

What's the Trick?

Jack White

What's the trick?
In making my love stick
What's the trick?

Two gentlemen of elegant appearance
In a state of bustitude
I give them coffee-colored crystals
That'll change their attitude

I'm using appropriate compression for
My inappropriate confessions for
Someone I guess who might need it more
I don't even know what I'm doing it for

This is my first
My worst
My past
And my last
Imperfect effort

One hundred insults
Left on my windshield in the morning
Release my beast
'Cause the rain never came and washed them away

If I die tomorrow, what did I do today?
You want fresh air?
You won't find it this way
Check your left
Check your right
Check your rear-view mirror
Check it every night

Stomping on a box that I thought was empty
But there was something sharp inside
Something sharp inside
Sharp inside

Quit bolting your food
Don't be rude
Plus one and minus one equals zero
That's a defeatist attitude

I'm sick of this
Dead to the world but
Not to you but
I'm dead to the world but
Not to you

What's the trick?
To making my love stick
What's the trick?

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