

Cyndi Lauper, Dear John

Dear John,

What's wrong ? Why can't you just be anything you want ?
Why not ? Why not ? I tried to tell you then. You didn't understand.
They try and pigeonhole you. Buddy, they don't even know you.
But hang on my dear, dear, John.
Maybe you're not just like everyone, so what, so what.

And there's more to live for, than some abbreviated encore, much more, much more.
You can't define yourself in terms of someone else.
You can't say what you're thinking ? But I don't know what you've been drinking.
But don't cry. 'Cause life goes on.
Dear John, you could be anything you want.
Why not ? Why not ?
Why you could even be an astronaut, dear John, dear John.