

# The Black Halos, Jane Doe

Just like a scab on the streets  
I see you bleeding from your alley  
and all you thought it would be  
sorry baby you can't have me

'cause you're sinkin' so low you're going down  
you're sinking so low that  
yeah you're sinkin' so low you can't be found  
you're going down yeah

and you're saying to me  
(and you're saying to me)  
you really want a better way of living  
(a better way of living)  
but it seems to me  
(and it seems to me)  
all you need is a better grip on life  
and you're saying to me  
(and you're saying to me)  
you really want a better way of living  
(a better way of living)  
but it seems to me  
(and it seems to me)  
that all you've got is a better way to die

you're nothing special to me  
I can't take you but I can leave you  
and all you thought it would be  
sorry baby I can't save you