

Smiths "Jeane"

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Jeane

The low-life has lost it's 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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