

BABY'S GOT HER BLUE JEANS ON

(Honky Tonk piano)

Intro: 4 measures

Down on the corner, by the traffic light,
Everybody's looking, 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, (ooh ooh) and across the street, (ooh ooh)
Open up their windows, (ooh ooh) to take a peek,
While she goes walkin', rockin' like a rollin' stone, (ooh ooh)
Heaven help us, baby's got her blue jeans on (ooh ooh)

She can't help it if she's made that way, (aah)
She's not to blame if they look her way, (aah)
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene, (aah)
It just comes naturally; (aah) **(stop)** Lord the girl can't help it

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

She can't help it if she's made that way, (aah)
She's not to blame if they look her way, (aah)
She ain't really tryin' to cause a scene, (aah)
It just comes naturally; (aah) **(stop)** Lord the girl can't help it

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