

Jeane (Sandie Shaw)

The Smiths

Jeane,
The low life has lost its appeal
And I'm tired of walking these streets
To a room with its cupboards bare
Jeane,
I'm not sure what happiness means
But I look in your eyes and I know...
That it isn't there We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried...
Oh Jeane... There's ice on the sink where we bathe
So how can you call this a home
When you know it's a grave
Yet you still have that greedy grace...
As you tidy the place
But it will never be clean...
Jeane We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried... Gash on the nail
It's just a fairytale...
And I don't believe in magic anymore, Jeane... But I think you know,
I really think you know
Oh yes I think you know the truth, Jeane No heavenly choirs not for me
And no not for you
Because I think you know
I really think you know
I think you know the truth
Oh Jeane We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried...

Songwriters

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