

## Little Cream Soda

White Stripes

One, two, three, four!

Well every highway that I go down  
Seems to be longer than the last one that I knew about  
Oh well

And every girl that I walk around  
Seems to be more of an illusion than the last one I found  
Oh well

And this old man in front of me wearing canes and ruby rings  
And it's like a dang explosion when he sings

And with every chance to set himself on fire,  
He just ends up doin' the same thing

Well, each beautiful thing I come across  
Tells me to stop moving and shake this riddle off  
Oh well

And there was a time when all I wanted  
Was my ice cream colder and a little cream soda  
Oh well, oh well

And a wooden box and an alley full of rocks  
Was all I had to care about  
Oh well, oh well, oh well

Now my mind is filled with rubber tires and forest fires  
And whether I'm a liar  
And lots of other situations  
Where I don't know what to do  
At which time God screams to me  
There's nothing left for me to tell you  
Nothing left for me to tell you  
Nothing left  
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well  
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well