

The White Stripes, 300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour

I'm bringing back ghosts that are no longer there
I'm gettin' hard on myself, sittin' in my easy chair
Well, there's three people in the mirror
And I'm wonderin' which one of them I should choose
Well, I can't keep from laughin'
Spittin' out these 300 mile per hour outpour blues

I'm breakin' my teeth off tryin' to bite my lip
There's all kinds of red-headed women that I ain't supposed to kiss
And it's that color which never fails to turn me blue
So I just swallow it and hold on to it
And use it to scare the hell out of you

I have a woman, says "Come and watch me bleed"
And I'm wonderin' just how I can do that,
And still give her everything that she needs.
Well, there's three people in my head that have the answer
And one of them's got to be you
But you're holding tight to it, the answer
Singin' these 300 mile per hour outpour blues

Put on gloves, a tied scarf, and wrap up warm on this winter night
Every time you get defensive, you're just looking for a fight
It's safe to say somebody out there's got a problem with almost anything you'll do
Well, next time they stab you, don't fight back
Just play the victim instead of playin' the fool

And the roads are covered with a million little molecules
Of cigarette ashes and the school floors are covered
With pieces of pencil eraser, too
Well, sooner or later, the ground's gonna be holdin' all of my ashes, too
But I can't help but wonder if after I'm gone
Will I still have these 300 mile per hour, finger breaking,
No answers, broken back, dirty cancer, bee stung and busted up
Empty cup torrential outpour blues?

One thing's for sure in that graveyard
I'm gonna have the shiniest pair of shoes