

Icky Thump (Hostage Remix)

The White Stripes

Ya he, icky thump
Who'd a thunk?
Sittin' drunk
On a wagon to Mexico
Her hair
What a chump
And my head
Got a bump
When I hit it on the radio
Redhead senorita
Lookin' dead
Came to, said
'I need a bed' in Espanol
So I gave 'em drink of water
I'm gonna sing around the collar
Well, I don't need a microphone
Yeah
Icky thump
With the lump
In my throat
Grab my coat
And now it's reckoned
I was ready to go
Yeah, I swam beside the hair
She had one white eye
One blank stare
Lookin' up, lyin' there
On a stand in her hair
Was a candy cane
Black rum, sugar cane
Dry eye
Somethin' strange!
La la
La la la la la la la la la la la la
Well, Americans
What, nothin' better to do?
Why don't you kick yourself out?
You're an immigrant too
Who's usin' who?
What should we do?
Well, you can't be a pimp
And a prostitute too
Icky thump
Handcuffed to a bunk
Robbed blind
Looked around
And there was nobody else
Left alone
I hit myself with a stone
Went home

And learned how to clean up after myself

Songwriters

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