

The Jean Genie

Enuff Z'Nuff

A small jean genie snuck off to the city.
Strung out on losers and slash back blazers.
And ate all the razors while pulling the waiters.
And talking about Monroe and walking on Snow White.
And New York's a go-go and everything tastes nice.
Poor little greeny.

The jean genie lives on his back.
The jean genie loves chimney stacks.
He's outrageous,
He screams and he balls.
The jean genie, let yourself go.

Sits like a man,
But he smiles like a reptile.
She loves him, she loves him,
But just for a short while.
She'll scratch in the sand,
Won't let go of his hand.
He says he's a beautician
And sells you nutrition.
And keeps all your dead hair
For making up underwear.
Poor little greeny.

He's so simple minded,
He can't drive his module.
He bites on the neon
And sleeps in a capsule.
He loves to be loved.
He loves to be loved.