

## Tobymac

### "Dirty Blue Jeans"

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Well, she married a millionaire by the time she was  
seventeen  
But she soon got tired of competing with the bourgeois  
scene  
For her twenty-first birthday, he bought her a French  
resort  
The very next day, she spent in divorce court  
Now she's living like a queen, in her dirty blue jeans

She started hanging out with a shady mob  
Who always seemed to have lots of money  
But none of them had jobs  
She'd only read about drugs in the magazines  
But once she got a taste of this expensive cuisine  
She had to sell most everything, except her dirty blue  
jeans

They sent her to some bar that she'd never been  
before  
It was the only place that time of day she could score  
The cops busted in and caught her trying to leave  
With five grams of smack stuffed up inside her sleeve  
And an ounce of mescaline in her dirty blue jeans

Six months at the clinic like some derelict drunk  
A thousand bucks a day to get her off that junk  
Spent all the cash that she'd won in the divorce  
But she could always marry another rich boy, of course  
Now she's living real clean in her dirty blue jeans

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