

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 town

Downriver-bound
Where the limit to your 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 town

What's the use in being found
When you can lose yourself in some good ground?
In the weeds hiding downriver right next door
There's no frame around your picture
Just a view through my back door

Time 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 door

You 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 against

Oh 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