

## The Jean Genie

Paul Young

A small Jean Genie snuck off to the city  
Strung out on lasers and slash back blazers and  
Ate all your razors while pulling the waiters  
Talking 'bout Monroe and walking on Snow White  
New York's a go-go and everything tastes nice  
Poor little Greenie, woohoo

The Jean Genie lives on his back  
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks  
(The Jean Genie) he's outrageous, he screams and he bawls  
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 his hand  
He says he's a beautician and sells you nutrition  
And keeps all your dead hair for making up underwear  
Poor little Greenie, woohoo

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He's so simple minded, he can't drive his module  
He bites on the neon and sleeps in the capsule  
Loves to be loved  
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Go  
Go

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Go, go