

I Want to Be the Boy to Warm Your Mother's Heart

White Stripes

I want to be the boy, to warm your mother's heart
I'm so scared to take you away
I tried to win her over right from the start
But something always got in the way
We've been sitting in your backyard for hours
But she won't even come out and say hi
While my mother baked a little cake for you
And even dreaded when you said goodbye

What kind of cartwheels do I have to pull?
What kind of joke should I lay on her now?
I'm inclined to go finish high school
Just to make her notice that I'm around

Well nothing I came up with seems to work
It feels like everything I say is lie
And never have I felt like such a jerk
I'm afraid to even open my eyes
Because I really don't want her to judge me
I want her to really know who I am
And then, and only then will she love me
Well at least that was the plan

If ever a boy needed a holiday
If ever a girl needed someone to hold
I just hope I don't act the same way
By the time I get that old

What kind of cartwheels do I have to pull?
What kind of joke should I lay on her now?
I'm inclined to go finish high school
Just to make her notice that I'm around

I never said I was the heir to a fortune
I never claimed to have any looks
But these kind of things must be important
Because somebody ripped out my page in your telephone book
I want to warm her heart