

Jane, I've made it plain,  
although I'm faded as a ghost:  
I want you here inside me.  
Say the word.  
Oh, you've been playing nice,  
but I can see it in your eyes,  
you're thinking, "Christ.  
He's everybody's girl."

You can't spend the night...

Jane, I've seen you at the club.  
You were tearin' up the rug  
with no regard for form.  
You're such a brute!  
You had a ready elbow  
for the girls you hate  
or just don't know.  
You head-butt me,  
cos you thought it was cute.

You can't spend the night...  
Yes, I'm sure you're right.  
You can't spend the night...  
Yeah, I'm sure you're right.  
You can't spend the night...  
Yes, I'm sure you're right.  
But we could spend the night together.  
Or alone. That would be better.

It's Friday night and I ain't got nobody.  
Oh, what's the use of making a bed?  
I took something and it feels like karate;  
it's kicked me down and left me for dead.  
It's Friday night and I ain't got nobody,  
so what's the use of pulling a shape?  
I put what I want, when I want, in my body.  
I'm never gonna give what I take.

Jane, I've seen the pain you've dealt.  
You've been with all my friends.  
You tell me guard my heart,  
I might get hurt.  
No doubt you'll hurt my feelings,  
and it's a given I'll be kneeling.  
But I'm telling myself  
that it's gonna be worth it.