

Jack White, Freedom at 21

Yeah!

Cut off the balls of my feet

Made me walk on salt

Take me down to the police

Charge me with assault

Smile on her face

She does what she wants to me

That's right and

She don't care what kind of wounds she's inflicted on me

She don't care what color bruises that she's leavin' on me

'Cuz she's got freedom in the 21st century

Listen!

Two black gadgets in her hands

All she thinks about

No responsibility no guilt or morals

Cloud her judgement

Smile on her face

She does what she damn well please

And she don't care about the things people used to do

She don't care that what she does has an effect on you

She's got freedom in the 21st century

Cut off the balls of my feet (Cut off the balls of my feet)

Make me walk on salt (Make me walk on salt)

Take me down to the police (Take me down to the police)