

Little Cream Soda

White Stripes

One, two, three, four!

Well every highway that I go down
Seems to be longer than the last one that I knew about
Oh well

And every girl that I walk around
Seems to be more of an illusion than the last one I found
Oh well

And this old man in front of me wearing canes and ruby rings
And it's like a dang explosion when he sings

And with every chance to set himself on fire,
He just ends up doin' the same thing

Well, each beautiful thing I come across
Tells me to stop moving and shake this riddle off
Oh well

And there was a time when all I wanted
Was my ice cream colder and a little cream soda
Oh well, oh well

And a wooden box and an alley full of rocks
Was all I had to care about
Oh well, oh well, oh well

Now my mind is filled with rubber tires and forest fires
And whether I'm a liar
And lots of other situations
Where I don't know what to do
At which time God screams to me
There's nothing left for me to tell you
Nothing left for me to tell you
Nothing left
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well