

## 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