

# The White Stripes, White Moon

White moon, white moon  
Breaks open the tomb  
Of a deserted cartoon that I wrote  
Creature come, creature, creature  
My own double feature  
As I'm warming the bleachers at home

Well, my nose keeps on bleeding  
'Cause it's rita I'm needing  
I better call out a meeting of the boys  
Of the boys  
My friends are all dying  
And death can't be lying  
It's the truth and it don't make a noise

Oh Rita, oh Rita  
If you lived in mesita  
I would move you with the beat of a drum  
And this picture is proof  
That although you're aloof  
You had the shiniest tooth 'neath the sun

Easy come, easy go  
Be a star of the show  
I'm giving up all I know to get more  
To get more  
Photograph the picture  
Young grunt pin-up scripture  
For locker-tagged memories of war

A mirage, this garage  
And a photo montage  
And a finger massage from the host  
Good lord, good lord  
The one I adore  
And I cannot afford is a ghost  
Is a ghost

Proto-social is the word  
And the word is the bird  
That flew through the herd in the snow  
In the snow  
Lemonade me, then grade me  
Then deliver my baby  
And if my friends all persuade me, I'll go

Blink, blink at me Rita  
Don't you know I'm a bleeder?  
And I promised I wouldn't lead her on  
But she met me, then led me  
And I ate what was fed me  
'Til I purged every word in this song