

Jeans And Good Leather

Chris LeDoux

White shirts and neckties the way that my check flies
Are part of what's wrong with my soul
Risin' expenses and all kinds of fences keep me from where I'd
like to go
Work complications and stiff conversations they sometimes drive
me up the wall
Make me want to holler to hell with this collar walk out and ju
st chunk it all
What I need is denims and a place to get in 'em and walk over G
ods open land
And boots of good leather I'd wander wherever
I found the beauty from his mighty hands
Lots of wide open spaces and quite simple places tells me it's
pack up and go time
Cause in jeans and good leather son I could be better in no tim
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I gaze in the mirror and press my face nearer to check out the
lines one by one
Round eyes that were brighter on cheeks growin' lighter
That were once so brown from the sun
As I spend starin' I find myself darein' the image that's looki
ng at me
To throw off the fetter and seek somethin' better a life that's
simple and free
What I need is denims...
Cause in jeans and good leather son I could be better in no tim
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