

Blue Jean Blues

Little Feat

I caught the bus out of New Orleans
Tipped my hat to the land of dreams
Looked out the window to try to forget
Where I was goin' ain't figured out yet
Southern Summer's got me soaked in sweat
I feel the cool green lawns of Connecticut
Miles apart, but it's all the same road
Holdin' barbed wire, had to let her go

Side-slippin' blind-sided zydeco feet
Hi-steppin' jumpin' don'thca feel the beat
A wash of noise comin' down the street
I singed before I felt her heat

She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package
From her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues

The wills and won'ts of the social fete
Dos and don'ts of cultural etiquette
The riddles of the politically correct
These are all things I don't seem to get
I'se all adrift in her garden set
I felt like God's own patriot
Miles apart but it's all the same road
I kissed her hand and said I got to go

She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package
From her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues

Duck the bullets, hit the bricks
You know I got to get away quick
This constant adoration
Staggers the imagination

Found myself down at the old log inn
Swattin' skeeters and remembering
Dimpled chin on her pretty little face
The curves of her body I won't soon erase

She was a perfect girl
Livin' in a perfect world
A tightly packed package
From her head to her shoes
So stylishly ripped in her blue jean blues