

## When She Puts On Them Jeans

JJ Lawhorn

I climbed off that rusty farm hog, covered head to boot with dirt.  
I rinsed off quick in a swimming hole, throw me on a clean shirt.  
Cause I know my baby's sittin there waiting, rockin on a porch swing.  
She ain't clueless, she knows what she's doin and how it gets to me.

When she puts on them jeans,  
Climbs up in my truck,  
She kicks up her bare feet  
And I'm sweatin bullets son.  
It's almost blinding  
But my eyes ain't minding.  
She's the best thing this back road boy has ever seen,  
When she puts on them jeans.

Sittin in the back pue, listening to the preacher talk.  
I'm preachin 'bout being thankful and Lord, I'm sure thankin God.  
She's got me in a mess with that sundress, yeah my baby, she's on fire.  
We were late for the sermon, the hymns we never heard and neither did hear the choir.

When she puts on them jeans,  
Climbs up in my truck,  
She kicks up her bare feet  
And I'm sweatin bullets son.  
It's almost blinding  
But my eyes ain't minding.  
She's the best thing this back road boy has ever seen,  
When she puts on them jeans.

When she puts on them jeans,  
Climbs up in my truck,  
She kicks up her bare feet  
And I'm sweatin bullets son.  
It's almost blinding  
But my eyes ain't minding.  
She's the best thing this back road boy has ever seen,  
When she puts on them jeans.  
When she puts on them jeans, son.