

Sufjan Stevens

"The Mistress Witch from McClure (or, The Mind"

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And the winter moves about Illinois
When my sister picks a fight
With the Alexander boy
And my father locks the car
By the store
Still we figure out the keys
And follow him once more

Oh my God
We see it on the floor
The woman on the bed
The ankle brace she wore
Stones and sled
It could have been some other
The mind that knows itself
Has a mind to serve the other
But we run back
Scratching at the door
Scratching at the door

If I'm hiding in the sleeves
Of my coat
When my father runs undressed
He's pointing at my throat
And my brother has a fit
In the snow
And the traffic stops for miles
We take him by the elbow

Oh my God
The shuffling at the floor
A mind that knows itself
Is a mind that knows much more

So we run back
Scrambling for cover
A mind that knows itself
Has a mind to kill the other

(Oh my God
No one came to our side

To carry us away from danger)

Oh my God
He left us now for dead
He left us now for dead

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