

Jane Beat the Reaper

Kyle Craft

Well stranger things are happening here
I see the ghosts now in broad daylight
And while the midnight boys continue their songs
The reaper rolls his eyes
Without a shadow of a doubt
He says this party is a pale view
Of what time slowly did to them
And what I'm gonna do to you
But Jane beat that reaper with a broomstick hard
Ran that bag of bones across the whole front yard
And she screams, no one takes a party from me
No one takes a party from me
No one takes a party from Jane
No one takes a party from Jane
She wore medallions on a string
She said they warded off the boredom
Of life alone and the constant sting
Of what she was before him
But stranger things have happened here
She disappeared with every daybreak
Her clockwork crisis never seemed so clear
Her strung-out strife never seemed so fake
But Jane dropped those trinkets in the ole Grand Isle
And they sank with all her misery, her vacant smile
Still she pleads, who can take this hurt out of me
Who can take this hurt out of me
But nothing takes the urge out of Jane
Oh nothing takes the hurt out of Jane
And her fate, she knows, is to wait so close
At the gates of Hell until the day he calls
So she spends her time pacing Purgatory
That's all, yeah that is all
Well she traded all her riches in for dime store rags
Her mama tried her best to fill those shopping bags
Still she screams, please don't waste your money on me
Please don't waste your money on me
'Cause nobody could buy love from Jane
She'll party in her rags all the same
Well no one takes the party from Jane

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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