Sweet Jane

Mott the Hoople

Standing on the corner
Suitcase in my hand
Jack is in his corset and Jane is in her vest
And me, I'm in a rock and roll bandRiding in a Stutz Bearcat Jim
Those were different times
And the poets studied rules of verse
And all the ladies rolled their eyesSweet Jane
Sweet Jane
Sweet JaneNow Jack, he is a banker
And Jane, she is a clerk
And they're both saving up all their money
And when they come home from workSittin' by the fire
Radios of display
A little classical music for you kids
To the 'March of the wooden soldiers' and you can hear Jack saySweet Jane
Sweet Jane
Sweet JaneSome people like to go out dancin'
And other people they gotta work
And there's always some evil mothers
I tell you life is just full of dirtAnd the women never really faint
And the villains always blink their eyes
And children are the only ones that blush
And that life is just to dieBut anyone who had a heart
He wouldn't want to turn around and break it
If anyone who ever played a part
He wouldn't want to turn around and hate itSweet Jane, sweet Jane
Sweet Jane, sweet Jane
Sweet Jane, sweet Jane
Sweet Jane, sweet Jane
Oh my sweet Jane

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