

# Casimir Pulaski Day

## Sufjan Stevens

Golden rod and the 4-H stone  
The things I brought you  
When I found out you had cancer of the bone  
Your father cried on the telephone  
And he drove his car to the navy yard  
Just to prove that he was sorry  
In the morning through the window shade  
When the light pressed up against your shoulder blade  
I could see what you were reading  
Oh, the glory that the Lord has made  
And the complications you could do without  
When I kissed you on the mouth  
Tuesday night at the Bible study  
We lift our hands and pray over your body  
But nothing ever happens  
I remember at Michael's house  
In the living room when you kissed my neck  
And I almost touched your blouse  
In the morning at the top of the stairs  
When your father found out what we did that night  
And you told me you were scared  
Oh, the glory when you ran outside  
With your shirt tucked in and your shoes untied  
And you told me not to follow you  
Sunday night when I cleaned the house  
I find the card where you wrote it out  
With the pictures of your mother  
On the floor at the great divide  
With my shirt tucked in and my shoes untied  
I am crying in the bathroom  
In the morning when you finally go  
And the nurse runs in with her head hung low  
And the cardinal hits the window  
In the morning in the winter shade  
On the first of March on the holiday  
I thought I saw you breathing  
Oh, the glory that the Lord has made  
And the complications when I see his face  
In the morning in the window  
Oh, the glory when he took our place  
But he took my shoulders and he shook my face  
And he takes and he takes and he takes

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