

# 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

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You can call me Lady Jane  
I've got my very own star on the Hollywood walk of fame  
Yeah the walk of fame  
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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