Sweet Jane

The Velvet Underground

Standing on the corner, suitcase in my hand
Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest
And me, I'm in a rock'n'roll band
Ridin'a stutz bearcat, Jim
You know, those were different times
Oh, all the poets, they studied rules of verse
And those ladies, they rolled their eyes
Sweet Jane, sweet Jane, sweet Jane

Jack, he is a banker
And Jane, she is a clerk
And both of them save their monies
when they come home from work
Ooh, they be sittin' down by the fire
Oh, the radio does play
The classical music, said Jim, the 'march of the wooden soldiers'
All you protest kids, you can hear Jack say, get ready
Sweet Jane, come on, baby
Sweet Jane, sweet Jane

Some people, they like to go out dancing
Other peoples, they have to work
Just watch me now
And there's some evil mothers
Well they're gonna tell you that everything is just dirt
You know, that women never really faint
And that villains always blink their eyes
And that, you know, children are the only ones who blush
And that life is just to die
But anyone who ever had a heart
Oh, they wouldn't turn around and break it
And anyone who's ever played a part
Oh, they wouldn't turn around and hate it

Lyrics submitted by Will Dockery.

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