

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: