

## 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