

## Toronto

## Trophy Scars

I pack my bags  
Yeah  
I call a cab  
Yeah  
I call Nigel  
then I start to laugh  
Oh  
How would I know  
Oh  
Michigan is just as cold  
The plane took off  
A car drove  
And there I was  
I had a new plan  
Yeah  
One that would save my key  
And spare her life so I could tell her

How my dear did we get here?  
Stinging clear like my breath oh my breath oh my  
Riddled in tears and shaking with fear  
I'm stuck to this death for the rest of this mess of my life

So I pulled into the Hilton in Detroit  
I checked into room 4-2-0  
I ordered the sirloin au chateau  
I phoned Nigel, the locksmith, my hero  
Now I-I-I told him what I want  
And he gave me a solution  
"Now my main man you need a camera"  
"With some super tight resolution like"

"How my friend will this said end"  
"Bring you so clear, so clear, so clear goddamn"  
"Pretend it's done and don't give a fuck"  
"Or you're stuck to this death for the rest of this mess of your life"

I can't believe my luck  
The only person I could trust

I call the Four Seasons in Toronto  
The only place my girl would stay  
The concierge was rather pleasant  
When I called her by her first name

I ask her if she knows my girl  
She seemed so excited to say:  
"She's in room eight eleven,"  
"So where would you like to stay?"

I say well "I don't know"  
"I'd love to surprise her if it's apropos?"  
"Whatcha got on the ninth floor?"  
"Room nine eleven would be the most,"

"Well sir it's your lucky day"  
"The room's open if you'd like to stay"

"Yes please, I appreciate  
"Your discretion and your manners, Kate"

My flight lands at two nineteen  
A short-hand hails a cab for me  
I tell the driver to head to mall  
So I can get some shopping done

I tell the cabbie that I won't be long there  
He agrees and keeps the meter on  
I get a camera and twelve feet of rope there  
Then we're off to the hotel

I check into nine eleven  
Make a date with the mini bar  
I wait up till 5 in the morning  
When I know she's asleep for sure

I tie the rope to my balcony  
Descend to her balcony  
I pick the lock on the sliding glass door  
I creep in and fall to the floor

I know she can't sleep with that key  
So she leaves it out obviously  
Right there for me to see  
I take a picture then I start to think

How my dear did we get here?  
Stinging clear like my breath oh my breath oh my  
Riddled in tears and shaking with fear  
I'm stuck to this death for the rest of this mess of my life

I can't believe my luck  
The only person I could trust