

# Sweet Jane (Live At St. Ann's Warehouse)

Lou Reed

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 eyes  
Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane  
Now, 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 say  
Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane  
Some 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 it  
Sweet Jane

Songwriters

LOU REED Published by

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