

Wicked Old Witch

John Fogerty

Well way down yonder
In the deep blue holler
Yeah way back in the swamp
Where the snakes go crawlin'

Shriveled old lady
With a tombstone mouth
Scarin' up trouble
At the haunted house

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick
Everybody 'fraid
Of the wicked old witch

When sun goes down
And moon gets high
You can hear her cacklin'
Out in the night

Well-a sinners and gamblers
And gunslingers too
Everybody scatters when the witch
Comes through

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick
Everybody 'fraid
Of the wicked old witch

Saturday night
And the wind begins to howl
You can bet that old swamp witch
Is out on the prowl
Creatures and goblins, spooks all around
Making their way up the road into town

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick
Everybody 'fraid
Of the wicked old witch