

America

Sufjan Stevens

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

I have loved you, I have grieved
I'm 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 me what you did to America
Don't do to me what you did to America

I give it all up in laughter
The sign of the cross awaiting disaster
The dove flew to me like a vision of paranoia
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I have loved you like a dream
I have kissed your lips like a Judas in heat
I have worshipped, I believed
I have broke your bread for a splendor of machinery
Don't look at me like I'm acting hysterical
Don't look at me like I'm acting hysterical

I have worshipped, I have cried
I have put my hands in the wounds on your side
I have tasted of your blood
I have choked on the waters, I abated the flood
I am broken, I am beat
But I will find my way like a Judas in heat
I am fortune, I am free
I'm like a fever of light in the land of opportunity
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