

Little Cream Soda

The White Stripes

One, two, three, four Well, 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 well And 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 thing Well, 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 well And a wooden box and a alley full of rocks
Was all I had to care about
Oh well, oh well, oh well Now 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 you Nothing left for me to tell you
Nothing left Oh well, oh well, oh well
Oh well
Oh well, oh well, oh well
Oh well

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