

The White Stripes, The Big Three Killed My Baby

The big three killed my baby
no money in my hand again
the big three killed my baby
nobody's coming home again

Their ideas made me want to spit
a hundred dollars goes down the pit
30,000 wheels are rollin'
and my stick shift hands are swollen
everything involved is shady
the big three killed my baby

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Why dont you take the day off and try to repair
a billion others dont seem to care
better ideas are stuck in the mud
the motors runnin' on tuckers blood
dont let them tell you the future's electric
cause gasolines not measured in metric
30,000 wheels are spinnin'
and oil company faces are grinnin'
now my hands are turnin' red
and i found out my baby is dead

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Well i've said it now, nothings changed
people are burnin for pocket change
and creative minds are lazy
and the big three killed my baby

And my baby's my common sense
so dont feed me planned obsolescence
yeah my baby's my common sense
so dont feed my planned obsolescence
im about to have another blowout
im about to have another blowout