

Ellie Goulding

"Roscoe"

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Stonecutters made them from stones
Chosen specially for you and I
Who will live inside

The mountaineers gathered tinder piled high
In which to take along
Driving many miles, knowing they'd get here

When they got here, all exhausted
On the roof leaks they got started
And now when the rain comes, we can be thankful

Ooh, ah, ooh
When the mountaineers saw that everything fit
They were glad, and so they took off

Thought we were due
For a change or two
Around this place

When they get back, they're all mixed up with no one to
stay with

The village used to be all one really needs
Now it's filled with hundreds and hundreds of
chemicals
That mostly surround you
You wish to flee, but it's not like you
So listen to me, listen to me

Oh, oh, and when the morning comes
We will step outside
We will not find another man in sight
We like the newness, the newness of all
That has grown in our garden soaking for so long

Whenever I was a child
I wondered what if my name had changed
Into something more productive like Roscoe
Been born in 1891
Waiting with my Aunt Rosaline

Thought we were due
For a change or two
Around this place

When they get back, they're all mixed up with no one to
stay with

Oh

1891
They roamed around and foraged
They made their house from cedars
They made their house from stone

Oh, they're a little like you
And they're a little like me
We have all we need

Thought we were due
For a change or two
Around this place
This place, this place

When they get back, they're all mixed up with no one to
stay with
When they get back, they're all mixed up with no one to
stay with

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