

Silvertide, Blue Jeans

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

I can't be hiding no more trying ta 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 tries to understand you
But he can't be wrong 'cause he's always right
Raise your hands it's time to fight

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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 everything's wrong
But she's coming out and she looks good tonight

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