

The White Stripes, Look Me Over Closely

Look me over closely
Tell me what you see
The lady likes to look her best
Before she pours the tea
You see a diamond-studded gown
That makes the evening sun go down

Oh, look me over closely
Tell me what you find
But don't be over anxious
I'm not the marrying kind

I'm a port in a storm
Your harbor where it's warm
In my arms you will hide
From the great big world outside

Oh, but when you come and see me
Don't try to change my ways
You'll have a part within my heart
And there you'll always stay

There's room for all
Not for all
But don't blame me
If you fall

So look me over closely
And then make up your mind
But darling, please remember this
I'm holding you before we kiss

So look me over closely
Because I may be the marrying kind
Oh, well I may be the marrying kind
Oh, well I may be the marrying kind, oh