

White Stripes, The "Seven Nation Army"

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I'm gonna fight 'em all.
A nation army couldn't hold me back.
They're gonna rip it off,
Taking their time right behind my back.

And I'm talking to myself at night,
Because I can't forget.
Back and forth through my mind
Behind a cigarette.
And the message coming from my eyes
Says "leave it alone".

Don't want to hear about it.
Every single one's got a story to tell.
Everyone knows about it -
From the Queen of England to the hounds of hell.

And if I catch it coming back my way,
I'm gonna serve it to you.
And that ain't what you want to hear,
But that's what I'll do.
And the feeling coming from my bones
Says "find a home".

I'm going to Wichita,
Far from this opera for evermore.
I'm gonna work the straw,
Make the sweat drip out of every pore.
And I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding,
Right before the lord.
All the words are gonna bleed from me,
And I will sing no more,
And the stains coming from my blood,
Tell me "go back home".

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