

Conway Twitty, Baby's Got Her Blue Jeans On

Baby's Got Her Blue Jeans On
Conway Twitty

Down on the corner, by the traffic light,
Everybody's lookin', as she goes by.
They turn their heads and they watch her till she's gone.
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on.

Up by the bus stop, and across the street,
Open up their windows, to take a peek,
As she goes walkin', rockin' like a rollin stone.
Heaven help us, baby's got her blue jeans on

She can't help it if she's made that way.
She's not to blame if they look her way.
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene.
It just comes naturally,
No, the girl can't help it.

Well up on main street, by the taxi stand
There's a crowd of people, and a traffic jam.
She don't look back, she ain't doin nothin' wrong
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on.

She can't help it if she's made that way.
She's not to blame if they look her way.
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene.
It just comes naturally,
No, the girl can't help it.

Down on the corner, by the traffic light,
Everybody's lookin', as she goes by,
They turn their heads and they watch her till she's gone.
Lord have mercy, baby's got her blue jeans on
Heaven help us, baby's got her blue jeans on