

# I Just Want Your Jeans

## God Help the Girl

My room faces north  
But the sun's in the south  
I'm just waking up  
To the news of my birth  
I am a girl and I'm lucky to be here  
Whatever that's worth

Like an ostrich I lived  
With my head in the sand  
Slipped into corners  
Sat on my hands  
I learnt to stifle shouts and outrage  
And feeling deep down

With my chains falling off  
And the hope in a friend  
Cafes and walkways  
And sculptured weekends  
I'm getting to love my freedom  
I'm getting to like my surroundings

My room faces north  
But the sun's in the south  
You are far out of reach  
Could I be any worth  
To some special person?  
My mind is unknowing  
Of any such love

So I yell out the window  
Answer the mail  
My diary's quiet  
The definitive nail  
In my social coffin  
I blame all the boffins  
For making me fail

For an hour in the park  
Or an hour on the couch  
With the boy of my choice

If he makes me go "ouch!"  
I will swap all my dumb school prizes  
I am open to dark surprises

My room faces north  
But the sun's in the south  
You are far out of reach  
Perfect hand, perfect mouth  
The boredom, the freedom  
The train on the meadow  
Please keep me in dreams

I don't want commitment  
I don't want the drama  
I just want your jeans  
I just want your jeans

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