

# The White Stripes, The Big Three Killed My Baby

The big three killed my baby  
no money in my hand again  
the big three killed my baby  
nobody's coming home again

Their ideas made me want to spit  
a hundred dollars goes down the pit  
30,000 wheels are rollin'  
and my stick shift hands are swollen  
everything involved is shady  
the big three killed my baby

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Why dont you take the day off and try to repair  
a billion others dont seem to care  
better ideas are stuck in the mud  
the motors runnin' on tuckers blood  
dont let them tell you the future's electric  
cause gasolines not measured in metric  
30,000 wheels are spinnin'  
and oil company faces are grinnin'  
now my hands are turnin' red  
and i found out my baby is dead

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Well i've said it now, nothings changed  
people are burnin for pocket change  
and creative minds are lazy  
and the big three killed my baby

And my baby's my common sense  
so dont feed me planned obsolescence  
yeah my baby's my common sense  
so dont feed my planned obsolescence  
im about to have another blowout  
im about to have another blowout