

Jack White, Sixteen Saltines

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 all over
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
Bustin' those jokes as I float in a 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

Who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous who's jealous of who? /3x