

# Ice Station Zebra

Jack White

Hear me out, it ain't easy but I'll try to explain  
Everything in the world gets labeled and named  
A box, a rough definition, unavoidable  
Who picked the label doesn't want to be responsible  
Truth, you're the warden, here's the keys to the prison  
You create your own box, you don't have to listen  
To any of the label makers, printing your obituary Here's an example  
If Joe Blow says "Yo, you paint like Caravaggio"  
You'll respond "No, that's an insult, Joe"  
"I live in a vacuum, I ain't coppin' no one."  
Listen up, son  
Everyone creating is a member of the family  
Passing down genes and ideas in harmony  
The players and the cynics might be thinking it's odd  
But if you rewind the tape, we're all copying god  
Copying god, copying god  
Copying god, copying god  
Add your own piece, but the puzzle is god's Paying interest on the bills of late, but  
I just can't seem to remember the dates  
I lay low and turn off the lamps  
Come on over, you can lick the stamps and  
We could put together a portfolio and  
Sing hallelujah in stereo  
If we find a baby, let her into the hold, but  
Keep the car running on molten gold  
We got fever and there ain't no cure, girl  
Take out insurance if you ain't too sure, girl  
We do things that lovers do well  
Never have to ever hear the rings of school bells  
Plaid jeans, no cellular phone  
All the time in the world, no twilight zone  
My time is mine and they know they can't get it  
J. B. told me you got to hit it and quit it I'm never gonna go where you want me to go, 'cause  
I got feelings that you just don't know and you can  
Listen up if you want to hear  
And if you can't stand it, then... right here The name of the tune is Cool Hand Luke, 'cause  
I got stripes on my pants and boots  
In prison you could learn a lesson  
From the analog to the hot box session Listen

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

