Sufjan Stevens, Springfield, Or Bobby Got A Sha

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)