

## David Bowie "Sweet Jane"

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Standin' on the corner, suit case in my hand, Jack is in his coat, Jane is in her vest, and, me, I'm in a rock 'n' roll band. Riding in a Stutz-Bearcat, Jim. Ya know, those were different times. The poets, they studied rules of verse, and the ladies, they rolled their eyes. Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane! Sweet Jane!

Now, Jack, he is a banker, and Jane, she is a clerk. Both of them save their monies, when they come home from work. Sittin' down there by the fire, the radio does play. The classic music is, "The March of Wooden Soldiers", and you can heard Jack say, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane.

Some people like to go out dancin'. Now other people they go to work. There's even some evil mothers, they'll tell you life's just made out of dirt. That women, they never really faint, and villains always blink their eyes. That children are the only ones who blush, and life is just to die. That every one who ever had a heart...that wouldn't turn round and break it, anyone that played a part, whooa, and wouldn't turn round and hate it. Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane.

Sweet Jane! (Sweet Jane) Sweet Jane! (Sweet Jane)...Sweet Jane! (Sweet Jane)...(Sweet Jane)...(Sweet Jane)...(Sweet Jane).

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