

# The Smiths

## "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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