

The White Stripes, Hand Springs

I took my girl to go bowling downtown at the Red Door,
After an argument, I started because I thought she didn't like me anymore.
I can't help it, sometimes I feel pitiful,
And of course, she's so young and beautiful.

I bought us two glasses of Coke,
That's her favorite, and I wanted to make up for earlier,
But I dropped her glass and it broke,
So I just gave my glass to her.

She laughed and so did I in our lane,
Then she went to the vending machine to buy a candy cane.
But right next to that was a boy I knew with a spring in his hand,
Playing a country pinball machine called "Stand by Your Man";
I saw him talk to her, but I stayed in my lane and played my game steady,
And was thinking of the day when I'd be too old to throw a ball this heavy.

But I guess I'm young now, so it's easy to knock 'em all down,
Then I looked and saw her say to him "You're really hittin' that ball around";
And he's looking at her the way I did when I first met her,
I could see in his face white flowers, and cups of coffee, and love letters.

I was sorry to interrupt that game,
But I went and did it anyway.
I dropped my red bowling ball through the glass of the machine,
And said "Are you quick enough to hit this ball, Mr. Clean?";
I was scared to lose her, so I couldn't help being mean.

And that ended both of our games,
I said I was sorry, but my girl left with him just the same.
I thought how much I hate when love makes me act this way,
I was bent over a broken pinball machine in a bowling alley and I threw it all away.

Well, isn't it all just a big game?