

Roscoe (acoustic)

Midlake

Stone cutters made them from stones
Chosen specially for you and I
Who will live inside
The mountaineers gathered timber
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 Oh ah oh
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, 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)

Songwriters

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