

## City and Colour

### "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 .. .....

