

Freedom at 21

Jack White

(Yeah)
Cut off the bottoms of my feet
Make me walk on salt
Take me down to the police
Charge me with assault
Smile on her face
She does what she wants to me

(That's right)
And she don't care what kind of wounds
She's inflicting on me
She don't care what color bruises that
She's leaving on me
'Cuz she's got freedom in the 21st century
(Alright)

(Listen)
Two black gadgets in her hand
That's all she thinks about
No responsibility, no guilt or morals
Cloud her judgement
Smile on her face
She does what she damn well please

(Right)
And she don't care about the things
People used to do
She don't care that what she does has
An effect on you
She's got freedom in the 21st century

Cut off the bottoms of my feet
(Cut off the bottoms of my feet)
Make me walk on salt
(Make me walk on salt)
Take me to the police
(Take me to the police)