

# A Boy's Best Friend

## The White Stripes

I just don't feel it in this place  
Their thoughts cast me out of here  
Their home has run out of space  
My mind's already out of here Won't you come along, dear?  
Won't you come along? Words that are spoke alone  
Phrases you will never hear Empty rooms and a telephone  
That I will never use  
Never fear I am all alone, dear  
I am all alone My dogs come sit next to me  
A pack of dogs and cigarettes  
My only friends speak no words to me  
But they look at me and they don't forget  
That a boy's best friend  
Is his mother or whatever has become his pet

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