Raconteurs, The "Call It A Day"

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Can we call it a day Now would that be okay Can we just go our own separate ways (ways)

Cause I'm cold and I'm wet and I'm willing to bet That you constructed this maze (maze)

Well I stumble around
Trying to follow the sound
Then something takes hold of my hand
(my hand)

It becomes such a mess and I'd venture to guess That you concocted this plan (plan)

And I don't know what to do Cause it's always been you Who helped me to make up my mind (my mind)

But I'd steak my life And I'll swear by this knife That it's all by your design (design)

Enough has been said It goes around in my head Until I break down and cry (and cry)

I wouldn't be surprised If that look in your eyes Was your way of saying goodbye (goodbye)

Can we call it a day Now would that be okay Can we just go our own separate ways (ways) Cause I'm cold and I'm wet and I'm willing to bet That you constructed this maze (maze)

Well I stumble around Trying to follow the sound Then something takes hold of my hand (my hand)

It becomes such a mess and I'd venture to guess That you concocted this plan (plan)

And I don't know what to do Cause it's always been you Who helped me to make up my mind (my mind)

But I'd steak my life And I'll swear by this knife That it's all by your design (design)

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