Oh John

Jeremy Enigk

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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