

# Little Cream Soda (Album Version)

## The White Stripes

One, two, three, fourWell, every highway that I go down  
Seems to be longer than the last one  
That I knew about, oh well  
Yeah, and every girl that I walk around  
Seems to be more of an illusion  
Than the last one that I found, oh wellAnd this old man in front of me  
Wearing canes and ruby rings  
Is like containing an explosion when he sings  
But with every chance to set himself on fire  
He just ends up doin' the same thingWell, each beautiful thing I come across  
Tells me to stop moving  
And shake this riddle off, oh well  
And there was a time when all I wanted  
Was my ice cream colder  
And a little cream soda, oh well, oh wellAnd a wooden box and a alley full of rocks  
Was all I had to care about  
Oh well, oh well, oh wellNow my mind is filled with rubber tires  
And forest fires and whether I'm a liar  
And lots of other situations  
Where I don't know what to do  
At which time God screams to me  
"There's nothing left for me to tell youNothing left for me to tell you  
Nothing leftOh well, oh well, oh well  
Oh well  
Oh well, oh well, oh well  
Oh well

Songwriters

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