

Sweet Jane

by Tim G. Young

Lou Reed transforms
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

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.

