

The White Stripes, White Moon

White moon, white moon
Breaks open the tomb
Of a deserted cartoon that I wrote
Creature come, creature, creature
My own double feature
As I'm warming the bleachers at home

Well, my nose keeps on bleeding
'Cause it's rita I'm needing
I better call out a meeting of the boys
Of the boys
My friends are all dying
And death can't be lying
It's the truth and it don't make a noise

Oh Rita, oh Rita
If you lived in mesita
I would move you with the beat of a drum
And this picture is proof
That although you're aloof
You had the shiniest tooth 'neath the sun

Easy come, easy go
Be a star of the show
I'm giving up all I know to get more
To get more
Photograph the picture
Young grunt pin-up scripture
For locker-tagged memories of war

A mirage, this garage
And a photo montage
And a finger massage from the host
Good lord, good lord
The one I adore
And I cannot afford is a ghost
Is a ghost

Proto-social is the word
And the word is the bird
That flew through the herd in the snow
In the snow
Lemonade me, then grade me
Then deliver my baby
And if my friends all persuade me, I'll go

Blink, blink at me Rita
Don't you know I'm a bleeder?
And I promised I wouldn't lead her on
But she met me, then led me
And I ate what was fed me
'Til I purged every word in this song