

# Rolling In On a Burning Tire

## The Dead Weather

The moon is always full for us  
The road is always clear  
That's not what you want to hear One is born so one can die  
You must wait a real long time  
That's more than you can bear And the days will come and go  
And the band will march along  
Till the day you cast a shadow  
And it's nothing like your own Rolling in on a burning tire  
You're going to set my house on fire  
Just to show me you were there Well, I was raised up like a snake  
You were raised to leave me bait  
I always, always take And the days will come and go  
And the band will march along  
Till the day you cast a shadow  
And it's nothing like your own The moon is always full for us  
The road is always clear  
That's not what you want to hear  
That's not what you want to hear

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