

# White, Clean and Neat

Robert Plant

Thirteenth day of August '54, I was five years old  
Depending where you're counting from  
Mama, tell me what was going abroad  
No tales of things to comeDaddy, daddy come home in the evening with the burdens of the day  
Pat Boone might come along and take Daddy's blues away  
Mama take Daddy's head into her hands  
Soothe awhile, soothe awhile, touch the boy inside the manBeneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way from the streets  
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way from the streetsNo, no, no, Miss Debbie Reynolds  
Promised someone out there always to obey  
Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neatAnd there's no one better qualified to cry awhile, cry awhile  
Not quite like Mr Johnny Ray  
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)  
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way from the streets  
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way, such a long, long  
I said, it's such a long way from the streets[Incomprehensible] want me no more?  
Do you want me no more? Ooh yeah, talk to meOh yeah, down at the juke joint, back at the drive-in movie show  
Moon dog made one more white boy sanctify  
Out on the streets, the red hot streets, old heroes fell  
And I screamed my name with prideBeneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long way, it's such a long way  
It's such a long, long way from the streetsBeneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way, it's such a long, long  
I said, it's such a long way from the streetsHey, baby, [Incomprehensible] tell me, baby?  
Don't you want me no more?  
Little girl, little girl, little girl  
Baby, baby, since I was loving you

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