

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 reopened my eyes

And if I didn't know to be afraid
Their faces make 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 he comes to claim
That if he comes to claim
I won't run
I won't run
I won't run
I won't run