

# Billy's Jeans



She said that she would just wash my jeans, in her own mach-ine.  
For for - ty days and for for - ty night they went round and round



I said, don't mind, but what do you mean? my five oh ones? That I dropped  
It just kept spin-ning, it would-n't stop, that damn mach-ine, As it danced



on the floor, on the ground? She said yes, they're the ones, That you dropped  
on the floor, round and round So take my strong ad-vice, just re-mem -



on the floor, on the ground. She told me I must take off  
- ber to on - ly rinse twice She said my wash would be done



my jeans, or she'd make a scene Then ev-'ry head turned, what does she mean? his five oh ones?  
by three and she looked at me And then it start - ed to tum-ble dry; I want-ed to cry,



That he dropped on the floor, on the ground. People always told me, be  
As it danced on the floor, round and round



care-ful of what you do, Don't go a-round wash-ing young men's jeans And



moth-er al-ways told me, be care-ful of what you wash The temp-er-a-ture's too hot, the spin



cy-ple too long. Oh Bil-ly's jeans are not for wear-ing The seams are ripped, the



legs are hang-ing in shreds, and the arse comm-plete-ly gone



They were my five oh ones, but the arse com-plete-ly gone.