

JANE WROTE

OFFICIAL LYRIC SHEET

BUCKO

Double count all the digits
Pretend that you're colour blind
And you don't see horizontals
You're no fan of pinstripes
Cuz they make you look fat
You're sure you've read about that

Scrub the piss stained chud out
And leave a scent of lavender
And you can claim extra hours
Picking condoms off the floor
Erasing up after tramps
With your airpods running out

His message bookended with a full stop
In no rush to get home for the face-off
Chicago town frozen pizza, only half-cooked
And anaemic twins, both with big gobs

This ain't the life that Jane wrote
And Gavin ain't no Colin Firth
He's no skill at all in swinging a sword
But in his black moods, he throws a good punch

This ain't the time to try to make inroads
Or the right moment to pick it up
The concealer does the job it pledged
Stays on for longer than you expect

Stopwatch every 4 minutes 50
Keeps the Teams status on green
Whilst you browse jewellery on Etsy
"Gavin's gift to me from me"

This year you might get a card
Or is that one hope too far?
Shift's over on to the second
Marigold gloves unwrapped
Heels changed and Umbro bottoms on o
A plain cheese sandwich for a snack

And as you chew fervently
Your WhatsApp pings on repeat
"The fuckin' kids won't eat their vegetables
You're always at work why don't you come home?
Cuz BrewDog have released a new ale
Why don't we get some cans and watch a shite film?"

This ain't the life that Jane wrote
And Gavin tries but it's not enough
Cuz getting drunk ain't the peak of romance
It's just enough to not make sex a drag

This ain't the time to try and start again
Cuz starting over's worse than acceptance
You can ask yourself, is it so bad?
Cuz comfort must be worth something

Your parents sit you down when you visit them
They tell you it's not an intervention
They offer money, or to babysit
You say "no thanks, I don't need it"

You call Sheila up, you bawl your eyes out
Why must everyone try to help you out
You're doing fine, that's what you tell yourself
She's the only one who gets it

ABOUT THIS SONG:

We've written a lot about what life looks like from the inside. Jane Wrote flips the script. We wrote this song about life looking in from the outside. Here, we pull no punches, we hold nothing back. Everyone knows a Jane.

This track will never be publicly released, and we only play it when headlining. But you've come to this page, and that means something to us.

George and Tom x