

# The White Stripes, Jumble, Jumble

Jumble jumble  
all at my house  
come on over  
sleep on the couch  
can't even see ya  
look like a mouse

Crumble crumble  
the bag is brown  
rip up the paper  
to hear a sound  
pick up the pieces  
up off the ground

tumble tumble  
on to the floor  
roll over  
until your poor  
wave to me  
I'm at the door

Why can't you be nicer to me?  
somebody's screaming  
looking at the ceiling  
everything's so funny  
i don't have any money  
people don't even know me  
but they know how to show me

why can't you be nicer to me?

my pride is dying  
i think i'm all done lying  
nobody's sharing  
so i stop caring  
all alone and walking  
nobody's talking

why can't you be nicer to me?

well the wind is blowing  
where am i going  
off a bridge and falling  
nobody's calling  
on the ground and laying  
nobody's praying

why can't you be nicer to me?