

Waste Of What Your Kids Won't Have

Sufjan Stevens

Mad he was, inward
Break her barn, back door

When the water rushed and poured
Took the relatives she stored
So the Father Ghost and Lord
Took the revelation stored

It's a waste of money spent and given
It's a waste of what was, when forgiven
And your children burn their backs in bed
It's a waste of what your kids won't have

When the man took his gun
Put it on your youngest one
Took the curtains off the glass
Took the virgin for what she has

It's a waste of money spent and given
It's a waste of what was, when forgiven
And your children burn their backs in bed
It's a waste of what your kids won't have

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