

Jeans

Lucie Vondráčková

I went shopping in a place I'd never been
Curious and old was the salesman
And he told me: Girl,
You need these magic jeans
Surely they'll fit
You'd be stupid
If you didn't buy
So finally I realize
That maybe he was right

There where you stride
I'm step behind
It's not my fault
But secret power
Of my magic jeans
Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
Now you have noticed
What's going on
I have to move on

It isn't true that
I fancy you
Told them million times
Do not compromise
Break the spell and let him go
I don't really reckon
With your trust in me
No effect to
Look for that salesman
I don't wanna find him
Tell you finally
There's no shop indeed
You are seeking
For that something
That's disappeared

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
And you can tell what's
Going on
You'll never be alone

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
And you can tell what's
Going on
You'll never be alone

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
And you can tell what's
Going on

You'll never be alone

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
Now you have noticed
What's going on
You're still moving on
Those things can only happen to me
One point I have to say
I like to obey
Power of my magic jeans

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
And you can tell what's
Going on
You'll never be alone

Oh, where you stride
I'm step behind
Wherever you will go
And you can tell what's
Going on
You'll never be alone