

# 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