

# TIGHT FITTIN' JEANS

## Intro: 9 measures

She tried to hide it by the faded denim clothes she wore  
But I knew she'd never been inside a bar before  
And I felt like a peasant who just had met a queen  
And she knew I saw right thru her tight fittin' jeans

I asked her, "What's a woman like you, doin' here?" (ooh)  
"I see you're used to champagne but I'll buy you a beer." (ooh)  
She said, "You've got me figured out but I'm not what I seem  
And for a dance I'll tell you 'bout these tight fittin' jeans."

She said, "I married money I'm used to wearin' pearls  
But I've always dreamed of bein' just a good ole boys' girl (ooh)  
So tonight I left those crystal candle-lights to live a dream  
And pardner, there's a tiger in these tight fittin' jeans."

## Interlude: 9 measures

We danced ev'ry dance and Lord, the beer that we went through  
I'm satisfied I did my best, to make her dream come true  
As she played out her fantasy, before my eyes it seemed  
A cowgirl came alive inside those tight fittin' jeans

In my mind she's still a lady, that's all I'm gonna say  
I knew that I'd been broken, by the time we parted way (ooh)  
And I know I held more woman than most eyes have ever seen  
That night I knew a lady wearin' tight fittin' jeans

Well now she's back in her world and I'm still stuck in mine  
But I know I'll always remember the time  
A cowboy once had a millionaire's dream  
And Lord, I loved that lady wearin' tight fittin' jeans

## Outro: 10 measures