Jean

Matt Monro

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

Till the sheep in the valley come home my way
Till the stars fall around me and find me alone
When the sun comes a singing I'll still be waiting

Jean, Jean the roses are red

Till the sheep in the valley come home my way
Till the stars fall around me and find me alone
When the sun comes a singing I'll still be waiting

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

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