

## Sweet Jane

The Sugarcubes

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'n'roll band.  
Ridin' in a Stutz-Bearcat, Jim  
Y'know, those were different times!  
Oh, all the poet, they studied rules of verse,  
And the ladies, they rolled their eyes.  
Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane!  
Jack, he is a banker,  
And Jane, she is a clerk.  
Both of them save their monies,  
And when, when they come home from work!  
Ooh! Sittin' down by the fire, oh!  
The radio just play,  
The classical music there, Jim.  
"The March of the Wooden Soldiers".  
And you can hear Jack say, get ready, ah,  
Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane! Oh! Sweet Jane!  
Some people, they like to go out dancing,  
And other peoples, they have to work.  
And there's even some evil mothers,  
They're gonna tell you that everything is just dirt.  
Y'know that, women, never really faint,  
And that villains always blink their eye  
We know children are the only ones who blush!  
And life is, just to die!