Mile Markers

The Dead Weather

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The cold white flamingo wins at black market bingo
That we used to play, but we don't play no more
We used to travel playing hotel games
Eating truck stop dinners with Christian names
Pointing out porn in payphones pinned into the core
Now I just count mile markers between your door and my doorBig boys, bad girls
Grind their teeth in stereo
Big boys, bad girls
Grind their teeth in stereoI creep, I don't move in the breeze like I used to
I bend backwards at the elbows and the knees
The silver tap is spewing crap and I'm halfway 'round the world
Flatlined in a space between my teethI churned my milk and honey, I lost track of all the money
My family rescued some other stray dog
When it rains, I open windows, I just lay there
I just lay getting waterlogged, trying to get alongBig boys, bad girls
Grind their teeth in stereo
Big boys, bad girls
Grind their teeth in stereoThe cold white flamingo wins at black market bingo
That we used to play, but we don't play no more
We used to travel playing hotel games
Eating truck stop dinners with Christian names
Pointing out porn in payphones pinned into the core
Now I just count mile markers between your door and my doorI creep, I don't move in the breeze like I used to
I bend backwards at the elbows and the knees
The silver tap is spewing crap and I'm halfway 'round the world
I'm flatlined in a space between my teethI churned my milk and honey, I lost track of all the money
So my family rescued some other stray dog
When it rains, I open windows, let it all in
Oh, waterlogged, just get it all1-800-SOMEONE, sweepstakes donation
Blood or a trip to the Bahamas
I'd really like to see you when you finish out your sentence
Dear soulmate behind stripes and starsIn stereo

In stereo

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