

# Tarkio, Devil's Elbow

Stranded at the light house  
I think I saw my sister there  
Oregon in light house  
We are conjuring the surf and waves

A path to reach the alcove  
And me barefoot far behind  
Passing by the white house  
An old man was mowing his lawn

And when I woke were still present in my mind  
It was some dream  
Some dream

Matthew lead the consort  
We all stoned in disbelief  
Clambered up the hillside  
And I am cursing my naked feet

There above the ridge-line  
Amidst the plants so overgrown  
A cavern mouth and trailway  
We all crouched the capered through

And at the end there was a hole through which we looked  
To such heights  
To such heights  
It was some dream