

JEAN GENIE

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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
 Loves to be loved

Chorus Go Go

Chorus Go Go, go