

Sufjan Stevens

"The Mistress Witch from McClure (or, The Mind That Knows Itself)"

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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
And 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
(Oh my God)
A mind that knows itself is a mind that knows much
more
(No one came to our side)
So we run back, scrambling for cover
(To carry us away from danger)
A mind that knows itself has a mind to kill the other
(Oh my God, no one came to our side)

Oh my God, he left us now for dead
(Oh my God)
He left us now for dead

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