

TIGHT FITTIN' JEANS

Intro: 9 measures

She tried to hide it by the faded denim clothes she wore
But I knew she'd never been inside a bar before
And I felt like a peasant who just had met a queen
And she knew I saw right thru her tight fittin' jeans

I asked her, "What's a woman like you, doin' here?" (ooh)
"I see you're used to champagne but I'll buy you a beer." (ooh)
She said, "You've got me figured out but I'm not what I seem
And for a dance I'll tell you 'bout these tight fittin' jeans."

She said, "I married money I'm used to wearin' pearls
But I've always dreamed of bein' just a good ole boys' girl (ooh)
So tonight I left those crystal candle-lights to live a dream
And pardner, there's a tiger in these tight fittin' jeans."

Interlude: 9 measures

We danced ev'ry dance and Lord, the beer that we went through
I'm satisfied I did my best, to make her dream come true
As she played out her fantasy, before my eyes it seemed
A cowgirl came alive inside those tight fittin' jeans

In my mind she's still a lady, that's all I'm gonna say
I knew that I'd been broken, by the time we parted way (ooh)
And I know I held more woman than most eyes have ever seen
That night I knew a lady wearin' tight fittin' jeans

Well now she's back in her world and I'm still stuck in mine
But I know I'll always remember the time
A cowboy once had a millionaire's dream
And Lord, I loved that lady wearin' tight fittin' jeans

Outro: 10 measures