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Standing on the corner suitcase in my hand
Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest and me, I'm in a rock 'n' roll band, huh
Ridin' in a Stutz Bearcat, Jim
you know those were different times
Oh, all the poets they studied rules of verse and those ladies they rolled their eyes
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Sweet Jane, woh Sweet Jane, oh-oh Sweet Jane

I'll tell you somethin' that Jack, he is a banker and Jane, she is a clerk
And both of them save their monies
hah, and when, when they come home from work
Ooohhh-wah, sittin' down by the fire, oh-wah
the radio does play a little classical music there, Jim
"The March Of The Wooden Soldiers", all you protest kids
you can hear Jack say, get ready, ah

Sweet Jane, ah, come on baby Sweet Jane, oh-oh-oh-ah Sweet Jane

Some people they like to go out dancing and other peoples they have to work, just watch me now And there's even some evil mothers, haha well they're gonna tell you that everything is just dirt You know that women never really faint and that villains always blink their eyes, ooohhh And that, you know children are the only ones who blush and that life is just to die

But anyone who ever had a heart oh, they wouldn't turn around and break it And anyone who ever played a part oh, they wouldn't turn around and hate it

Sweet Jane, oh, wow-woh Sweet Jane

Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane

DALŠÍ VERZE:

intro $\{D/A\}\{Bm/G.A\}\{D/A\}\{Bm.A/G.A\}\{D/A\}\{Bm/G.A\}\{D/A\}\{Bm.A/G.A...$