

That Black Bat Licorice

Jack White

What?
Behave yourself
Behave yourself
You need to behave yourself, boy

Yeah, she's built for speed like a black castrum doloris
Good for the needy, like Nietzsche, Freud and Horace
But I'm skin, flint, broke, making no money, making jokes
But baby, I won't joke with you

My feet are burning like a Roman hypocaust
But the Romans are gone, they changed their name because they lost
She writes letters like a Jack Chick comic
Just a bunch of propaganda, make my fingers histrionic; like this, and this

I 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 her

I fantasize about the hospital
The army, asylum, confinement, in prison
Any place where there's a time to clear my vision

I 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
Yeah

I 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 clock precision
And the phases of the moon directing all of my decisions like this

Women need to know, I play dumb like Columbo
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 billions

Yeah, 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 violin

Whatever you feed me
I feed you right back
But it will do no good