

Midlake "Roscoe"

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

The mountaineers gathered tender 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 aah ooh
When the mountaineers
Saw that everything fit, they were glad and so they took
off

Thought
We were devoid
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
That'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, oh and when the morning comes
We will step outside
We will not find another man inside
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 devoid
A change or two
Around this place
When they get back they're all mixed up with no one to
stay with

1891
They looked around the forest
They made their house from cedars
They made their house from stones

Oh, they're a little like you
And they're a little like me
When they're falling me

Thought
We were devoid
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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