

# Jane's Dimitri

## Rachael Sage

The moment that she realized  
She'd already had the love of her life  
It was fifty years, five minutes too late.  
He followed her halfway across the earth,  
He followed her far from his Russian birth,  
He followed her like he was Tarzan and she was Jane.

The moon belongs to no one  
He promised it was hers.  
She was sixteen on a class trip  
Clutching freedom like a purse.  
And they met one night in Moscow  
He had chips upon both shoulders  
Like a baby Johnny Rotten  
Hypnotizing as a scream.

What is Jane supposed to say?  
What is Jane supposed to do?  
As she finally recognizes  
What's always been more than true?  
What is Jane supposed to feel,  
When she finally hears his voice,  
A lack of days between the truth  
leaving her no other choice?

Oh Jane's Dimitri.

When he showed up at her doorstep  
She was shipwrecked and confused.  
Disbelief is a defensive  
Like a round of "I love you's."  
No one teaches girls to stand up  
To their parents or their fears.  
No one preaches to the elders  
To bow down to teenage years.

What is Jane supposed to say?  
What is Jane supposed to do?  
As she finally recognizes

What's always been more than true?

Will they lock her up in madness?  
Will they throw away the key?  
She has seen his face in strangers,  
Made sweet love with enemies,  
Doesn't matter but she's wandered  
Like a gypsy dandelion in the air  
Kissing demons with the desperateness  
Of Judas in despair.

Oh Jane's Dimitri.

Her regret is like arthritis  
Gripping wisdom by the joint  
And you're gasping and you're drowning  
While love's sharpening her point  
Sixty five and still a virgin  
To no wistfulness of risk  
She stopped crying after twelve months  
She stopped writing after six.

What is Jane?  
What is Jane?  
When she finally recognizes  
What's always been in her way,  
What is Jane supposed to feel  
When she finally hears his voice?  
Like the days between the Sabbath  
Leaving her no other choice,  
Doesn't matter that she's wandered  
Like a gypsy dandelion in the air,  
Kissing demons With the desperateness  
Of Judas and despair.

Oh Jane's Dimitri.

---

Lyrics submitted by Steve.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>