JEAN

C Em F G7 C Am

Jean, Jean, roses are red, all the leaves have gone green;

C C7 F C Dm

And the clouds are so low, you can touch them and so,

F C G7

Come out to the meadow, Jean.

C Em F G7 C

Jean, Jean, Yourre young and a-live, Come out of your half

Dm G7 C C7 F C Dm

dreamed dream; And run if you will to the top of the hill,

F C

O-pen your arms, bonnie Jean.

C7 F

Till the sheep in the valley come home my way,

F

C C7

Till the stars fall a-round me and find me home,

F

Dm Em Am

When the sun comes a singin

I'll still be wait-in'.

