

The White Stripes, A Boy's Best Friend

I just don't feel it in this place
Their thoughts cast me out of here
Their home has run out of space
My mind's already out of here

Won't you come along, dear?
Won't you come along?

Words that are spoke alone
Phrases you will never hear

Empty rooms and a telephone
That I will never use
Never fear

I am all alone, dear
I am all alone

My dogs come sit next to me
A pack of dogs and cigarettes
My only friends speak no words to me
But they look at me and they don't forget
That a boy's best friend
Is his mother or whatever has become his pet