

## Blue Jeans

Sofia Karlberg

Blue jeans, white shirt  
Walked into the room you know you made my eyes burn  
It was like James Dean for sure  
You're so fresh to death and sick as ca-cancer

You were sorta punk rock  
I grew up on hip-hop  
But you fit me better  
Than my favourite sweater  
And I know that love is mean  
And love hurts  
But I still remember  
That day we met in December  
Oh, baby

I will love you 'til the end of time  
I would wait a million years  
Promise you'll remember that you're mine  
Oh baby, can you see through the tears?  
Love you more  
Than those bitches before  
Say you'll remember, oh say you'll remember, oh, baby, ooh  
I will love you 'til the end of time

Big dreams, gangster  
Said you had to leave to start your life over  
I was like, "No please, stay here.  
We don't need no money we can make it all work."

But he headed out on Sunday  
Said he'd come on Monday  
I stayed up waitin'  
Anticipatin' and pacin'  
But he was chasing paper  
"Caught up in the game."  
That was the last I heard

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