

Honey, We Can't Afford to Look This Cheap

White Stripes

One, two, three

Well, I want to try and hold my head up high
In this busted-up Pinto truck conversion between the broken concrete and the cloudy sky
Well, you have to make an effort with me
Can you make it look like you're chauffeuring me?
There's enough gas to get us home now if we glide

When we took this job I thought that you knew the deal
I told the boss we had a Mercedes-Benz
But all we got in our yard is a steering wheel
Well, I can't borrow this tuxedo much longer
Well, we might have to cut and sell your long hair
I don't mind you wearing a wig, but I won't steal

Yeah, well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap
We need to make it look like we're high class, so we'll haul ourselves on, we can't be beat
I can't help but wonder, this time next year, will we be drinking Dom Perignon or reheated beer?
Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap

We have to keep up appearances as long as we can
There's too much to lose, our social status, well, our ice machine, and our ceiling fan
And if they find out that we ain't real songwriters
That we go Dutch on cigarette lighters
We're gonna lose the paradise that's in our hands

Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap
Got an image to live up to here
In the best motel on Imposter Street
While the Joneses are waltzing off to dinner
We're gluing old lottery tickets together
Trying to make us a winner
Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap