

300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues

The White Stripes

I'm bringing 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 that 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's 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 tied scarf and wrap up warm
On this winter night
Everytime you get defensive
You're just looking for a fight
It's safe to sing 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 breaking, no answers makin', battered dirty hands, 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

Lyrics submitted by Bobby.

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