

# John My Beloved

Sufjan Stevens

Are we to speak, first day of the week  
Stumbling words at the bar  
Beauty blue eyes, my order of fries  
Long island kindness and wine  
Beloved of John, I get it all wrong  
I read you for some kind of poem  
Covered in lines, the fossils I find  
Have they no life of their own? So can we pretend sweetly  
Before the mystery ends?  
I am a man with a heart that offends  
With its lonely and greedy demands  
There's only a shadow of me in a manner of speaking I'm dead  
Such a waste, your beautiful face  
Stumbling carpet arise  
Go follow your gem, your white feathered friend  
Icarus, point to the sun  
If history speaks of two baby teeth  
I'm painting the hills blue and red  
They said beware, Lord hear my prayer  
I've wasted my throes on your head  
So can we be friends, sweetly  
Before the mystery ends?  
I love you more than the world can contain  
In its lonely and ramshackle head  
There's only a shadow of me in a manner of speaking I'm dead  
I'm holding my breath  
My tongue on your chest  
What can be said of my heart?  
If history speaks, the kiss on my cheek  
Where there remains but a mark  
Beloved my John, so I'll carry on  
Counting my cards down to one  
And when I am dead, come visit my bed  
My fossil is bright in the sun  
So can we contend, peacefully  
Before my history ends?  
Jesus I need you, be near me, come shield me  
From fossils that fall on my head  
There's only a shadow of me in a manner of speaking I'm dead

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