

Lead Poisoned Jean

Frenzal Rhomb

Grew up in an industrial town,
two blocks away from the industrial sounds.
Three generations in the same old home.
Seven kids mum feels so alone.
Six of them looked like they had a chance to do something with their lives.
Little Jeanie had a mind of her own, but it wasn't a very good one. And we try not to be mean,
to our little lead poisoned Jean.
Little lead poisoned Jean. No special school no one to understand,
her teachers tried to use the back of their hands,
she can't compute any information. She likes pictures on the screen,
our little lead poisoned Jean,
little lead poisoned Jean. One winters day it was the end of June,
her parents put together two and two.
She wasn't normal, no she's not the same,
the legal battle set the town aflame.
The company would be responsible for every time that Jeannie screams,
pollution so obscene. Little lead poisoned Jean. Now the family's rich beyond belief
that sort of money's still a shallow relief.
Little Jeannie's got a new playstation so she stares at the screen
she's my little lead poisoned Jean.

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