

The White Stripes, City Lights

I want to grab a stranger's hand and
Hold it as tightly as I can and
I will tell by their reaction if
They're like me or if I'm crazy

When the lights of the city hit my
Eyes on the plane looking out the window
I'm consumed by a comforting notion
That you are there and I'm welcome

If our miles have added up to a
Giant pile of distance that we
Cannot reach past, climb, or conquer
Will you dig a tunnel to me?

Every move suspends an action
Any attempt to engage will push away
What you want becomes a magnet
Opposing pulls never meeting

Can you combine a friend and mother?
Can you blend a dad and brother?
Must we have to pick one or the other?
Will we nervous when always wonder?

You can tell what you've done to me
To be seen in hell from your place in a tree
Always helping, ever loving
But will you always be above me

I won't ignore nor will not forget the
Kindness that's been done to me
You are the surest and safest bet that
I could ask for, so I'm asking

Soon we will be side by side the
Plane will land and the wings will glide
The bags in hand and the car will drive
Into you I will arrive
By your side, by your side