

White Stripes, The

"300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues"

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I'm bringin' back ghosts
That are no longer there
I'm gettin' hard on myself,
Sittin' in my easy chair

Well there's three people in the mirror
And I'm wonderin' which one of them I should choose
But I can't keep from laughin'
Spittin' out these 300 mile per hour outpour blues

I'm breakin' my teeth off
Tryin' to bite my lip
There's all kinds of red headed women
That I ain't supposed to kiss

And it's that color which never fails
To turn me blue
So I just swallow it, and hold on to it,
And use it to scare the hell out of you

I have a woman,
Says, "come and watch me bleed"
And I'm wonderin', just how I can do that
And still give her everything that she needs

There's three people in my head that have the answer
and
One of them has got to be you
But you're holdin' tight to it, the answer
Singin' these 300 mile per hour outpour blues

Put on gloves, a tight scarf and wrap up warm
On this winter night
Every time you get defensive
You're just lookin' for a fight

It's safe to say somebody out there's got a problem
with
Almost anything you'll do
Well, next time they stab you don't fight back
Just play the victim, instead of playing the fool

And the roads are covered with a million
Little molecules
Of cigarette ashes and the school floors are covered
With pieces of pencil eraser too

Well sooner or later the ground's gonna be holdin' all
Of my ashes too
And I can not help but wonder if after I'm gone
Will I still have these 300 mile per hour, finger-
breaking,
No answers, broken back, dirty cancer, bee-stung, and
busted up
Empty cup torrential outpour blues?

One thing's for sure in that graveyard
I'm gonna have the shiniest pair of shoes

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