

# Pox

Good Kid

A pox, a pox, upon this ground  
I'd give it up just to burn it down  
And if they die here, you can blame it on me  
I've been setting up gravestones in my hometown  
I wish I had been born at sea  
Then you wouldn't care, and you wouldn't know me  
Ebb and flow, they just won't carry me home  
It's only water and air as far as I can see

Ah-oooh, ohh  
Ah-oooh, ohh  
Ah-oooh, ohh  
Ah-oooh, ohh

There was a time when you would let me know  
Because your words weren't taken by your indigo  
And I could write it all down in a matter of lines  
To read back what we had from a previous time  
My ancestral passage here was written down each year by year  
But the map is too old, see, they've forgotten the roads  
And so we're living by the creases

Ah-ohh, ah-ohh  
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh  
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh  
Ah-ohh, ah-ohh

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