Black Spot

Local Natives

Oh no,
I'm dying wrong
I can read it in
The whites
And the thing is
I knew it before
I re-open my eyes
And if I didn't know
To be afraid
The faces made me sure that I do now
As I sit and wait
As I sit and waitOh no,
I'm dying wrong
But I'm still laying here
Alive
With a black spot
On my arm
And so calm, I look insideAnd I see the things
I always knew
But wasn't sure until now
That if it comes to claim
That if it comes to claimI won't run
I won't run
I won't run
I won't run

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