## Sufjan Stevens, The Mistress Witch From Mcclure

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 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