

The Mistress Witch from McClure (Or, the Mind that Knows Itself)

Sufjan Stevens

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 fit in the snow
And the traffic stops for miles
We take him by the elbow
Oh my God, the shuffling and the floor
A mind that knows itself
Is a mind that knows much more
So we run back, scrambling for cover
The 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