

## **Chris Ledoux**

# **"Jeans And Good Leather"**

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White shirts and neckties the way that my check flies  
Are part of what's wrong with my soul  
Risin' expenses and all kinds of fences keep me from  
where I'd like to go  
Work complications and stiff conversations they  
sometimes drive me up the wall  
Make me want to holler to hell with this collar walk out  
and just chunk it all  
What I need is denims and a place to get in 'em and  
walk over Gods open land  
And boots of good leather I'd wander wherever  
I found the beauty from his mighty hands  
Lots of wide open spaces and quite simple places tells  
me it's pack up and go time  
Cause in jeans and good leather son I could be better  
in no time

I gaze in the mirror and press my face nearer to check  
out the lines one by one  
Round eyes that were brighter on cheeks growin'  
lighter  
That were once so brown from the sun  
As I spend starin' I find myself darein' the image that's  
looking at me  
To throw off the fetter and seek somethin' better a life  
that's simple and free  
What I need is denims...  
Cause in jeans and good leather son I could be better  
in no time

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