

# Mile Markers

## The Dead Weather

The cold white flamingo wins at black market bingo  
That we used to play, but we don't play no more  
We used to travel playing hotel games  
Eating truck stop dinners with christian names  
Pointing out porn in payphones pinned into the core  
Now I just count mile markers between your door and my door  
Big boys, bad girls, grind their  
teeth in stereo  
Big boys, bad girls, grind their teeth in stereo  
I creep, I don't move in the breeze like I used to  
I bend backwards at the elbows and the knees  
The silver tap is spewing crap and I'm halfway round the world  
Flatlined in a space between my teeth  
I churned my milk and honey, I lost track of all the money  
My family rescued some other stray dog  
When it rains, I open windows, I just lay there  
I just lay getting waterlogged, trying to get along  
Big boys, bad girls, grind their teeth in stereo  
Big boys, bad girls, grind their teeth in stereo  
The cold white flamingo wins at black market  
bingo  
That we used to play, but we don't play no more  
We used to travel playing hotel games  
Eating truck stop dinners with christian names  
Pointing out porn in payphones pinned into the core  
Now I just count mile markers between your door and my door  
I creep, I don't move in the  
breeze like I used to  
I bend backwards at the elbows and the knees  
The silver tap is still crap and I'm halfway round the world  
Flatlined in a space between my teeth  
I churned my milk and honey, but I lost track of all the  
money  
so my family rescued some other stray dog  
When it rains, I open windows,  
laying there... waterlogged... trying to get along  
1-800-Someone, sweepstakes donation  
Blood or a trip to the bahamas  
I'd really like to see you when you finish out your sentence  
Dear soulmate behind stripes and stars

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>