Straight lines that cut through the scene like you wanted to, blue jeans. Soft loans that spent all last summer buying drinks for you, blue jeans. Left hand that crashed near your house in the ice and snow, blue jeans. A face outside sleeping pressed against the bay window, blue jeans.

You've been trying to protect me, An insect living in your memory, Don't, blue jeans won't cut at the seams, Like you want them to.

You don't need me to show the way now they're onto you, blue jeans.
And I won't be phoning you today unless you want me to, blue jeans.

You've been trying to protect me, An insect living in your memory, Don't, blue jeans won't cut at the seams, Like you want them to