

Ice Station Zebra

Jack White

Hear me out, it ain't easy but I'll try to explain
Everything in the world gets labeled a name
A box, a rough definition, unaffordable
Who picked the label doesn't want to be responsible
Truth, you're the one who needs the keys to the prison
You create your own box, you don't have to listen
To any of the label makers, printing your obituary

Here's an example
If Joe Blow says "Yo, you think like Avagio"
You'll respond "No, that's an insult, Joe"
"I live in a vacuum, I ain't copy no one."
Listen up, son

Everyone creating is a member of the family
Passing down genes and ideas in harmony
The players and the cynics will be thinking it's hard
But if you rewind the tape, we're all copying god

Copying god, copying god
Copying god, copying god
Add your own piece, but the puzzle is god's

Paying interest on the bills, I'm late
But I just can't seem to remember the dates
I lay low and turn off the lamps
Come on over, you can lick the stamps and
We could put together a portfolio and
Sing hallelujah in stereo
If we find a baby, let her into the hall, but
Keep the car running on motor to go

We got fever and there ain't no cure, girl
Take out insurance if you ain't too sure, girl
We do things that lovers do, well
Never have to ever hear the rings of school bells
Plaid jeans, no cellular phone
All the time in the world, no twilight zone
My time is mine and they know they can't get
J. B. told me, you got to hit and he quitted

I'm never gonna go where you want me to go, 'cause
I got feelings that you just don't know and you can
Listen up if you want to hear
And if you can't stand it, then... right here

The name of the tune is Cool Hand Luke, 'cause
I got stripes on my pants and boots
In prison you can learn a lesson
From the hand alone to the hotbox session
Listen