

# Jane's Addiction, Then She Did...

Now her paints are dry...  
And I looked outside...  
At the corner boys...

Ayh, oh, where did you go?  
I don't know.

I went to see your pictures...  
I spread them across the floor...  
So this is where they are shown...  
Now they're probably saying to you,  
If you keep it up you'll be born.

But you won't ever listen,  
I'll bet...

Burnt out, grass scorched by the sun.  
The buildings remain.

We will beat them all to dust,  
I'll bet...

Pulled from a headless shell  
That blinked on and off, Hotel.  
Now the nameless dwell.

They hold your key and turn your knob,  
I'll bet...

Will you say hello to my ma?  
Will you pay a visit to her?  
She was an artist, just as you were.  
I'd have introduced you to her.

She would take me out on Sundays.  
We'd go laughing through the garbage.  
She repaired legs like a doctor  
On the kitchen chairs we sat on.

She was unhappy, just as you were.  
Unhappy, just as you were.  
Unhappy, just as you were.  
Unhappy, just as you were...