

# 300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues

## The White Stripes

I'm bringin' back ghosts that are no longer there  
I'm gettin' hard on myself sittin' in my easy chair  
Well, there's three people in the mirror  
And I'm wonderin' which one of them I should choose  
Well, I can't keep from laughin'  
Spittin' out these 300 mile per hour outpour blues  
I'm breakin' my teeth off, tryin' to bite my lip  
There's all kinds of red-headed women that I ain't supposed to kiss  
And it's that color which never fails to turn me blue  
So I just swallow it and hold on to it  
And use it to scare the hell out of you  
I have a woman, says, "Come and watch me bleed"  
And I'm wonderin' just how I can do that  
And still give her everything that she needs  
Well, there's three people in my head that have the answer  
And one of them has got to be you  
But you're holding tight to it, the answer  
Singin' these three hundred mile per hour outpour blues  
Put on gloves, a tight scarf and wrap up warm on this  
winter night  
Every time you get defensive, you're just looking for a fight  
It's safe to say somebody out there's got a problem  
With almost anything you'll do  
Well, next time they stab you don't fight back  
Just play the victim instead of playin' the fool  
And the roads are covered with a million little molecules  
Of cigarette ashes and the school floors are covered  
With pieces of pencil eraser too  
Well, sooner or later the ground's gonna be holdin'  
All of my ashes too  
But I can't help but wonder if after I'm gone  
Will I still have these three hundred mile per hour  
Finger breakin', no answers, broken back, dirty cancer  
Bee stung and busted up, empty cup torrential outpour blues?  
One thing's for sure, in that graveyard  
I'm gonna have the shiniest pair of shoes

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