

## **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 a real long time  
That's more...than you can bear  
And the days will come and go  
And the band will march alone  
Till the day you cast a shadow  
And it's nothing like your own

Rolling in on a burning tire  
You're gonna set my house on fire  
Just to show me...that you were there  
Flowers raised up like a snake  
You will raise to leave me bait  
And always...always take

And the days will come and go  
And the band will march alone  
Till the day you cast a shadow  
And its's nothing like your own

the moon is always full for us  
the road is always clear  
that's not...what you want to hear  
(that's not...what you want to hear)  
Thanks to Dead-Weather-Fan

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