# Jeane

## North Lincoln

Jeane
The low-life has lost its appeal
And I'm tired of walking these streets
To a room with a cupboard bareJeane
I'm not sure what happiness means
But I look in your eyes
And I know that it isn't thereWe tried, we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
We triedJeane
There's ice on the sink where we bathe
So how can you call this a home
When you know it's a grave?But you still hold a greedy grace
As you tidy the place
But it'll never be clean
JeaneWe tried, we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
We triedOh, cash on the nail
It's just a fairytale
Oh, and I don't believe in magic anymore
JeaneBut I think you know
I really think you know
Oh, I think you know the truth
Jeane, ohNo heavenly choir
Not for me and not for you
Because I think that you know
I really think you know
I think you know the truth
Oh, JeaneThat we tried, and we failed
That we tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried, and we failed
Oh, oh, Jeane

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