

# Doe, Jane

## Shakey Graves

Ive become a cold case  
Bruised and black  
Laying on a table with my eyes rolled back  
A husband for dear Doe, JaneI used to fit in your arms like a book in a shelf  
Now i sit on the floor telling jokes to myselfI hope I dont become a good boy slow and strong  
Minding my manners and tagging along  
A pet for my dear Doe, Jane  
I used to nip at the heels and bay at the moon  
Now I sit and stay like the good dogs do  
So lets strap on our jaws and head back to the home land  
Where we sit and stare like its our god chosen gift  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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