

Dear John

Aimee Mann

Cotton Candy was king
On the midway that spring
And when I saw you
In the ring on the lawnDear John
Throwing kisses so Richmond's
Unfortunates can go onOh, the lectures I gave
So the girls would behave
While the band played
All your favorite songsDear John
Throwing kisses so Richmond's
Unfortunates can go onBut numbers come up and you're left to the fates
Though I always thought you were one of the greats
Once somebody stationed in Kuala Lumpur
Said he thought you went out, but he couldn't be sureAnd the midway I knew
Where the sky was so blue
With the memory of you is goneDear John
Throwing kisses so Richmond's
Unfortunates can go onThrowing kisses so Richmond's
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Unfortunates can go on

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