

# 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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