

# Roscoe

## Midlake

Stonecutters made them from stones  
Chosen specially for you and I  
Who will live inside The mountaineers gathered tinder 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, ah, ooh  
When the mountaineers saw that everything fit  
They were glad, and so they took off Thought we were due  
For 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  
Now it'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, and when the morning comes  
We will step outside  
We will not find another man in sight  
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 like Roscoe  
Been born in 1891  
Waiting with my Aunt Rosaline  
Thought we were due  
For a change or two  
Around this place When they get back, they're all mixed up with no one to stay with Oh 1891  
They roamed around and foraged  
They made their house from cedars  
They made their house from stone Oh, they're a little like you  
And they're a little like me  
We have all we need Thought we were due  
For 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

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