

## Sufjan Stevens

# "A Winner Needs A Wand"

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Like it's killing me  
It's kidding me around  
This bite, you bit on me  
You put on me a gown

That fits me like a quarter door  
That hits me like a sound  
It's like you shut on me  
Or shouldn't be around

Like the fennel seed  
The funny gene you found  
I like the man-o-weeds  
The man-o-wars abound

That fits me like a quarter door  
That hits me like a sound  
I might just win a war  
A matador around

There's still nothing I can say to change  
My news for you  
There's still nothing, you can do to exchange  
My dues to you

Like you fit on me  
To bit on me a bound  
This life that's shut on me  
That shouldn't be the grounds

To emulate an epicene  
To elevate a sound  
This life, a winner needs  
A winner needs a wand

Never want to blame you  
Bound you, blame me  
Never want the blame you bound

Never want to blame you  
Bound me, blame you  
Never want the fame you found

And where's the same  
And where's the strong  
And where's the guard  
And where's the one who tries to make you?

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