

Cletis Carr

"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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