

City Boy "Dear Jean"

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Dear Jean, Dear Jean

Can I appeal to your better nature?

I'm not the boy I was a week or two ago.

I lost my head halfway through your lecture,

I blew a fuse but how were you to know

Dear Jean

You should report this bizarre behaviour

Puff out your rosy reds, and blow me away

One little smile you could be my saviour

I'd be teacher's pet if you asked me to stay

Dear Jean

I nearly died when I first set eyes on your fulsome fig

Even your teeth are geometry, on your lobes I linger

Each night mother Moon sees me stealing by your ro

I can hear you breathing,

I close my eyes, there's a tingle in my thigh,

are those fingers teasing

I'm nervous, he's nervous, I'm nervous, silly me.

He's nervous, I'm nervous, he's nervous, so tell me,

Dear Jean

Dear Jean

I'm amateur, but I know you can teach me,

I may be green, but I'm ready to learn.

And if you want me to surrender completely

Take off your mortar board and make me a man

Dear Jean

I can't believe, do my eyes deceive, is the door wide open?

Here I go, standing on tippy toe, happy heart full of hoping.

Oh but what can I do? I'm my own poor fool,

now my dreams come crashing

As you share all the joys with my own head-boy

in a scene full of passion

I'm nervous, he's nervous, I'm nervous, what a fool.

He's nervous, I'm nervous, a nervous little fool.

Dear Jean, Dear Jean

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