

# Sixteen Saltines

Jack White

She's got stickers on her locker  
And the boys' numbers 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 pink mailbox that she puts out 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 life boat  
Drifting away when I'm talking and laughing as we float  
I hear her whistle, that's how I know she's home  
Lipstick, eyelash, broke mirror, broken home

Force fed, forced meds 'til I drop dead  
You can't defeat her, when you meet her you'll get what I said  
The Lord knows there's a method to her madness  
But the Lord's joke is a boat in a sea of sadness

She doesn't know but when she's gone I sit and drink her perfume  
And I'm sure she's drinking too, but why, where and what for and who?  
And I'm solo rowing on one side of the boat.  
Looking up, throwing up, a lifesaver down my throat

Who's jealous? Who's jealous? Who's jealous? Who's jealous of who? (3x)