

Rox in the Box

The Decemberists

1. We get the rocks in the box, get the water right down to your
socks

This bulkheads built of fallen brethren bones
We all do what we can, we endure our fellow man
And we sing our songs to the headframes, creeps and bones

R: And it's one, two, three, of the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for, what were you meant for
And its seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

(Am - C - Em - Am) (x2)

2. And you won't make it time on this gray ground of mountain mine
Of dirt your made and of dirt you will return
So while were living here, let's get this other one thing clear
There's plenty of men to die, you don't jump your turn

R: And it's one, two, three, of the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for, what were you meant for
And its seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again

Am - C - Em - Am (x2), then
Am - G - Em - C (x2)

R: And it's one, two, three, of the wrong side of the lee
What were you meant for, what were you meant for
And its seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in line
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again