

# Blue Jean Blues

## The Jeff Healey Band

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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