

Ice Station Zebra

Jack White

Hear me out, it ain't easy but I'll try to explain
Everything in the world gets labeled and named
A box, a rough definition, unavoidable
Who picked the label doesn't want to be responsible
Truth, you're the warden, here's 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 paint like Caravaggio"
You'll respond "No, that's an insult, Joe"
"I live in a vacuum, I ain't coppin' 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 might be thinking it's odd
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 of 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 hold, but
Keep the car running on molten gold
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 it
J. B. told me you got to hit it and quit it 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 could learn a lesson
From the analog to the hot box session Listen

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

