Sweet Jane

by Tim G. Young

into Bowie Bowie into Ziggy Ziggy into famous spiders So my moonage daydream can top the charts but I can't live without my star man OK. I feel so glamorous when I talk to Andy on the phone in silver and gold Never wanted to work in the factory but now it's my home Can't wait to get there and slide into my dress put on my heels shove the make-up across my face

Lou Reed transforms

So I take
all the right pills
until I get all
the right chills
and my mind lifts
like candles burning
then I see the light
the naked bulb at the
end of the hall
hanging over the

spot nobody goes

And if it's nothing like you never seen before catch the excess success in my screaming blood And if I feel like cutting out the dolls in a long long string of manic nights then it's time to paste them above the bed and kiss their feet

Later we'll go to Max's and send the bartender out to buy cigarettes so we can fix our own drinks
If we're lucky the band is Iggy so we can learn the intricacies of search and destroy then paint our fingernails black as Jack Daniels

Sun rising pours us into the cab like another drink Nobody can find a match Lou rolls the window down and says he's so tired of all the walls Ziggy fixes his make-up.