

The Dead Weather "Rolling In On A Burning Tire"

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The moon is always full for us
The road is always clear
That's not what you want to hear

One is born so one can die
You must wait for a really long time
That's more you can bear

And the days will come and ago
And the band will march alone
Till the day you cast a shadow
That looks nothing like your own

Rolling in a burning tire
You're gonna set my house on fire
Just to show me
You were there
Well I was raised up like a snake
You were raised to leave me bait
I always, always take

And the days will come and ago
And the band will march alone
Till the day you cast a shadow
That looks nothing like your own

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