

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