

Jane She Got Excavated

Ocean Colour Scene

Jane she got excavated
By a trader dealing in old lines
Then she got a paper
From a mailer telling her more lies[Chorus]
So here we go
Down an endless road where we know
Nothing good here will ever grow
We`re wasting our own time
And better know
Everyday life will carry on
Everyday when you`re not so strong
You`re wasting your own time Says she knows more than she lets on
That`s how she gets on when she is outside
When the wind comes on harder
She needs a shelter of their warm lies[Chorus]

Songwriters

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