

# Aimee Mann, Dear John

Cotton candy was king  
On the midway that spring  
When I saw you in the ring on the lawn

Dear John  
Throwing kisses so Richmond's unfortunates can go on

Oh, the lectures I gave  
So the girls would behave  
While the band played all your favorite songs

Dear John  
Throwing kisses so Richmond's unfortunates can go on

But 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 sure

And the midway I knew  
Where the sky was so blue  
With the memory of you is gone

Dear John  
Throwing kisses so Richmond's unfortunates can go on  
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