

Jack White

"Hip Poor Boy"

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Well I get into the game,
But it's always the same,
I'm the man with the name,
Hip eponymous poor boy,
Poor boy.

Call me whatever you may,
I ain't stopping the train,
I gotta a feel for the fame,
Hip eponymous poor boy,
Poor boy

And I know that I can't defeat you,
Yeah but you don't worry now,
I ain't going to preach to you.
Well there you go,
But I'll be going right there with you.
Yeah wherever you'll be,
You'll be looking at me.

But don't get out of your chair,
Or put a bow in your hair,
You might be making a stare
So leave the care to the poor boy,
The poor boy.

And that's the name of the game,
You keep on staying the same,
Nobody to blame,
Nobody but the poor boy,
The poor boy.

Well okay, so you fell asleep today.
What's funny to me though,
Is that you did that yesterday.
You must think I'm mad,
Doing all the things that I don't need to do,
But while you're laughing at me,
I'll be laughing at you.

So I get into the game,
But always keep it the same,

And I'll be using your name
But they'll be yelling at me, poor boy,
Poor boy.

But I'll be happy for you,
Cause you got nothing to do
And I'll be singing the blues
Walking around singing poor boy,
Poor boy.

Sometimes, a cold shiver comes over me,
And it turns me on,
When the song takes over me.
Well alright, I can't fight if the odds are against me,
But I can't sit still,
Because I know that I will.

And you'll be watching me girl,
Taking over the world,
Let the stripes unfurl,
Getting rich singing poor boy,
Poor boy.

And I'll be coming to play,
I do it everyday
And the title will stay
Hip eponymous poor boy,
Poor boy.

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