Stellastarr*, Jenny

Jenny was sitting in the lounge
She was talking to herself
Maybe things like that turn you on
Maybe you felt bad for yourself

Well I'm a believer, ya, ya, ya

So, tell me the dreams that you might have
Tell me the stories in your life
There's a girl in Woodstock now
And she'll never be your wife

Well I'm a believer, ya, ya, ya

Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
You keep shining on, shining on
But you'll never know where your place will be
And I guess it's true that you're not me, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Well, Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
And you'll keep shining on, shining on
But you'll never know where your place will be
And I guess it's true that you're not me, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Jenny's coming after you, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
You'll keep shining on, shining on
But you'll never know where your place will be
And I guess it's true that you're not me

And I guess it true that we ignore our mother
And we change our color, change our friends
It's a soul searching motherfucker

Hating that we're plain, hating that we're sane, Hating that we're sane to say the way we feel
The pain is real, and never go down,
Never shell out, never sell out,
cause below there's a soul that was stolen
I know a million people that could be loved
I'll never see you again, I'll never see you again,
I'm all grown up, baby.

Oh my God, she'll be coming after you in the summertime
HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!
Oh my God, she'll be coming after you in the summertime
HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

Jenny! Jenny!
Jenny, I'd bet you'd make your Mom so proud
I need more sound!