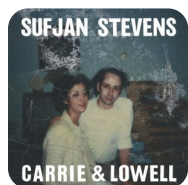


Sufjan Stevens – Fourth of July

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