

# Come On! Feel The Illinoise!: Part I: The World's

## Sufjan Stevens

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?

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