

The White Stripes

"Jumble, Jumble"

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"Jumble, Jumble"

Jumble jumble
all at my house
come on over
sleep on the couch
can't even see ya
look like a mouse

Crumble crumble
the bag is brown
rip up the paper
to hear a sound
pick up the pieces
up off the ground

tumble tumble
on to the floor
roll over
until your poor
wave to me
I'm at the door

Why can't you be nicer to me?
somebody's screaming
looking at the ceiling
everything's so funny
i don't have any money
people don't even know me
but they know how to show me

why can't you be nicer to me?

my pride is dying
i think i'm all done lying
nobody's sharing
so i stop caring
all alone and walking
nobody's talking

why can't you be nicer to me?

well the wind is blowing
where am i going
off a bridge and falling
nobody's calling
on the ground and laying
nobody's praying

why can't you be nicer to me?

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