

The Jean Genie

David Bowie

A small Jean Genie snuck off to the city
Strung out on lasers and slash back plazas
And ate all your razors while pullin' the waiters
Talking bout Monroe and walkin' on snow white
New York's a go-go and everything tastes right
Poor little GreeneOhh

Hoo, ooo, ooo

Give up nowJean Genie lives on his back
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks

He's outrageous
(Jean Genie)

He screams and he bawls
Jean Genie, let yourself go

Ooo, oww

Sits like a man but smiles like a reptiles
She love him, she love him but just for a short while
So, scratch in the sand won't let go his hand
He says he's a beautician and sells you nutrition
Keeps all your dead hair for making up underwear

Poor little Greene

Hoo, ooo, oooJean Genie lives on his back
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He's outrageous
(Jean Genie)

He screams and he bawls
Jean Genie, let yourself go

Ooo, oww

So simple minded he can't drive his module
He bites on the neon and sleeps in the capsule

(Aah)

Loves to be loved

(Aah)

Loves to be lovedAaa, ooo

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Go, goJean Genie lives on his back
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Jean Genie let yourself go
Ooo, oww
Go, go, go

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