

# Bon Iver, 29 Strafford APTS

Sharing smoke  
In the stair up off the hot car lot  
Sun shine hard on the video spot  
Hm, mm, mm, mm

Sure as any living dream  
It's not all then what it seems  
And the whole thing's hauled away

A womb  
An empty robe  
Enough  
You're rolling up  
You're holding it  
You're fabric now

Paramind  
Paramind

Hallucinating Claire  
Nor the snow shoe light or the autumns  
Threw the meaning out the door  
(Now could you be a friend)  
There's no meaning anymore  
(Come and kiss me here again)

A womb  
An empty robe  
Enough  
You're rolling up  
You're holding it  
You're bent prize

Canonize  
Canonize

Motor up and yeah, you're own, ooh  
And yeah, you're on your own, ooh

Fold the map and mend the gap  
And I tow the word companion  
And I make my self escape  
Oh, the multitude of other  
It comes always off the page

I hold the note  
You wrote and know  
You've buried all your alimony butterflies

Sub find  
Some night