

Sixteen Saltines

Jack White

She's got stickers on her locker
And the boy's number's there in magic marker
I'm hungry and the hunger will linger
I eat sixteen saltine crackers then I lick my fingers
Well every morning I deliver the news
Black hat white shoes and I'm red allover
She's got a big mailbox, that she puts up front
Garbage in garbage out, she's getting what she wants
Who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous of who?
If I get busy then I couldn't care less what you do
But when I'm by myself I think of nothing else
Than if a boy just might be getting through and touching you
Spike heels make a hole in a lifeboat
Jumpin' and waving, I'm talking and laughing as we float
I hear a whistle, that's how I know she's home
Lipstick, eyelash, broke mirror, broken home
Force fed, force mixed 'till I drop dead
You can't defeat her, when you meet her you'll be what I said
And Lord knows there's a method to her madness
But the Lord's joke is a boat in the sea of sadness
She doesn't know but when she's gonna sit and drink up a few
I'm sure she's drinkin two, but wondering what for and who
And I'm solo rollin'. I'm one side off the boat
Looking out, throwing up, a lifesaver down my throat
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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