

# Calamity Jane

Grant-Lee Phillips

Drunk on the blood of a hero's welcome, babe  
Ringin' in the year with a ticker tape parade  
While the motorcade is stretched from First to Main  
Calamity Jane, shootin' off that mouth again  
Hey, hey, hey

Pin all your sins on your Man of Sorrow then  
Stroll through the crowd with a black mantilla, friend  
While they're whisperin' like locusts in the grain  
Calamity Jane  
Hit it on the nose again  
Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey  
Calamity jane  
Calamity jane  
Calamity jane

Washed in the tears of the revolution, babe  
Born in the back of a Studebaker  
American made  
Ah but girl have you no shame  
Calamity jane  
Honey, take heart and take aim  
Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey  
Calamity jane  
Calamity jane  
Calamity jane  
Calamity jane