

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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