

Jean

Jerry Vale

Jean, Jean, roses are red
All the leaves have gone green
And the clouds are so low, you can touch them
And so come out to the meadow, Jean

Jean, Jean, you're young and alive
Come out of your half-dreamed dream
And run, if you will, to the top of the hill
Open your arms, bonnie Jean

'Til the sheep in the valley come home my way
'Til the stars fall around me and find me alone
When the sun comes a-singin', I'll be waitin' for Jean

Jean, Jean, the roses are red
All of the leaves have gone green
And the hills are ablaze with the moon's yellow haze
Come into my arms, bonnie Jean

And run, if you will, to the top of the hill
Open your arms, bonnie Jean