

Baby's Got Her Blue Jeans On

Sammy Kershaw

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
and across the street
Open up their windows,
to take a peek
And she goes walking
Rocking like a rolling stone
Heaven help us
Baby's got her blue jeans on

She can't help it if she's made that way
She's not to blame if they look her way
She ain't really trying to cause a scene
It just comes naturally, no the girl can't help it

Well up on Main street
By the taxi stand
There's a crowd of people and a traffic jam
She don't look back
She ain't doin' nothing wrong
Lord have Mercy
Baby's got her blue jeans on

Down on the corner,
by the traffic light
Everybody's lookin' as she goes by
They turn their heads and they watch her 'til she's gone
Lord have Mercy, Baby's got her blue jeans on

Heaven help us, Baby's got her blue jeans on
Lord have Mercy, Baby's got her blue jeans on