

White, Clean and Neat

Robert Plant

13th day of August '54, I was five years old
Depending where you're counting from
Ma didn't tell me what was going abroad
No tales of things to come
Daddy, Daddy, come home in the evening with the burdens of the day
Pat Boone might come along and take Daddy's blues away
Ma might take Daddy's head into her hands
Soothe awhile, soothe awhile, touch the boy inside the man
Beneath her skirts, between the
clean, white sheets
It's such a long, long way from the street
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets
It's such a long, long way from the street
No, no, no, Miss Debbie Reynolds promised someone
out there always to obey
Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat
And there was no one better qualified to cry a while, cry a while
Not quite like Mr. Johnny Ray
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)
(Sugar, sugar, white, clean and neat)
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets
It's such a long, long way from the street
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets
(It's such a long, long way)
It's such, it's such, it's such a long, long, long, long way
(I said it's such a long way, I said it's such a long way) from the street
(If you like the blues, I think we can)
(Home life with his wife and children, and community life centred around the church,
are the things on which Pat Boone bases his career)
Baby, don't you want me no more?
(He still runs the scout troop in Denver)
(When teenagers find an idol, they usually emulate what they know of his habits.)
(Bring it on home, Daddy)
Don't you want me no more?
Oo, yeah
Talk to me
Oh, yeah
Down at the juke joint, back at the drive-in movie show
Moondog made one more white boy sanctified
Out on the streets, the red hot streets, old heroes fell
And I screamed my name with pride
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets
It's such a long way, it's such a long way
It's such a long, long way from the street
Beneath her skirts, between the clean, white sheets

(It's such a long, long way)
It's such, it's such, it's such a long, long, long, long way
(I said it's such a long way, I said it's such a long way) from the street Who, let's go
(The singer? Johnnie Ray. The trademark, a hero) Hey, baby
(Yet, listen to the Ray voice come sizzling off the wax, his long string of best selling records.
Watch this human stick of dynamite reduce himself and the audience to limp rags,
in a pulsating, motion packed, jazz laden half hour. How high can you get?)
Don't you want me baby?
(Cool, crazy, able, super and sincerely yours
They're married to stay: lovely Debbie Reynolds, film star, hubby Eddie Fisher, discs. That's
how it's been.
Now Debbie has scaled the hit parade gates with such song successes as Tammy.
It's your turn now, Eddie, on film.
Bring it on home, Daddy!) Little girl, little girl, little girl
Baby, baby, since I've been loving you Ha
I'm about to lose (Bring it on home, Daddy)
I'm about to lose (You make me want to jump and shout, baby)

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