

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?