

## Jennifer Johnson and Me

Conway Twitty

Deep in the pocket of an old sport coat jacket,  
I chanced to discover an old memory,  
Three for a quarter, a black and white portrait,  
Taken of Jennifer Johnson and me.

I'm in the corner with my shirt collar open  
Like some Latin lover on late night TV.  
Sittin' right here with her head on my shoulder,  
Jennifer Johnson, she's smiling at me.

Three for a quarter, a black and white portrait.  
Jen, closed the curtain so no one could see.  
Hey, kiss me quick, 'cause the red light is flashin'  
Flashin' on Jennifer Johnson and me.

It must have been summer, Nineteen Sixty-Seven,  
The Beatles were singin' that love's all you need.  
I held her hand while we walked through the arcade,  
Two young believers on a three dollar spree.

Later that night we were parked in the darkness,  
I felt her warmth in the cool evenin' breeze,  
I told her then that I'd love her forever,  
Forever, for Jennifer Johnson and me.

Three for a quarter, a black and white portrait,  
Jennifer Johnson, what a sweet memory.  
I saved the picture in my sportcoat pocket,  
Jennifer Johnson, did you save one of me?

I saved her picture in my sportcoat pocket,  
Jennifer Johnson, did you save one of me?..