

Sufjan Stevens

"Come On Feel the Illinoise"

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Oh, great intentions
I've got the best of interventions
But when the ads come
I think about it now

In my infliction
Entrepreneurial conditions
Take us to glory
I think about it now

Cannot conversations cull united nations?
If you got the patience, celebrate the ancients
Cannot all creation call it celebration?
Or united nation, put it to your head

Oh, great white city
I've got the adequate committee
Where have your walls gone?
I think about it now

Chicago, in fashion, the soft drinks, expansion
Oh, Columbia
From Paris, incentive, like Cream of Wheat invented
The Ferris Wheel

Oh, great intentions
Covenant with the imitation
Have you no conscience?
I think about it now

Oh, God of Progress
Have you degraded or forgot us?
Where have your laws gone?
I think about it now

Ancient hieroglyphic or the South Pacific
Typically terrific, busy and prolific
Classical devotion, architect promotion
Lacking in emotion think about it now

Chicago, the New Age, but what would Frank Lloyd
Wright say?

Oh, Columbia
Amusement or treasure, these optimistic pleasures
Like the Ferris Wheel

Cannot conversations cull united nations?
If you got the patience, celebrate the ancients
Columbia

I cried myself to sleep last night
And the ghost of Carl, he approached my window
I was hypnotized, I was asked
To improvise on the attitude, the regret of a thousand
centuries of death

Even with the heart of terror and the superstitious
wearer
I am riding all alone, I am writing all alone
Even in my best condition, counting all the superstition
I am riding all alone, I am running all alone

And we laughed at the beatitudes of a thousand lines
We were asked at the attitudes they reminded us of
death
Even with the rest belated, everything is antiquated
Are you writing from the heart? Are you writing from
the heart?

Even in his heart the Devil has to know the water level
Are you writing from the heart? Are you writing from
the heart?
And I cried myself to sleep last night
For the Earth, and materials, they may sound just right
to me

Even with the rest belated, everything is antiquated
Are you writing from the heart? Are you writing from
the heart?
Even in his heart the Devil has to know the water level
Are you writing from the heart? Are you writing from
the heart?

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