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 wait

Oh no,
I'm dying wrong
But I'm still laying here,
Alive
With a black spot
On my arm
And so calm, I look inside

And I see the things
I always knew
But wasn't sure until now
That if it comes to claim
That if it comes to claim

I won't run
I won't run
I won't run
I won't run

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Rice, Taylor David / Hahn, Ryan Clinton / Frazier, Matthew James / Ayer, Kelcey Paul
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/