

White Jeans

The Hooters

One, two, three
Check, one, two
Is it on?

We only knew three chords
Yeah, they were the right three chords
Nobody owned a car
Yeah, we had to borrow your ma's

We only knew ten songs, yeah yeah
But we'd make 'em real long
You know the chicks didn't mind, no no no no
Cause they were twisting and shouting all night long

Lovers in white socks
We were living out our dreams
Shirts without a collar looking cool
Boys with cheap guitars
Were just trying to make a scene
Yeah, and we all wore white jeans
We all wore white jeans

Our lead singer was cute
Yeah, Pancho had himself some sharp desert boots
And it was all about style
Yeah, driving all the girls wild

There was one that I kissed, yeah yeah
Well, Pancho got real pissed
And when the gig was done, na na na na
We loaded up our gear and waited for the sun

Lovers in white socks
We were living out our dreams
Shirts without a collar looking cool
Boys with cheap guitars
Were just trying to make a scene
Yeah, and we all wore white jeans
We all wore white jeans
Do you know what I mean
We all wore white jeans

And then you moved away
I heard about some troubles you had
No, it didn't sound good
Man, it didn't feel real bad

Maybe it's about time, yeah yeah
That we connected again
Cause if there's one thing I know, whoa whoa whoa whoa
You gotta hold on tight to each and every friend

Lovers in white socks
We're still living out our dreams
I know that you're still carrying that song
Boys with cheap guitars
Were just a bunch of crazy teens

Yeah, and we all wore white jeans
We all wore white jeans
Yeah, we all wore white jeans
We all wore white jeans
Tight jeans, the right jeans
We all wore white jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans
We all wore white jeans