

The Air Near My Fingers

White Stripes

Life is so boring
It's really got me snoring
I'm wearing out the flooring
In a cheap motel
But I don't have to work
And I might be sinning
But I never have to listen to
The rings of school bells

Don't you remember?
You told me in December
That a boy is not a man
Until he makes a stand
Will, I'm not a genius
But maybe you'll remember this
I never said I wanted to be a man

I get nervous when she comes around

My mom is so caring
She really got me staring
At all the crazy little things
She does for sure
And I can't seem to think of
Another kind of love
That a boy could ever get
From anyone but her

I get nervous when she comes around