

Charlotte Gainsbourg

"Me And Jane Doe"

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If I had my way
I'd cross the desert to the sea
Learn to speak in tongues something
That makes sense to you and me

I'd like to unplug the phone
Sending messages with a mirror
Stand on the old plateau
With a satellite dish and Geronimo's ghost

Down in the Rio Del Sol
I sunk my suitcase alone
Filed up the Amazon
With snakes and vines and ropes for my clothes

Me And Jane Doe and Rousseau
We've got nowhere to go
Walking through cactus and stones

Down in the city so cold
Shining like razors in the sun
You can go there anytime that you like
And try to find happiness from a gun

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