

The White Stripes, Little Cream Soda

One, two, three, four!

Well, every highway that I go down seems to be longer
Than the last one that I knew about, oh, well.

And every girl that I walk around seems to be more of an illusion
Than the last one that I found, oh, well.

And this old man in front of me wearing canes and ruby rings
Is like containing an explosion when he sings,
And with every chance to set himself on fire,
He just ends up doin' the same thing.

Well, each beautiful thing I come across tells me
To stop moving and shake this riddle off, oh, well.

And there was a time when all I wanted was my ice cream colder
And a little cream soda, oh, well, oh, well.

And a wooden box and an alley full of rocks was all I had to care about,
Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well.

Now my mind is filled with rubber tires and forest fires
And whether I'm a liar,
And lots of other situations where I don't know what to do
At which time God screams to me, "There's nothing left for me to tell you."
Nothing left for me to tell you.
Nothing left.

Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well, oh, well.
Oh, well, oh, well, oh, well, oh, well.