

# Country Down

Beck

Oh country down  
Where I found my proving ground  
All along the floodline  
Wheels are turning around  
The hills roll out like centuries  
Pass by without a sound  
Just a mile outside of townDown river bound  
Where the lemon tea sky fell down  
A plot against your will  
Is furrowed into your brow  
Against your better judgment  
It's all behind you now  
Just a mile outside of townWhat's the use of being found?  
You can lose yourself in sunken ground  
In the weeds hiding down river right next door  
There's no frame around your picture  
Just a view through my back doorTime evermore  
You just found what you're looking for  
A tiger rose growing through your prison door  
Reaching for sunlight, can't see it anymore  
Just a mile from my back doorYou could wake up on a lifeboat 'neath the sun  
On a ladder up to the sky  
You're standing on the lowest rung  
Holding a lifeline, using my best defense  
Running in the undertow I couldn't fight againstOh lay me down  
Where we found my proving ground  
All along the floodline  
Waves are turning around  
The hills roll out like centuries  
Pass by without a sound  
Just a mile outside of town

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