

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, yeahI 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 'causeShe'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, yeahGrab 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 tonightShe'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, yeahShe'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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