

# 300 M.P.H. Torrential Outpour Blues

## The White Stripes

I'm calling out to ghosts that are no longer there  
I'm gettin' hard on myself, sittin' in my easy chair  
But, there's three people in the mirror  
And I'm wonderin' which one of them I should choose  
And, I can't keep from laughin'  
Spittin' out these 300 mile per hour outpour blues I'm breakin' my teeth off tryin' to bite my lip  
There's all kinds of red-headed women that I ain't supposed to kiss  
It's that color which never fails to turn me blue  
So I just swallow it and hold on to it  
And use it to scare the hell out of you  
I have a woman, says "Come and watch me bleed"  
And I'm wonderin' just how I can do that,  
And still give her everything that she needs.  
See, there's three women in my mind that know they have the answer, but they're not letting go  
But is this new I'm the only who seems to care where I should go Put on gloves, a tied scarf, and  
wrap up warm on this winter night  
Every time you get defensive, you're just looking for a fight  
It's safe to say somebody out there's got a problem with almost anything you'll do  
So, next time they stab you, don't fight back  
Just play the victim instead of playin' the fool  
And the roads are covered with a million little molecules  
Of cigarette ashes and the school floors are covered  
With pieces of pencil eraser, too  
Well, sooner or later, the ground's gonna be holdin' all of my ashes, too  
But I can't help but wonder if after I'm gone  
Will I still have these 300 mile per hour, finger breaking,  
No answers, broken back, dirty cancer, bee stung and busted up  
Empty cup torrential outpour blues?  
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