

White Stripes, The "White Moon"

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White moon, white moon
Breaks open the tomb
Of a deserted cartoon that I wrote
Creature come, creature creature
My own double feature
As I'm warming the bleachers at home
Well, my nose keeps on bleeding
Cause it's Rita I'm needing
I better call out a meeting of the boys
Of the boys...

My friends are all dying
And death can't be lying
It's the truth, and it don't make a noise

Oh Rita, oh Rita
If you lived in Mesita
I would move you with the beat of a drum
And this picture is proof
That although you're aloof
You had the shiniest tooth 'neath the sun

Easy come, easy go
Be a star of the show
I'm giving up all I know to get more
To get more...

Photograph the picture
Young grunt pin-up scripture
For locker-tagged memories of war

A mirage, this garage
And a photo montage
And a finger massage from the host

Good lord, good lord
The one I adore
And I cannot afford is a ghost
Is a ghost...

Proto.... is the word

And the word is the bird
That flew through the herd in the snow
In the snow...

Lemonade me, then grade me
Then deliver my baby
And if my friends all persuade me, i'll go

Blink blink at me Rita
Don't you know I'm a bleeder?
And I promised I wouldn't lead her on

But she met me, then led me
And I ate what was fed me
Till I purged every word in this song

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