

Smiths, The

"Jeane"

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Jeane
The low-life has lost its appeal
And I'm tired of walking these streets
To a room with a cupboard bare

Jeane
I'm not sure what happiness means
But I look in your eyes
And I know
That it isn't there

We tried, we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried

Jeane
There's ice on the sink where we bathe
So how can you call this a home
When you know it's a grave ?

But you still hold a greedy grace
As you tidy the place
But it'll never be clean
Jeane

We tried, we failed
We tried, and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried

Oh ...
Cash on the nail
It's just a fairytale
Oh ...
And I don't believe in magic anymore
Jeane

But I think you know

I really think you know
Oh ...
I think you know the truth
Jeane

Oh ...

No heavenly choir
Not for me and not for you
Because I think that you know
I really think you know
I think you know the truth
Oh ...
Jeane

That we tried, and we failed
That we tried, and we failed
We tried and we failed
We tried and we failed
Oh ...
Oh ...
Jeane

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