

Jane Fakes a Hug

Wrens

jane fakes a hug / she throws herself down on the rug
what 's wrong / my dragging days are whipping long
i can 't go on / time chained friendless / oh jane i thought / let 's end this
i 'd tell her more my thinking
but she 'd just stare back blinking
can 't find attraction hate our new house
she don 't get / she don 't get my work
jane 's made me flirt / in fact i 've met this girl, annette
i made a pass my life 's a crumbled mess
i took the girl 's address
she just broke up with paul and i think jane knows her
boredom crept up and found me
temptation follows mounts me
our oaths our realty a good job a husband
a husband or what / christ, jane, i 'm not, i never was
she turns spits out / we 're done get out / i wanna say good luck
but i don 't wanna hold you up
you bastard son of dirt
can 't picture our house without you
two aprils go / i 'd / offer all to god on high
tell why / i got this far with none for wife
this charming life / i can 't un-jane me
she married paul / that fall / aprils ago

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

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