

# Van Zant, Plain Jane

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Ah, tell 'em about it Darlin'.  
Here we go.

She's a waitress at her corner,  
Always dancin' nine-to-five.  
Well, she ain't no supermodel,  
But I'm here to tell you, she's fine, (Ha, ha.)  
She's so fine, Johnny.  
She's like the classic girl next door,  
There's somethin' 'bout her walk:  
There's somethin' that goes off inside,  
Each time she starts to talk.

Plain Jane,  
Oh, I love her name.  
She drives me insane.  
She's my plain Jane.

She always gets my business,  
I can't wait to ring her bell.  
(Ah, I bet you can't Donnie.)  
She puts a quarter in the jukebox:  
Says she don't kiss an' tell.  
Is that right, brother.  
The way she wears that dress, (Yeah.)  
It's time that I confess:  
The music starts an' my heart stops,  
An' I become a mess.

Plain Jane,  
Oh, I love her name.  
She drives me insane.  
She's my plain Jane.

Nothin' fancy: she's just got everything.  
She's so addicting; she's so amazing:  
Can't think of anything.

Do, do, do do.  
(Whoa, talk to me, plain Jane.)  
Do, do, do do, do, do.  
Whoa, yeah,  
C'mon.

Plain Jane,  
Oh, I love her name.  
She drives me insane.  
She's my plain Jane. (Jane, Jane.)

Plain Jane,  
Oh, I love her name.  
She drives me insane.  
She said just call me plain Jane.  
(That's right, buddy.&quot;

Plain Jane,  
She's my plain Jane.  
She's my plain Jane.  
She's my plain, (Jane)  
Whoo, she's my plain Jane.