

# Sufjan Stevens, Good Man Is Hard To Find

Once in the backyard,  
she was once like me,  
she was once like me.  
Twice when I killed them,  
they were once at peace,  
they were once like me.  
Hold to your gun, man,  
and put off all your peace,  
put off all the beast.  
Paid a full of these, I wait for it,  
but someone's once like me.  
She was once like me.  
I once was better.  
I put off all my grief.  
I put off all my grief.  
And so I go to hell, I wait for it,  
but someone's left me creased.  
And Someone's left me creased