

Kinks, The

"Creepin' Jean"

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You're not leaving so descreet,
Just creeping out on me.
Your dizzy head, and smoky eyes,
You'll find some other's bed to sleep.
So don't look back, it is too late,
No story to be told.
This creepin' mess you left for me,
Promising that you'd be home.

You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.
You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.
You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.
You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.

Your dirty friends and underwear,
Keep hanging 'round my room.
The lonely pictures that you paint
Are creepin' to their doom.
So don't look back it is too late,
No story to be told.
These creepin' friends you left for me,
Saying your promise to be home.

You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.
You don't know what I mean,
Creepin' jean's a disease.
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