

There's No Home for You Here

White Stripes

There's no home for you here girl, go away
There's no home for you here

I'd like to think that all of this constant interaction
Is just the kind of make you drive yourself away
Each simple gesture done by me is counteracted
And leaves me standing here with nothing else to say

Completely baffled by a backward indication
That an inspired word will come across your tongue
Hands moving upward to propel the situation
Have simply halted
And now the conversation's done

There's no home for you here girl, go away
There's no home for you here

I'm only waiting for the proper time to tell you
That it's impossible to get along with you
It's hard to look you in the face when we are talking
So it helps to have a mirror in the room

I've not been really looking forward to the performance
But there's my cue and there's a question on your face
Fortunately I have come across an answer
Which is go away
And do not leave a trace

There's no home for you here girl, go away
There's no home for you here

Waking up for breakfast
Burning matches
Talking quietly
Breaking baubles
Throwing garbage
Drinking soda
Looking happy
Taking pictures
So completely stupid
Just go away

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There's no home for you here