

Lady Jane

Billie Myers

Made up like Marilyn, without the Monroe
She crash-landed the movie scene in her baby blue stilettos
Motels and bibles
They made love to all her dreams
Blinded by the fireflies
She found Vegas with James Dean

Holding hands with a cigarette
She was half cut by a crystal haze
Sugar sweet and so cherry stained

You oh oh you oh, you oh oh
You can call me Lady Jane cause
I'll give you something to remember down forget me not lane
You oh oh you oh, you oh oh
No one knows my real name but
I've got my very own star on the Hollywood walk of fame
Yeah Lady Jane
Yeah Lady Jane

A hand me down Garbo with Betty Davis eyes
She crawled over the rainbow
High on the low-life
Nine lives in a suitcase
She grow old before she was young
A centerfold on the back page
Her happy endings never begun

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Holding hands with a cigarette
She was beat down dandy back to front
Black mascara, lipstick sun

You oh oh oh oh, you oh oh
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I've got my very own star on the Hollywood walk of fame
Yeah the walk of fame
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You can call me Lady Jane cause
I'll give you something to remember down forget me not lane
You oh oh you oh, you oh oh
No one knows my real name but
I've got my very own star on the Hollywood walk of fame
You oh oh, yeah the walk of fame, you oh oh
You can call me Lady Jane cause
I'll give you something to remember down forget me not lane
Yeah Lady Jane
Yeah Lady Jane
Yeah the walk of fame