

Sojourn (epilogue)

Jon Foreman

Listen to my soul turn
This is my sojourn
I develop like a photograph
My negative finds a second draft

Songs are my dark room
Shutter focus on the light blooms
Just needed more exposure
To the light I was fighting like a soldier

My guitars always tell the truth
Melody confession booth
I'm tired of living mediocre
Over and over and over and over

When the present comes in focus
Eyes open up to notice
This is my sojourn
Over and over and over and over and-