

Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground

The White Stripes

Dead leaves and the dirty ground
when I know you're not around
shiny tops and soda pops
when I hear your lips make a sound
Thirty notes in the mailbox
will tell you that I'm coming home
and I think I'm gonna stick around
for a while so you're not alone
If you can hear a piano fall
you can hear me coming down the hall
if I could just hear your pretty voice
I don't think I need to see at all
Soft hair and a velvet tongue
I want to give you what you give to me
and every breath that is in your lungs
is a tiny little gift to me
I didn't feel so bad till the sun went down
then I come home
no one to wrap my arms around
Well any man with a microphone
can tell you what he loves the most
and you know why you love at all
if you're thinking of the holy ghost

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