

# Blue Jeans

## Silvertide

She's the kind of girl you bring home to your mother  
She looks good in blue jeans even better under covers  
She's a devil in bed between the sheets, ask her if she's a saint  
And she'll get down on her knees and pray, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I can't be hiding no more trying to catch my  
soul  
In a stolen red Camaro flyin' so far, drunk drivin', trees are swinging by  
I can't decide why she's on my mind, I can't be trippin'  
While trying and I can't find the truth, while another man is trying  
To understand you but he can't be wrong 'cause he's always right  
Raise your hands it's time to fight 'cause She's the kind of girl you bring home to your mother  
She looks good in blue jeans even better under covers  
She's a devil in bed between the sheets, ask her if she's a saint  
And she'll get down on her knees and pray, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Grab something and go 'cause I can't decide,  
while I'm planting  
The seeds growin' in your mind, I can't be picking up things  
From all the bad, two years running, I'm gunning for the future fast  
Pick yourselves up, decide why we're carrying on with guns and knives?  
Can't you tell that every thing's wrong?  
But she's coming out and she looks good tonight She's the kind of girl you bring home to your mother  
She looks good in blue jeans even better under covers  
She's a devil in bed between the sheets, ask her if she's a saint  
And she'll get down on her knees and pray, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah She's the kind of girl you bring home to your  
mother  
She looks good in blue jeans even better under covers  
She's a devil in bed between the sheets, ask her if she's a saint  
And she'll get down on her knees and pray, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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