

Gettin' In Your Jeans

Bret Unplugged Parody

A D A Bm A E A
A

Money talks

D

but it don't sing and dance and it don't walk.

A Bm

And long as I can have you here with me

D E

I'd much rather be

A E - D - C - E

Gettin' in your jeans.

Honey's sweet.

But it ain't nothing next to baby's treat.

And if you pardon me, I'd like to say

can't wait for the day

Gettin' in you jeans.

A
D
A Bm
D E
A

Chorus-----

A

Maybe tonight

D

A

Maybe to-night, you and I drop our drawers by the fire

G

D

E

And there's nothing around except me, between your thighs

Give-me a chance

It'll do any-thing to get-in your pants

Take my credit card, I'll pay a fee,

Just to be

Gettin' in you jeans.

A
D
A Bm
D E
A EDCE

To your knees

That's where to have your Capries

With my teeth, I'd take..off your thong

We can't go wrong

Gettin' in you jeans.

A
D
A Bm
D E
A

Chorus

Up your skirt

A

Under that dress

A

That's where I'd like to be, my little flirt

D

I hope to God that you're panty-less

D

It's time to turn out the lights

A Bm

Don't make me beg... anymore

A Bm

I your tightie whites

D E

I just want to score

D E

Gettin' in you jeans.

A EDCE

Gettin' in you jeans.

A

Chorus