

Eliza Jane

Douwe Bob

She took the train for Mexico
To a land she didn't know
Just to change her point of view
Falling in and out of love around the towns has taken its toll
too soon
She walks down a dusty road
Wearing the jeans her mama sold
She reads the letter that she wrote
Saying how well she's doing there
And soon she'll be able to care
Little Eliza Jane
The beast in you could not be slain
Won't you just come on home
Get on that plane
Little Eliza Jane
She's a dreamer of dreams
Counting the uncountable it seems
Now all her fair weather friends are gone
She needs the words to finish this song
Making sure that they're not wrong
She needs a reason to go on
Little Eliza Jane
The beast in you could not be slain
Won't you just come on home
Get on that plane
Little Eliza Jane
Some people say life is a game you just can't win
But If you can't live with it you die with it
Little Eliza Jane
Little Eliza Jane
The beast in you could not be slain
Little Eliza Jane
Won't you come back home again
Little Eliza Jane
Little Eliza Jane