

## Flying Ace

Sufjan Stevens

Desert wizard, lizard, and dragon tussle  
Whole forest burned down and ruined the town's truffles  
Except for the outer realm mountains, everything else is brown  
And hundreds of hounds pillage the village, can't fuck with the sounds

Crew back giant-ass, large, looking slick as the barge  
Old-ass mustache cars, we ran those bars

We felt like superstars, we had the cubes too  
She had great tubes, pretty feet and shoes  
Porn and your mom's lube, Hold on to the right new  
Might have the hissy fit, and tear the whole room apart, to bits

Speech about privacy, why you gotta lie to me?  
I don't know where I left off, she had the plaid top  
"You're about to black out, you need to get out"  
"We too tall to fit in this small house"  
Neck all stressed down, hanging-ass red face  
That or the dog case, more like a comfortable couch  
Step over the mess gate, into the real house

Hair on my new wool, looking like cashmere  
Looking like crow too, magical star shapes  
Sticky like model cap, feathery silk capes  
Venomous black crepes, venomous glass snakes  
Delicate wine flute, help us commiserate  
Florida date state, they had the best bass  
Gladly make you a steak, even dig you a lake  
This is your stereo, it'll keep you awake  
You're about to black out

Back and forth catechism, cattle and ammunition  
Queen didn't have vision, didn't he -shit- mention  
Dragons were coming soon  
Should've made harpoons, instead of ornate brooms  
Bought the museum safe, look where we at now  
Pillage the village hounds, benzos gone man  
We're about to black out, stepping into a room  
Popcorn-sealed fume, expensive like [?]  
Giant-ass mouth clothes, arrogant all pose  
Soak-in-the-soap clothes, standing in old clothes  
Giant-ass mountain ship, cut to the cockpit  
Focus and close mouth, we're about to black out

We are too tall, to fit in a dog house  
What a melodic thing  
Taller than Seth Green, shorter than Sid Bream  
Entirely in a dream, we are Hall & Oates  
Avis' car quotes, saddened and bounded  
Why weren't we grounded?  
I was at Wimbledon, close to Ontario  
Emotional feelings hurt, pissy-pants first grade  
Smell like your cousin's age, back before Sissy Rage  
Little man, long legs  
Samsara horse escape, spiderwebs on clothes  
Walking with brown face, look at the new apes  
We're about to smash graves