

# Kurt

## Dan Bern

When Kurt Cobain blew out his brain  
All the little girls  
They cried like rain  
And as for me I felt the pain  
But I got no T-shirts left to stain  
For Kennedy and Jesse James  
And Joan of Arc and Kurt Cobain You can hear them crying down the lane  
From Portland to Maryland  
From Greece to Spain  
As my life drips like coffee down the drain  
My eyes dry up like a rusty chain  
So Kennedy and Jesse James  
Will have to cry for Kurt Cobain  
It's a hard life and no one's to blame  
When God's not on the morning train  
If Cain don't kill Abel, Abel kills Cain  
And tears now shed are shed in vain  
For Kennedy and Jesse James  
And Joan of Arc and Kurt Cobain  
There's three new roses growin' in the lane  
It was a long hard winter, but now there's rain  
If you want my tears tell me your name  
Give me you hand let me feel your pain  
But for Kennedy and Jesse James  
There's Joan af Arc and Kurt Cobain

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>