

# Sly & The Family Stone, Jane Is A Groupee

Jane is a Groupee, ahhh  
Jane makes whoopee, ahhh  
She's got a thing for the guys in the band  
Every musician's biggest fan

She claps her hands without a doubt  
Has no idea what the song's about  
She's too busy tryin to figure out  
the shorter route  
to take the drummer home

Hey Larry, what's your space  
Said you'd teach me how to play the bass  
Since we got a little time to waste  
We might as well get it on

Front row tickets for the very next show  
Organ dreams, many friends to know  
She's the only reason the horns will blow  
Playin her favorite song

Jane, Jane, Shame Shame

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Hey Freddie I like you  
When you play the blues you make me blue  
I'd like to go around with you too

Ever see a Jane in action  
Different levels of satisfaction  
Cause her to lose a fraction  
Of her womanhood

Hey Sly you can score with me  
You can write your songs upon my knee  
And when you get through you can be with me

Jane, Jane, Shame Shame