She was his perfect girl
Livin' in a troubled world
A tightly packed package from her head to her shoes

So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues
She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package from her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues
She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package from her head to her shoes
I'm sittin' all alone with my blue jean blues

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