

Decemberists

"Rox In the Box"

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Get the rox in the box, get the water right down to your
socks

This bulkhead's built of fallen brethren bones
We all do what we can, we endure our fellow man
And we sing our songs to the head frames creaks and
moans

And it's one, two, three on the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for? What were you meant for?
And it's seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in
line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

And you won't make a dime on this gray Granite
Mountain Mine
Of dirt you're made and to dirt you will return
So while we're living here, let's get this little one thing
clear
There's plenty of men to die, you don't jump your turn

And it's one, two, three on the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for? What were you meant for?
And it's seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in
line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

And it's one, two, three on the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for? Whatever you're meant for
And it's seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in
line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

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