

Pickrel Lake

Sufjan Stevens

I wasn't willing
To fight on the floor
Throwing the chairs through the door
And I wasn't willing
To fight on the floor
Something to say to the poor

The storms in July
Took off the trees
Took off the place to be
The animals died
Once in a while
Once in a while

And I wasn't willing
To make up the bed
Folding the sheets to your head
And I wasn't willing
To say it again
Waiting for things to be

The storms in July
Took off the trees
Took off the place to be
The animals died
Once in a while
Once in a while