

# 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)