

## Springfield, or Bobby Got a Shadfly Caught in His Hair

Sufjan Stevens

I don't care to say what  
I failed to recognize  
Every single day from the poker to the prize  
Running out of Springfield  
I worked for the Capitol Air, in the bags  
Found a woman there who said  
she had a mind to make  
me a messenger man

If my father took his life  
for the national plan, I don't care  
I'm not about to stick my grave with an  
apron and a bucket of plans, never ever  
I can take the pillow cases  
off the yellow pillows,  
make a property line from the bed  
In the living room, the living room,  
the morning papers made the most  
out of nothing at all

So we took the room  
with a view of the runaway  
I took off my clothes,  
and she took it for a holiday  
I was taken for all the things  
that I never had before  
Running out of Springfield  
she left me with a note saying: