The White Stripes, Dead Leaves And The Dirty G

Dead leaves and the dirty ground when I know you're not around shiny tops and soda pops when I hear your lips make a sound

Thirty notes in the mailbox will tell you that I'm coming home and I think I'm gonna stick around for a while so you're not alone

If you can hear a piano fall you can hear me coming down the hall if I could just hear your pretty voice I don't think I need to see at all

Soft hair and a velvet tongue I want to give you what you give to me and every breath that is in your lungs is a tiny little gift to me

I didn't feel so bad till the sun went down then I come home no one to wrap my arms around

Well any man with a microphone can tell you what he loves the most and you know why you love at all if you're thinking of the holy ghost