

# Ocean Colour Scene, Jane She Got Excavated

Jane she got excavated  
By a trader dealing in old lines  
Then she got a paper  
From a mailer telling her more lies  
Chorus (sing first half on first chorus):  
So here we go  
Down an endless road where we know  
Nothing good here will ever grow  
We're wasting our own time  
And better know  
Everyday life will carry on  
Everyday when you're not so strong  
You're wasting your own time  
Says she knows more than she lets on  
That's how she gets on when she is outside  
When the wind comes on harder  
She needs a shelter of their warm lies  
Repeat chorus  
She was taken last Sunday  
To a safe place dealing in this line  
Then she got her papers  
From a faceless who won't tell her one more time