

That Black Bat Licorice

Jack White

(behave yourself)
You need to behave yourself boyShe's built for speed
Like a back castrum Deloris
Good for the needy
Like Nietzsche, Freud and HorusBut I'm skin flint broke
Making no money making jokes
But baby I won't joke with youMy feet are burning like Roman hypocaust
But the
Romans are gone, they changed their names because they lost
She writes letters like a jack chick comic
Just a bunch of propaganda
Make my fingers histrionicLike thisI mean, she's my baby but she makes me get avascular
And when my monkey's jumpin'
I got no time to make it up to herI fantasize about the hospital
The army, asylum, confinement prison
Any place where there's a cot
To clear my visionI spit it out
Whatever's in my mouth
Just like that black bat licorice
Yeah that black bat licorice
That black bat licorice
That black bat licorice
I want to
Cut out my tongue and let you
Hold on to it for me
'Cause without my skull to amplify my sounds
It might get boringI've got the
Wit of the staircase
With atomic clock precision
And the phases of the moon
Directing all of my decisions
Like thisWhen I need to know
I play dumb like Columbo
And get my feelings hurt
And move to New York like I'm DumboDon't you want to lose the
Part of the brain that has opinions?
To not even know what you are doing?
Or care about yourself or
Your species in the billions?Oh I have to spit it out
Whatever's in my mouth
I have to spit it out
(behave yourself)

Just like that black bat licorice
That black bat licorice
that black bat licorice I never liked it
I never will
Now say the same damn thing with the violin! Whatever you feed me
I feed you right back
But it won't do no good
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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