

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?

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