

The White Stripes, Icky Thump

Yah-hee, icky thump,
Who'd thunk?
Sittin' drunk on a wagon to Mexico.

Ah, well, what a chump,
Well, my head got a bump when I hit it on the radio.

Redhead seorita looking dead came and said,
"Need a bed?", en espaol.

I said, "Gimme drink of water,
I'm gonna sing around the colla'
And I don't need a microphone."

Icky thump with a lump in my throat,
Grabbed my coat and I was freakin',
I was ready to go.

And I swear besides the hair,
She had one white eye,
One black stare,
Lookin' up, lyin' there.

On the stand near her hand was a candy cane,
Black rum, sugar cane, dry ice, something strange.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la...
La, la, la, la, la, la, la...

White Americans what nothin better to do
Why don't ya kick yourself out, you're
an immigrant too.

Who's using who?
What should we do?
Well, you can't be a pimp and a prostitute, too.

Icky thump, handcuffed to a bunk, robbed blind,
Looked around and there was nobody else.

Left alone, I hit myself with a stone,
Went home and learned how to clean up after myself.