

Say Yes! to M!ch!gan!

[Sufjan Stevens](#)

Demonstrate I was raised from the start
By a priest and the maid on the part
Still know what to wear on my back
Michigan Ponshevaing Cadillac If I ever meant to go away
I was raised, I was raised
In the place, in the place
Still I often think of going back
To the farms, to the farms
Golden arms, golden arms
Start to remind me If the lakes took the place of the sea
If the cars drove themselves, way to be
Opposite the trains moving in
Rivers run interstate, Michigan Still I never meant to go away
I was raised, I was raised
In the place, in the place
Still I often think of going back
To the farms, to the farms
Golden arms, golden arms

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