

Sufjan Stevens

"Springfield, or Bobby Got a Shadfly Caught in his Hair"

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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

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