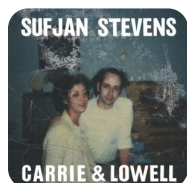


# Sufjan Stevens – Fourth of July

The evil it spread like a fever ahead  
It was night when you died, my firefly  
What could I have said to raise you from  
The dead?  
Oh could I be the sky on the Fourth of July?  
Well you do enough talk  
My little hawk, why do you cry?  
Tell me what did you learn from the  
Tillamook burn?  
Or the Fourth of July?  
We're all gonna die  
Sitting at the bed with the halo at your head  
Was it all a disguise, like Junior High  
Where everything was fiction, future,  
And prediction  
Now, where am I?  
My fading supply  
Did you get enough love, my little dove  
Why do you cry?  
And I'm sorry I left, but it was for the best  
Though it never felt right  
My little Versailles  
The hospital asked should the body be cast  
Before I say goodbye, my star in the sky  
Such a funny thought to wrap you up in cloth  
Do you find it all right, my dragonfly?  
Shall we look at the moon, my little loon  
Why do you cry?  
Make the most of your life, while it is rife  
While it is light  
Well you do enough talk  
My little hawk, why do you cry?  
Tell me what did you learn from the  
Tillamook burn?  
Or the Fourth of July?  
We're all gonna die

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych