

## White Stripes, The "Little Cream Soda"

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Well every highway that I go down  
seems to be longer than  
the last one that I knew about  
Oh well

And every girl that I walk around  
seems to be more of an illusion than  
the last one that I found  
Oh well

And this old man in front of me  
holding canes and wearing ruby rings  
is like containing an explosion when he sins  
but with every chance to set himself on fire  
he just ends up doing the same thing

Well every beautiful thing I come across  
tells me to stop moving and shake this riddle off  
Oh well

And there was a time when all I wanted was my  
ice cream colder, and a little cream soda  
Oh well, oh well

And a wooden box, and an alley full of rocks  
was all I had to care about  
Oh well, oh well, oh well

But now my mind is filled with rubber tires  
and forest fires  
and whether I'm a liar  
and lots of other situations where I don't know  
what to do at which time god screams to me  
"there's nothing left for me to tell you"

Oh well, oh well, oh well

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