

# 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

It's a waste of what your kids won't have  
It's a waste of what your kids won't have