

Rox in the Box – Decemberists

INTRO: Am C Em Am

Am C G  
If the rocks in the box get the water right down to your socks  
Em Am  
This bulkhead's built of fallen brethren's bones  
Am C G  
We all do what we can, we endure our fellow man  
Em Am  
And we sing our songs to the headframe's creaks and moans

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CHORUS:

F C  
And it's one, two, three, on the wrong side of the lee  
G Am  
What were you meant for, what were you meant for  
F C  
And it's seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in line  
G Am  
And if you ever make it to ten, you won't make it again  
G Am  
And if you ever make it to ten, you won't make it again

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INSTRUMENTAL: Am C Em Am

Am C G  
And you won't make a dime on this gray granite mountain mine  
Em Am  
Of dirt you're made and of dirt you will return  
Am C G  
So while we're living here let's get this little one thing clear  
Em Am  
There's plenty of men to die, you don't jump your turn

CHORUS + INSTRUMENTAL + (Chords as in verses)

F C  
And it's one, two, three, on the wrong side of the lee  
G Am  
What were you meant for, whatever you're meant for  
F C  
And it's seven, eight, nine, you get your shuffle back in line  
G Am  
And if you ever make it to ten, you won't make it again  
G Am  
And if you ever make it to ten, you won't make it again  
G Am  
And if you ever make it to ten, you won't make it again