Calamity Jane

Grant-Lee Phillips

Drunk on the blood of a hero's welcome, babe
Ringin' in the year with a ticker tape parade
While the motorcade is stretched from First to Main
Calamity Jane, shootin' off that mouth again
Hey, hey, heyPin all your sins on your Man of Sorrow then
Stroll through the crowd with a black mantilla, friend
While they're whisperin' like locusts in the grain
Calamity Jane
Hit it on the nose again
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Calamity Jane
Calamity Jane
Calamity JaneWashed in the tears of the revolution, babe
Born in the back of a Studebaker
American made
Ah but girl have you no shame
Calamity Jane
Honey, take heart and take aim
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Calamity Jane
Calamity Jane
Calamity Jane
Calamity Jane

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