

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' away when 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 get what I said
And Lord knows there's a method to her madness
But the lord's joke is a float in a sea of sadness
She doesn't know but when she's gone I sit and drink up a few
I'm sure she's drinkin' too, but why, where, and what for and who
And I'm solo rowing, on one side off the boat.
Looking out, throwing up, a lifesaver down my throat
Who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous of who? (x3)

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