

## Strange Jane

Thompson Twins

There's a Chinese opera on the television  
You paint your mouth with such precision  
You're like an angel in a morphine dream  
What matters to you just don't matter to me  
Here is the freak; there is the genius  
You make love like a sad Bohemian  
Sometimes I think you're from another world  
'Cos Jane, you're not like any other girl

Jane Jane, tall as a crane  
You don't have to stand in the pouring rain  
Jane Jane, you're so strange  
Won't you come out and play with me again?

All the paper dolls with their paper hearts  
Stalk these halls, afraid of the dark  
But you've been living in the shadows so long  
That you close your eyes when the lights come on

Jane Jane, tall as a crane  
You don't have to stand in the pouring rain  
Jane Jane, you're so strange  
Won't you come out and play with me again?

Jane, Jane's got a mirror for a name  
If she looks in the mirror then she'll never be the same  
As the game, game she's been playing since she came  
When she's standing in the pouring rain

Everybody here seems to have their own tribe  
A hand to hold or a kite to fly  
But they will never know the meaning of you  
'Cos they just can't see you the way I do

Jane Jane, tall as a crane  
You don't have to stand in the pouring rain  
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You're so strange