

Kurt

Dan Bern

When Kurt Cobain blew out his brain
All the little girls, they cried like rain
And as for me I felt the pain
But I got no T-shirts left to stain
For Kennedy and Jesse James
And Joan of Arc and Kurt Cobain You can hear them crying down the lane
From Portland to Maryland, from Greece to Spain
As my life drips like coffee down the drain
My eyes dry up like a rusty chain
So Kennedy and Jesse James
Will have to cry for Kurt Cobain It's a hard life and no one's to blame
When God's not on the morning train
If Cain don't kill Abel, Abel kills Cain
And tears now shed are shed in vain
For Kennedy and Jesse James
And Joan of Arc and Kurt Cobain There's three new roses growing in the lane
It was a long hard winter, but now there's rain
If you want my tears, tell me your name
Give me your hand, let me feel your pain
But for Kennedy and Jesse James
There's Joan of Arc and Kurt Cobain

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