

# The White Stripes, City Lights

I want to grab a stranger's hand and  
Hold it as tightly as I can and  
I will tell by their reaction if  
They're like me or if I'm crazy

When the lights of the city hit my  
Eyes on the plane looking out the window  
I'm consumed by a comforting notion  
That you are there and I'm welcome

If our miles have added up to a  
Giant pile of distance that we  
Cannot reach past, climb, or conquer  
Will you dig a tunnel to me?

Every move suspends an action  
Any attempt to engage will push away  
What you want becomes a magnet  
Opposing pulls never meeting

Can you combine a friend and mother?  
Can you blend a dad and brother?  
Must we have to pick one or the other?  
Will we nervous when always wonder?

You can tell what you've done to me  
To be seen in hell from your place in a tree  
Always helping, ever loving  
But will you always be above me

I won't ignore nor will not forget the  
Kindness that's been done to me  
You are the surest and safest bet that  
I could ask for, so I'm asking

Soon we will be side by side the  
Plane will land and the wings will glide  
The bags in hand and the car will drive  
Into you I will arrive  
By your side, by your side