Sweet Jane

Eater

Standin' on a corner,
Suitcase in my hand.
Jack's in his car, says to Jane, who's in her vest,
Me, babe, I'm in a rock n' roll band.
Ridin' in a Stutz Bearcat, Jim,
Those were different times.
And the poets studied rows of verse,
And all the ladies rolled their eyesSweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet JaneNow, Jack, he is a banker,
And Jane, she is a clerk.
And the both of them are saving up their money...
Then they come home from work.
Sittin' by the fire...
Radio just played a little classical music for you kids,
The march of the wooden soldiers
And you can hear Jack saySweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet JaneSome people like to go out dancing
And other people, (like us) they gotta work
And there's always some evil mothers
They'll tell you life is full of dirt.
And the women never really faint,
And the villans always blink their eyes.
And the children are the only ones who blush.
'Cause life is just to die.
But, anyone who has a heart
Wouldn't want to turn around and break it
And anyone who ever played the part
He wouldn't want to turn around and fake itSweet Jane

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