Sufjan Stevens, America

Is it love you’re after?
A sing of the flood or one more disaster
Don’t do to me what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did America

I have loved yo, i have grieved
I am ashamed to admit i no longer believe
I have loved you, i received
I have traded my life
For a picture of the scenery
Don’t do to ome what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did America

O give it al lup in laughter
The sign of the cross awaiting disaster
The dove flew to me like a vision of paranoia
The dove flew to me like a vision of paranoia

I have loved you like a dream
I have kissed your lips like a Judas in heat
I have wordshipped, i believe
I have broke your bread for a splendor of machinery
Don’t look at me like i am acting hysterical
Don’t look at me like i am acting hysterical

Don’t do to me what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did to yourself
Don’t do to me what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did to yourself
Don’t do to me what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did to yourself
Don’t do to me what you did America
Don’t do to me what you did to yourself
Don’t do to me what you did America
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