

Jane She Got Excavated

Ocean Colour Scene

Jane she got excavated
By a trader dealing in old lines
Then she got a paper
From a mailer telling her more lies

So here we go
Down an endless road where we know
Nothing good here will ever grow
We're wasting our own time
And better know
Everyday life will carry on
Everyday when you're not so strong
You're wasting your own time

Says she knows more than she lets on
That's how she gets on when she is outside
When the wind comes on harder
She needs a shelter of their warm lies

So here we go
Down an endless road where we know
Nothing good here will ever grow
We're wasting our own time
And better know
Everyday life will carry on
Everyday when you're not so strong
You're wasting your own time

She was taken last Sunday
To a safe place dealing in this line
Then she got her papers
From a faceless who won't tell her one more time