

Casimir Pulaski Day

Sufjan Stevens

2, 3, 4

Goldenrod and the 4H 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 into 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
All 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
All 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 found 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
All the glory that the Lord has made
And the complications when I see his face
In the morning in the window
All 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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