The White Stripes, Dead Leaves And The Dirty G

Dead leaves and the dirty ground
when I know you're not around
shiny tops and soda pops
when I hear your lips make a sound

Thirty notes in the mailbox
will tell you that I'm coming home
and I think I'm gonna stick around
for a while so you're not alone

If you can hear a piano fall
you can hear me coming down the hall
if I could just hear your pretty voice
I don't think I need to see at all

Soft hair and a velvet tongue
I want to give you what you give to me
and every breath that is in your lungs
is a tiny little gift to me

I didn't feel so bad till the sun went down
then I come home
no one to wrap my arms around

Well any man with a microphone
can tell you what he loves the most
and you know why you love at all
if you're thinking of the holy ghost