

Supreme Beings Of Leisure, Calamity Jane

She has a place where she keeps her space neat
In a tiny room where she never sleeps
And she doesn't go there very often, but dreams of it nightly
It holds tightly to her glass
These feelings always pass

The sky's are not clear for Calamity Jane
Everyone feels her pain

Silly to hide it will get you again
And no one is to blame
It's just the way
Another day for Jane

And locked away in her better days sun
Hides a tiny scene where the rain won't come
Longing for her cloudy silver lining
Where nothing is in the way
Just don't put space between her dreams and her reality

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