

# White, Clean and Neat

Robert Plant

Thirteenth day of August '54 I was five years old  
Depending where you're counting from  
Mama didn't tell me what was going abroad  
No tales of things to come  
Daddy, daddy come home in the evening with the burdens of the day  
Pat Boone might come along and take Daddy's blues away  
Mama might take Daddy's head into her hands  
Soothe awhile, soothe awhile, touch the boy inside the man

Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way from the streets  
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets  
It's such a long, long way from the streets

Miss Debbie Reynolds promised someone out there always to obey  
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)  
And there was no one better qualified to cry awhile, cry awhile  
Not quite like Mr Johnny Ray  
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)  
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)

Beneath her skirts [etc repeated]

Baby, don't you want me no more?  
Don't you want me no more?  
Oh yeah - talk to me

Down at the juke joint, back at the drive-in movie show  
Moondog made one more white boy sanctify  
Out on the streets, the red hot streets, old heroes fell  
And I screamed my name with pride

Beneath her skirts

Hey, baby - don't you want me baby?  
Don't you want me no more?