

# The Proclaimers, Oh Jean

I'd never been lucky with girls I confess  
Don't know who to blame for my lack of success  
Cause even with ones up the back of a bus  
There was always the risk of a slap in the puss

But Jean, Oh Jean, You let me get lucky with you  
Oh Jean, Oh Jean, You let me get lucky with you

The first time I met you it did cross my mind  
The next time I saw you there wasn't the time  
The third time I saw you I thought that I could  
The fourth time I met you I knew that I would

Oh Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you  
Oh Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you

Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her

I want you forever I want you for good  
So I'm gonna treat you the way that I should  
For your soul and body my heart's gonna pound  
Even after the day that I'm laid in the ground

Cause Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you  
Oh Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you

Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her  
Love her, I love her, I love her

Love her I love her I love her I love  
Love her I love her I love her I love  
Love her I love her I love her I love  
Love her I love her I love her I love

Oh Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you  
Oh Jean, Oh Jean, you let me get lucky with you