Sweet Jane

The Velvet Underground

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'n'roll band. Huh
Ridin' in a Stutz-Bearcat, Jim
Y'know, those were different times
Oh, all the poet, they studied rules of verse
And the ladies, they rolled their eyesSweet Jane! Whoa! Sweet Jane, oh-oh-a! Sweet JaneI'll tell you something
Jack, he is a banker
And Jane, she is a clerk
Both of them save their monies, ha
And when, when they come home from work
Ooh! Sittin' down by the fire, oh
The radio does play
The classical music there, Jim
"The March of the Wooden Soldiers"
All you protest kids
You can hear Jack say, get ready, ahSweet Jane! Come on baby! Sweet Jane! Oh-oh-a! Sweet JaneSome people, they like to go out dancing
And other peoples, they have to work. Just watch me now
And there's even some evil mothers
Well they're gonna tell you that everything is just dirt
Y'know that, women, never really faint
And that villains always blink their eyes, woo
And that, y'know, children are the only ones who blush
And that, life is, just to die
And, everyone who ever had a heart, oh
That wouldn't turn around and break it
And anyone who ever played a part, whoa
And wouldn't turn around and hate itSweet Jane! Whoa-oh-oh! Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane. Sweet Jane
Sweet Jane. Sweet Jane

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