

Those Jeans

Ray Scott

Well, I was out at the Long Branch, and I was talkin' to this girl.
And every hound dog in the joint was sniffing around her.
I was playing it slow and cool, being the gentleman that I am. Well, then this grease ball with
long black slick back hair
Struts right up to her like I wasn't even standing there.
He looks her up and down and cocks his eyebrow and he says, "Baby, damn." How do you get
in those jeans?
Mercy you looking fine.
How do you get in those jeans baby, and tell me how do I?
She looked at him and smiled and said I thought you'd never ask.
He looked at me and said that's how that's done son, just like that.
I wanted to be mad at him, but to tell you the truth I was really kinda impressed. He said you
might get slapped 9 times out of 10,
but there's always one that wants a little B.S. kinda man.
So I walked up to the next girl I saw who wasn't wearing a dress, and I leaned in and said. How
do you get in those jeans?
Mercy you looking fine.
How do you get in those jeans baby, and tell me how do I? (I sure did) Well, I woke up later in a
hospital bed, with a half-pound of gauze wrapped around my sore head.
Some of my teeth were gone, and I was drinking mashed taters through a straw. You see, uh,
turns out the girl that I propositioned had man, with a chip on his shoulder and blunt object in
his hand,
who proceeded to express his disapproval of the lines that I crossed. Well, the told me I could
leave, so I put my clothes back on.
I stumbled past the waiting room just minding my own.
And then this over nourished night nurse, from out of nowhere comes up to me and she says,
"Excuse me sir, but um..."
How do you get in those jeans?
Mercy you looking fine.
How do you get in those jeans baby?
And tell me how do I? Well I guess I did need a ride home.
I gotta tell myself it was the right thing to do.... Don't judge me.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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