

# White Jeans

The Hooters

One, two, three  
Check, one, two  
Is it on?

We only knew three chords  
Yeah, they were the right three chords  
Nobody owned a car  
Yeah, we had to borrow your ma's

We only knew ten songs, yeah yeah  
But we'd make 'em real long  
You know the chicks didn't mind, no no no no  
Cause they were twisting and shouting all night long

Lovers in white socks  
We were living out our dreams  
Shirts without a collar looking cool  
Boys with cheap guitars  
Were just trying to make a scene  
Yeah, and we all wore white jeans  
We all wore white jeans

Our lead singer was cute  
Yeah, Pancho had himself some sharp desert boots  
And it was all about style  
Yeah, driving all the girls wild

There was one that I kissed, yeah yeah  
Well, Pancho got real pissed  
And when the gig was done, na na na na  
We loaded up our gear and waited for the sun

Lovers in white socks  
We were living out our dreams  
Shirts without a collar looking cool  
Boys with cheap guitars  
Were just trying to make a scene  
Yeah, and we all wore white jeans  
We all wore white jeans  
Do you know what I mean  
We all wore white jeans

And then you moved away  
I heard about some troubles you had  
No, it didn't sound good  
Man, it didn't feel real bad

Maybe it's about time, yeah yeah  
That we connected again  
Cause if there's one thing I know, whoa whoa whoa whoa  
You gotta hold on tight to each and every friend

Lovers in white socks  
We're still living out our dreams  
I know that you're still carrying that song  
Boys with cheap guitars  
Were just a bunch of crazy teens

Yeah, and we all wore white jeans  
We all wore white jeans  
Yeah, we all wore white jeans  
We all wore white jeans  
Tight jeans, the right jeans  
We all wore white jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans  
We all wore white jeans