

# Honey, We Can't Afford to Look This Cheap

White Stripes

One, two, three

Well, I want to try and hold my head up high  
In this busted-up Pinto truck conversion between the broken concrete and the cloudy sky  
Well, you have to make an effort with me  
Can you make it look like you're chauffeuring me?  
There's enough gas to get us home now if we glide

When we took this job I thought that you knew the deal  
I told the boss we had a Mercedes-Benz  
But all we got in our yard is a steering wheel  
Well, I can't borrow this tuxedo much longer  
Well, we might have to cut and sell your long hair  
I don't mind you wearing a wig, but I won't steal

Yeah, well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap  
We need to make it look like we're high class, so we'll haul ourselves on, we can't be beat  
I can't help but wonder, this time next year, will we be drinking Dom Perignon or reheated beer?  
Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap

We have to keep up appearances as long as we can  
There's too much to lose, our social status, well, our ice machine, and our ceiling fan  
And if they find out that we ain't real songwriters  
That we go Dutch on cigarette lighters  
We're gonna lose the paradise that's in our hands

Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap  
Got an image to live up to here  
In the best motel on Imposter Street  
While the Joneses are waltzing off to dinner  
We're gluing old lottery tickets together  
Trying to make us a winner  
Well, honey, we can't afford to look this cheap