That Black Bat Licorice

Jack White

What?
Behave yourself
Behave yourself
You need to behave yourself, boyYeah, she's built for speed like a black castrum doloris
Good for the needy, like Neechy, Froyd and Horris
But I'm skin, flint, broke, making no money, making jokes
But baby, I won't joke with youMy feet are burning like I roll 'em in hypocaust
But the Roman's are gone, they changed their name because their lost
She writes letters like a jack chick comic
Just a bunch of propaganda, make my fingers histrionic; like this, and thisI mean, she's my baby
But she makes me get avuncular
And when my monkey is jumping
I got no time for making up for herI fantasize about the hospital
The army, a silo, confinement, in prison
Any place where there's a time to clear my visionI spit it out
Whatever's in my mouth
Just like that Black Bat Licorice
Yeah, that Black Bat Licorice
That Black Bat Licorice
That Black Bat Licorice
YeahI wanna cut out my tongue and let you hold onto it for me
Cause without my skull to amplify my sounds it might get boring
I've got the wit of the stickers with atomic lock precision
And the faces of the moon directing all of my deicisons like thisWomen need to know, I play dumb like a lumbo
And get my feelings hurt and move to NY like i'm Dumbo
Don't you want to lose the part of the brain that has opinions?
To not even know what you are doing
Or care about yourself or your species in the billionsYeah, I have to spit it out
Oh, whatever's in my mouth
I have to spit it out (behave your self)
Just like that Black Bat Licorice
That Black Bat Licorice
That Black Bat Licorice, I never liked it, I never will
Now state the same damn thing with the violinWhatever you feed me
I feed you right back
But it will do no good

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/