

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
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Go, go