

Sufjan Stevens "They Are Night Zombies"

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I L L I N O I S

Ring the bell and call or write us

I L L I N O I S

Can you call the Captain Clitus?

(Who will save it?)

Logan, Grant, and Ronald Reagan

(Dedicate it?)

In the grave with Xylophagan

(Who will praise it?)

Do you know the ghost community?

(Commemorate it for you?)

Sound the horn, address the city

We are awoken with the ax

Night of the living dead at last

They have begun to shake the dirt

Wiping their shoulders from the earth

I know, I know the nations past

I know, I know they rust at last

They tremble with the nervous thought

Of having been, at last, forgot

I L L I N O I S

Ring the bell and call or write us

I L L I N O I S

Can you call the Captain Clitus?

(Who will save it?)

B U D A Caledonia

(Dedicate it?)

S E C O R magnolia

(Who will praise it?)

B I R D S and Kankakee

(Commemorate it for you?)

Evansville and parker city

Speaking their names, they shake the flag

Waking the earth, it lifts and lags

We see a thousand rooms to rest

Helping us taste the bite of death

I know, I know my time has passed
I'm not so young, I'm not so fast
I tremble with the nervous thought
Of having been, at last, forgot

I L L I N O I S
Ring the bell and call or write us
I L L I N O I S
Can you call the Captain Clitus?

(Who will save it?)
Comer and potato peelers
(Dedicate it?)
G R E E N ridge reeders
(Who will praise it?)
M C V E Y and Horace
(Commemorate it for you?)
E N O S start the chorus

(Who will save it?)
Corn and farms and tombs in lemon
(I know, I know my time has passed)
(Dedicate it?)
Sailor springs and all things feminine
(I'm not so young, I'm not so fast)

(Who will praise it?)
Center ville and old metropolis
(I tremble with the nervous thought)
(Commemorate it for you?)
Shawneetown, you trade and topple us
(Of having been, at last, forgot)

(Who will save it?)
I L L I N O I S
(I know, I know my time has passed)
(Dedicate it?)
Hold your tongue and don't divide us
(I'm not so young, I'm not so fast)

(Who will praise it?)
I L L I N O I S
(I tremble with the nervous thought)
(Commemorate it for you?)
Land of God, you hold and guide us
(Of having been, at last, forgot)

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