

@ 1980 Carol Hanisch



There was a time when blue jeans
Were for the working class,
We wore them on the job most every day
But now they're made for prancing 'round
And showing off your ass
And for that you've really got to pay.

CHO: Designer Jeans, Designer Jeans
Are what every sexy lad and lass must wear
Designer Jeans, Designer Jeans
Designed to separate the classes
And to strip your pockets bare.

My doctor wears his Jordashe My lawyer, Vanderbilts They sneer at Wranglers and at Lees. They want to wear our blue jeans But not look just like us, So it's labels, fancy pockets and seams.

If I had the money
I might give them a try
To see if they would help to win his heart
But paying more for something less
Seems pretty dumb to me
I hear they even sometimes fall apart.

Now in my well worn Levis I feel so out of place They seem a little baggy here and there But then my girlish figure Has all but disappeared And what Calvin Kleins reveal, I wouldn't dare.

There's those who put down women Who stick to sturdy shows When hobbling high heels are all the rage. And there's those who put down workin' folks As just a bunch of slobs If for this little rip off we won't slave.

So you manipulators
Who came up with this scheme
And think your fancy britches are a cinch
We'll dress you right up in 'em
And toss you in a vat
And as they shrink you'll be the ones
to feel the pinch.

- Music transcribed by Sis Cunningham