

Strange Jane

Thompson Twins

There's a Chinese opera on the television
You paint your mouth with such precision
You're like an angel in a morphine dream
What matters to you just don't matter to me
Here is the freak; there is the genius
You make love like a sad Bohemian
Sometimes I think you're from another world
'Cos Jane, you're not like any other girl

Jane Jane, tall as a crane
You don't have to stand in the pouring rain
Jane Jane, you're so strange
Won't you come out and play with me again?

All the paper dolls with their paper hearts
Stalk these halls, afraid of the dark
But you've been living in the shadows so long
That you close your eyes when the lights come on

Jane Jane, tall as a crane
You don't have to stand in the pouring rain
Jane Jane, you're so strange
Won't you come out and play with me again?

Jane, Jane's got a mirror for a name
If she looks in the mirror then she'll never be the same
As the game, game she's been playing since she came
When she's standing in the pouring rain

Everybody here seems to have their own tribe
A hand to hold or a kite to fly
But they will never know the meaning of you
'Cos they just can't see you the way I do

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You don't have to stand in the pouring rain
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You're so strange