

Sufjan Stevens

"Come On! Feel The Illinoise! (Part I: The World's Columbian Exposition/Part II: Carl Sandburg Visits Me In A Dream)"

Visit "[Come On! Feel The Illinoise! \(Part I: The World's Columbian Exposition/Part II: Carl Sandburg Visits Me In A Dream\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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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