

Sufjan Stevens, The Avalanche

I call ye cabin neighbors
I call you once my friends
But I trust when you labor
And put my head to rest
But I was on the hatch
I was on the avalanche
And I had found my match
I was on the floor
I took a train from Virginia
To Illinois, my home
He said I knew you had it in ya"
A mind to make its own
But I was on the hatch
Riding on the avalanche
I tried to take it back
I was on the floor
Come on, Stone!
Come on, Star!
Come on, Snow!
Come on, Car!
Come on, Hands!
Come on, Feet!
Come on, Face!
Come on, Street!
Come on, State!
Come on, Song!
Move it fast! (Take it up)
Move it along! (The Ohio River)
Come on, Life! (Take it up)
Come on, Lord! (Take it over)
Make it right! (To the Mississippi)
Make it Yours!