

## John My Beloved (iPhone Demo)

Sufjan Stevens

Are we to speak, first day of the week  
Stumbling words at the bar  
Beauty blue eyes, my order of fries  
Long island kindness and wine  
Beloved of John, I get it all wrong  
I read you for some kind of stone  
Covered in lines, the fossils I find  
Have they no life of their own?

So can we pretend sweetly  
Before the mystery ends?  
I am a man with a heart that offends  
With its lonely and greedy demands  
There's only a shadow of me; in a manner of speaking I'm dead

Such a waste, your beautiful face  
Slumbering carpet arise  
But you and your ring, your life-giving string  
Come to me now as a friend  
If history speaks, the kiss on my cheek  
I'm painting the hills blue and red  
They said beware, Lord hear my prayer  
Anointing my love on your head

So can we be friends sweetly  
Before the mystery ends?  
I love you more than the world can contain  
In its loneliest ramshackle head  
There's only a shadow of me; in a manner of speaking I'm dead

I'm holding my breath  
My signature death  
What can be said of my heart?  
If history speaks, the kiss on my cheek  
Where there remains but a mark  
Beloved my John, so I'll carry on  
Counting my cards down to one  
And when I am dead, return to the bed  
My fossil is bright in the sun