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 obituaryHere'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 itI'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 sessionListen

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/