Mike Doughty, 27 Jennifers

I went to school with 27 Jennifers
16 Jenns, 10 Jennies, and then there was her

It's the sweet shine of,
Yeah, force of divine love
The blessed arrival of you

You might be the one that I've been seeking for
You might be the strange delightful
You might be the girly who shall end all girls
You might be the sweet unspiteful

I rode the bus with 27 Jennifers
16 Jenns, 10 Jennies disapproved of her

Yeah, get from my sight, man,
Gladness is a blight, and
Happiness stinks up the room