

# Sufjan Stevens, All The Trees Of The Field Will Clap Their Hands

If I am alive this time next year,  
will I have arrived in time to share?  
And mine is about as good this far.  
And I'm still applied to what you are.  
And I am joining all my thoughts to you.  
And I'm preparing every part for you.  
And I heard from the trees a great parade.  
And I heard from the hills a band was made.  
And will I be invited to the sound?  
And will I be a part of what you've made?  
And I am throwing all my thoughts away.  
And I'm destroying every bet I've made.  
And I am joining all my thoughts to you.  
And I'm preparing every part for you