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