

# Sufjan Stevens, Come On Feel The Illinoise: The

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?