

## White Stripes

# "I Want To Be The Boy..."

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I want to be the boy that warms your mother's heart  
I'm so scared to take you away  
I tried to win her over right from the start  
But something always got in the way  
We've been sitting in your backyard for hours  
But she won't even come out and say hi  
While my mother baked a little cake for you  
And even dreaded when you said goodbye  
What kind of cartwheels do I have to pull?  
What kind of joke should I lay on her now?  
I'm inclined to go finish high school  
Just to make her notice that I'm around

Well nothing I come up with seems to work  
It feels like everything I say is a lie  
And never have a felt like such a jerk

I'm afraid to even open my eyes  
Because I really don't want her to judge me  
I want to her really know who I am  
And then, and only then she will love me  
Well at least that was the plan

If ever a boy needed a holiday  
If ever a girl needed someone to hold  
I just hope I don't act the same way  
By the time that I get old

I never said I was the heir to a fortune  
I never claimed to have any looks  
But these kind of things must be important  
Because somebody ripped out my page  
In your telephone book

I want to warm her heart

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