

Cash Grab Complications on the Matter

White Stripes

You tiptoed to me
As naked as a bone
Beautiful and canvas-blank, lily-white, now
And just lookin' for a home
Yeah and without trying to praise you, well
I feel like I could raise you as my own

There's a duty to this loneliness
The good of everyone involved
And you're blind to my homeliness
One less mystery to solve
And the rest will be explained to you
As our bodies begin to revolve

Yeah
What gave me this power to construct you
Your guess is as good as mine
If you'd like me to return you to the stones from which I
brought you
Well, you have to do your time

But for now, put down the gun
Start having fun
Forget the sun turning
And you will keep burning
As you melt into my mind