

Pink Spiders

"Hey Jane"

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The polyester vest she wears at the arcade
On a break from tearing tickets
Every minute spent on this old pinball machine

Savin' up her money to pay her tuition
Got a little left over, she thinks
So she puts it in the machine
'Cause she's got a high score to beat

Hey Jane, I got a little money
Wanna spend it on a night away
We'll drive until tomorrow
Drive a mile for all our sorrows

Hey Jane, I know you're hungry, honey
But I promise you that things will change
Just don't let your life's income
Determine your life's outcome, hey Jane

She had a good job that she traded for cocaine
Every day became the same
And yesterdays were celebrated but forgotten so fast

'Cause everyone around her surrounds her in excess
She's trying harder to convince herself
That all her better days are not in the past
And that this paycheck's gonna last

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