

Make-Up And Faded Blue Jeans

Merle Haggard

In downtown Modesto I was workin' the Holiday Inn
I would stick with a gig that would last us throughout the week
end
I was singing a new song I'd wrote on the way into town
When she came in the front door and found her a place to sit do
wn.

Hey I knew right away that she like the words to my song
Cause she stared at my git guitar and followed my fingers too l
ong
And she had the likeness of a girl I'd seen in my dreams
But lights can do wonders with make up and faded blue jeans.

And the last thing I needed was somebody messin' up my mind
So I found a hundred reasons for lookin' her way one more time
She could cause me to sing bad and fall out of love with guitar
And blow all my chances at bein' a big singing star.

With one passin' glance I could tell she was young for her age
Yeah she got to looking better as she got down closer to the st
age
And as she sipped on her wine I knew just the kind she would be
And somehow I knew she was here to the bad things to me.

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