

# 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 eyes  
Sweet Jane! Whoa! Sweet Jane, oh-oh-a! Sweet Jane  
I'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, ah  
Sweet Jane! Come on baby! Sweet Jane! Oh-oh-a! Sweet Jane  
Some 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 it  
Sweet Jane! Whoa-oh-oh! Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane. Sweet Jane  
Sweet Jane. Sweet Jane

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