

# Oh John

Paula Cole

Oh John, oh John, oh John  
Never lose the memory of April twenty-six  
Your hands designed my body  
You autographed my hip  
I lost all my worry  
I lost all sense of time  
My fears evaporated  
When you held me in your oh my god and  
Oh John, in a New York hotel room  
In a truck off the back road  
Southwest of Chicago  
Oh John, in a New England fairground  
on a lawn in the backyard  
in a town in Colorado, oh

Oh John, oh John, oh John  
Saturate my consciousness with sweet elixir wine  
Your body is the chalice your spirit is the vine  
I lose all my worry  
I lose all sense of time  
My fears evaporate  
When you hold me in your oh my god and  
Chorus  
And everytime I see the ocean you're there  
And everytime I see the forest you're on my mind  
In my life, flooding me with memories like  
Chorus

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