

Dykeenies, The

"Jane"

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Jane says that it don't matter
The sky could fall and the sun could shatter,
And Jane says there's nothing in me now,
Jane paints a whole lot of pictures,
Are writes lines about hard nights,
And Jane says she loves the warm air,

She sings songs and they all sing along,
They sing so loud and we forget,
Pretend there's nothing wrong,
And Jane must see that they all sing for her,
And nothing now means more to me,
Than seeing what they see,
So I'm asking Jane to please sing for me,

Jane write's for long dark nights
And stories of worries love and fighting
And sings them like nobody else can,
And Jane's words they knock on doors,
And tumbles this city's walls to force
And Jane knows there's nothing more for her,

She sings songs and they all sing along,
They sing so loud and we forget,
Pretend there's nothing wrong.

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