

Sufjan Stevens

"Springfield, Or Bobby Got A Shadfly In His Hair"

Visit "[Springfield, Or Bobby Got A Shadfly In His Hair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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)

Visit [Sufjan Stevens](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.