

Sweet Jane

Mott the Hoople

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 there 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
Radios a-play
A little classical music for you kids
To the march of the wooden soldiers and you can hear Jack say

Sweet Jane
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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

Sweet Jane
Sweet Jane Sweet Jane
Sweet Jane Sweet Jane
Sweet Jane Sweet Jane
Sweet Jane, oh my sweet Jane