300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues

The White Stripes

I'm calling out to ghosts that are no longer there
I'm gettin' hard on myself, sittin' in my easy chair
But, there's three people in the mirror
And I'm wonderin' which one of them I should choose
And, I can't keep from laughin'
Spittin' out these 300 mile per hour outpour bluesI'm breakin' my teeth off tryin' to bite my lip
There's all kinds of red-headed women that I ain't supposed to kiss
It's that color which never fails to turn me blue
So I just swallow it and hold on to it
And use it to scare the hell out of you
I have a woman, says "Come and watch me bleed"
And I'm wonderin' just how I can do that,
And still give her everything that she needs.
See, there's three women in my mind that know they have the answer, but they're not letting go
But is this new I'm the only who seems to care where I should goPut on gloves, a tied scarf, and wrap up warm on this winter night
Every time you get defensive, you're just looking for a fight
It's safe to say somebody out there's got a problem with almost anything you'll do
So, next time they stab you, don't fight back
Just play the victim instead of playin' the fool
And the roads are covered with a million little molecules
Of cigarette ashes and the school floors are covered
With pieces of pencil eraser, too
Well, sooner or later, the ground's gonna be holdin' all of my ashes, too
But I can't help but wonder if after I'm gone
Will I still have these 300 mile per hour, finger breaking,
No answers, broken back, dirty cancer, bee stung and busted up
Empty cup torrential outpour blues?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/