

## 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