The Smiths, Jeane

JEANE

The low-life has lost its appeal
And I'm tired of walking these streets
To a room with its cupboard bare
JEANE
I'm not sure what happiness means
But I look in your eyes
And I know that it isn't there
We tried, we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried

JEANE

There's ice on the sink where we bathe So how can you call this a home When you know it's a grave But you still hope for ridding grace As you tidy the place But it will never be clean, JEANE We tried, we failed We tried and we failed We tried and we failed We tried and we failed We tried we failed We tried we failed

Cash on the nail It's just a fairy tale And I don't believe in magic anymore, JEANE But I think you know I really think you know I think you know the truth JEANE

No heavenly choir
Not for me and not for you
Because I think that you know
I really think you know
I think you know the truth
JEANE
That we tried and we failed
That we tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
Oh JEANE