

Sweet Jane by Lou Reed

E B A C#m B

E B A C#m B E B A C#m B
Standin' on a corner, Suitcase in my hand.

E B A C#m B E B A C#m B
Jane was in her vest Me, babe, I'm in a rock n' roll band.

E B A C#m B E B A C#m B
Ridin' in a studebakercar, Jim, Those were different times.

E B A C#m B E B A C#m B
And the poets studied rows of verse, And all the ladies rolled their eyes
E A
Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane

Now, Jack, he is a banker, And Jane, she is a clerk.
And the both of them are saving up their money...Then they come home from work.
Sittin' by the fire...Radio just played
a little classical music for you kids, The march of the wooden soldiers
And you can hear Jack say

Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane, Sweet Jane

Some people like to go out dancing And other people, (like us) they gotta work
And there's always some evil mothers They'll tell you life is full of dirt.
And the women never really faint, And the villans always blink their eyes.
And the children are the only ones who blush. 'Cause life is just to die.
But, anyone who has a heart Wouldn't want to turn around and break it
And anyone who ever played the part He wouldn't want to turn around and fake it

Sweet Jane