

The White Stripes, Broken Bricks

Well, have you been to the broken bricks, girl?
Snuck down through the cyclone fence?
Past the caution tape and the security gate,
Backwards to the break room bench?

Well, there was a little corner where you first got kissed,
And felt your boyfriend's fist and made the company list.
And there's a little spot where your dad ate lunch,
And your brother landed his first punch, yeah, yeah, yeah...

Well, now you've been to the broken bricks, girl,
Seen the barrels that they've left behind.
Seen the machine that got aluminum clean,
And cut tape from the caution sign.
I've broken two window panes;
Just a rusty colored rain that drives a man insane.
You tried jump over water but you land in oil,
Climbed the metal of a broken crane, yeah, yeah, yeah...

Don't go to the broken bricks, girl,
It's not a place that you want to be.
Think about the spot your father spent his life,
Demolition calls it building C.
Demolition calls it building C now,
Demolition calls it building C now...