

The Hidden River of My Life

Sufjan Stevens

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Suppose the world was not informed by real estate or power lines?
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The hidden river of my life, pursued by love
The whispering stone, the valley ford, the candy corn, the spirit
it finds
Abuse has left me on my side, a single stone

I'm a walker, I'm a dreamer
Treehouse greeter, Pentacostal preacher
I'm a rocker, yeah I'm a schemer
Compost preacher, pioneer believer

A small betrayal, a simple thought to shrug it off, unoccupied
The precious lake, the riverbed, the rising tide
The sad surprise, the day of flags, the flooding fox, the clever
chime
Awake my soul, awake my heart and you will find

I'm a walker, I'm a drinker
Safeway shopper, thunderegg reader
I'm a biker, yeah, I'm a beaver
Web-foot walker, trailblazing fever
I'm a lover, yeah, I'm a reaper
Subaru driver, satellite receiver
I'm a trucker, yeah, I'm a chaser
Pig-n-Ford rider, I'm a Nike racer

Gloria in ex-Canemah
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