

## Rox in the Box

The Decemberists

Get the rocks in the box  
Get the water right down to your socks  
This bulkhead's built of fallen brethren bones

We all do what we can  
We endure our fellow man  
And we sing our songs to the headframes' creaks and moans

And it's one two three  
On the wrong side of the lee  
What were you meant for?  
What were you meant for?  
And it's 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 you won't make a dime  
On this gray Granite Mountain Mine  
Of dirt you're made and to dirt you will return

So while we're living here  
Let's get this little one thing clear  
There's plenty of men to die; you don't jump your turn

Chorus