

# Midlake, Roscoe

Stonecutters made them from stones  
Chosen specially for you and I  
Who will live inside  
The mountaineers gathered tender  
Piled high  
In which to take along.  
Driving many miles, knowing they'd get here.

When they got here, all exhausted  
On the roof leaks they got started  
And now when the rain comes  
We can be thankful

Ooh aah ooh  
When the mountaineers  
Saw that everything fit, they were  
Glad and so they took off

Thought we were devoid  
A change or two  
Around this place  
When they get back they're all mixed up with no one to stay with

The village used to be all one really needs  
That's filled with hundreds and hundreds of  
Chemicals that mostly surround you  
You wish to flee but it's not like you  
So listen to me, listen to me

Oh, oh, oh and when the morning comes,  
We will step outside  
We will not find another man inside  
We like the newness, the newness of all  
That has grown in our garden soaking for so long

Whenever I was a child I wondered what if my name had changed into something more productive  
Been born in 1891  
Waiting with my Aunt Rosaline

Thought we were devoid  
A change or two  
Around this place  
When they get back they're all mixed up with no one to stay with

1891  
They looked around the forest  
They made their house from cedars  
They made their house from stones

Oh, they're a little like you, and  
They're a little like me  
When they're falling me

Thought we were devoid  
A change or two  
Around this place  
(This place)  
(This place)

When they get back they're all mixed up with no one to stay with  
(When they get back they're all mixed up with no one to stay with)