

City of Roses

Sufjan Stevens

A break in the clouds is a break in my day
Face the sun of my salvation
As Hathaway Jones would have made it his own fate
Fly by the wings of your creation

On the top of your head, there is a poem
The thought in my head, oh God only knows
As everything else will disappoint you
I used to be young and bold, but now I'm afraid, I'm getting so
old
I follow delight to the City of Roses

It's a little-known fact that I can't cope
I'm the champion of repression
I've had it enough with the east coast
I'll die by the wings of my ambition

The city I left, the city of throes
The one that I loved, the city of hope
As everything else will disappoint you
I used to be young and bold, but now I'm of age, I'm getting so
old
I follow delight to the City of Roses

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