

Sweet Jane

Brownsville Station

Standing on the corner, suitcase in my hand
Jack is in his corset and Jane is in her vest and me I'm in a rock and roll band
Riding in a Stutz Bearcat Jim, those were different times
And the poets studied rules of verse and all the ladies rolled their eyes

Sweet Jane
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Now Jack he is a banker and Jane she is a clerk
And they're both saving up all their money and when they come home from work
Sitting by the fire, radio's playin' a little classical music for you, kids
To the march of the wooden soldiers and you can hear Jack say

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Some people like to go out dancing, other people they got to work
And there's always some evil mothers, I tell you life is just full of dirt
And the women never really faint and the villains always blink their eyes
And children are the only ones that blush and that life is just to die
But anyone who had a heart, he wouldn't want to turn around and break it
And anyone who ever played a part, he wouldn't want to turn around and hate it

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Oh my sweet Jane