Jean

Aaron Freeman

Jean, Jean, the roses are red
And other leaves have come green
And the clouds are so little
You can touch them and some
Come out to the metalJean, jean, you're young and alive
Come out of your half dream, dream
And run if you will to the top of the hill
Open your arms, buddy JeanTo the shipping, the valley come home our way
To the stars all around me
And find me alone when the sun and singin'
I still be waitingJean, Jean, the roses are red
And other leaves have gone green
And the clouds are so little
You can touch them in the sun
Come into my arms, buddy Jean

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