

Sufjan Stevens

"Springfield, or Bobby Got A Shadfly Caught In His"

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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 national plan
I don't care
I'm not about to stake my grave with a paper and a
bucket of plans
Never ever

I can take the pillowcases off the yellow pillows
Make a property line from the bed
In the living room, the living room, the morning papers
Make 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 shadflies run at once with a trumpet or a train
Oh I'm running from it

Wait a minute, wait a minute
Give a minute, baby, I can explain the aftershave
Wait a minute, wait a minute, give a minute
Bobby got a shadfly caught in his hair

Yes he does...

