

Ladytron, Blue Jeans

Straight lines that cut through the scene
like you wanted to, blue jeans.
Soft loans that spent all last summer
buying drinks for you, blue jeans.
Left hand that crashed near your house
in the ice and snow, blue jeans.
A face outside sleeping pressed against
the bay window, blue jeans.
You've been trying to protect me,
An insect living in your memory,
Don't, blue jeans won't cut at the seams,
Like you want them to.
You WON'T need me to show the way now
they're onto you, blue jeans.
And I won't be phoning you today
unless you want me to, blue jeans.
You've been trying to protect me,
An insect living in your memory,
Don't, blue jeans won't cut at the seams,
Like you want them to.