

Rita Bewitched

George Clinton

She tried to call us
On the telephone
Rita's bewitched, it's true
'Cause when I answered
She told me she was on her way over
And it wouldn't take long
My dear Rita babe
By the fence I duck and hide
Wasting my time around
Girl you oughta stay home
My car sittin' right out back

I was supposed to be gone
I was supposed to be gone

She done come cut 'em on
Uponst her broomstick riding low
Next time you catch me on a Thursday
When I'm not at home with friends
Who don't want to meet you
My dear Rita babe
'Cause girl when I'm with you
I cry out loud, scream stark raving mad
Baby ooh yeah, ooh yeah
What I want to say
Is never quite take for granted
That I might be afraid
Abracadabra my foot

Well, is gonna be good?
Well, is gonna be good?

I'm not afraid of your flame
But don't let it burn my thang
Uponst her broomstick ridin' low
Rita is bewitched
Look out, Rita's bewitched
She get down make me itch
She got me marching
Rita don't wanna be alone
She's got me dreaming
She's gonna be receiving my body
Right down to the bone
Wee Gee board cannot express
What I find in each breath
She blows down my back
Or in her heart she gives when
I know she won't take it back
Abracadabras, hocus-pocus, alakazam
So frightful, seems unreal
She knows she got hex appeal
What I wanna say
Is never quite taken for granted
That I might be afraid
Rita's bewitched look out
Rita's bewitched
Rita

She's got me burnin'
She's got me burnin'

One hundred and ninety degrees
Go tell your mama
Before it's too late
Rita's gonna burn the mother down
Crystal ball, cannot recall
Past events and time we spent
On her basement floor
Or in a '57 Chevy
Down by the seashore
Rita is bewitched
Look out...
Rita is bewitched
Look out
That old Black Magic
Got me in her spell
Nothin' but a witch
Give me an itch