

Mott The Hoople, Sweet Jane

(Lou Reed)

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 and roll band

Riding in a Stutz Bearcat Jim

Those were different times

And the poets studied rules of verse

And all the ladies rolled there eyes

Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane

Now Jack he is a banker

And Jane she is a clerk

And they're both saving up all their money

And when they come home from work

Sitting by the fire

Radios a-play

A little classical music for you kids

To the march of the wooden soldiers and you can hear Jack say

Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane

Some people like to go out dancing

Other people they got to work

And there's always some evil mothers

I tell you life is just full of dirt

And the women never really faint

And the villains always blink their eyes

And children are the only ones that blush

And that life is just to die

But anyone who had a heart

He wouldn't want to turn around and break it

And anyone who ever played a part

He wouldn't want to turn around and hate it

Sweet Jane Sweet Jane Sweet Jane Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane Sweet Jane Sweet Jane Sweet Jane

Oh my sweet Jane