

# Sufjan Stevens, Springfield, Or Bobby Got A Shad

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:  
"Bobby, don't look back."  
And if my wife took a bicycle ride  
with a knife in her hand  
I saw it coming  
All the shad-flies run at once  
with a trumpet or a train,  
oh I'm running from it  
Wait a minute, wait a minute,  
Give a minute, lady  
I can explain the aftershave  
Wait a minute, wait a minute,  
give a minute  
Bobby got a shad fly  
caught in his hair  
(Yes, he does)