

The Jean Genie (1997 Digital Remaster)

David Bowie

A small Jean Genie snuck off to the city
Strung out on lasers and slash-back blazers
Ate all your razors while pulling the waiters
Talking 'bout Monroe and walking on Snow White
New York's a go-go, and everything tastes right
Poor little Greenie, ooh-ooh Keep her comin'
The Jean Genie lives on his back
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks
He's outrageous, he screams and he bawls (Jean Genie)
Jean Genie, let yourself go, whoah Sits like a man but he smiles like a reptile
She love him, she love him but just for a short while
She'll scratch in the sand, won't let go his hand
He says he's a beautician and sells you nutrition
And keeps all your dead hair for making up underwear
Poor little Greenie, ooh-ooh The Jean Genie lives on his back
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks
He's outrageous, he screams and he bawls (Jean Genie)
Jean Genie, let yourself go, whoah He's so simple-minded, he can't drive his module
He bites on the neon and sleeps in a capsule
Loves to be loved, loves to be loved Oh, Jean Genie lives on his back
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks
He's outrageous, he screams and he bawls (Jean Genie)
Jean Genie, let yourself go, whoah Go!
Go! The Jean Genie lives on his back
The Jean Genie loves chimney stacks
He's outrageous, he screams and he bawls (Jean Genie)
Jean Genie, let yourself go, whoah Go, go go!

Songwriters

DAVID BOWIE Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Peermusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal
Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, TINTORETTO MUSIC Song
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>