

Decemberists, The

"Rox In The Box"

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If the rocks in the box
Get the water right down to your socks
This bulkhead's built of fallen brother and bones

We all do what we can
We endure our fellow man
And we sing our songs to the headframe's 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 gave 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 of 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 gave 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 gave 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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