

A Winner Needs a Wand

Sufjan Stevens

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?