

Dear John

Aimee Mann

Cotton candy was king
On the midway that spring
When I saw you in the ring on the lawn

Dear John
Throwing kisses so Richmond's unfortunates can go on

Oh, the lectures I gave
So the girls would behave
While the band played all your favorite songs

Dear John
Throwing kisses so Richmond's unfortunates can go on

But numbers come up and you're left to the fates
Though I always thought you were one of the greats
Once somebody stationed in Kuala Lumpur
Said he thought you went out, but he couldn't be sure

And the midway I knew
Where the sky was so blue
With the memory of you is gone

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