It sounds just like a scream
I don't know what you mean
Your witchcraft's all around me
In your ragged pagan scene

You tell me all the ways around my garden that you like I float just like a bubble Heading for a spike

You'd like to see him suffer For you fantasy and thrill He fell sick while we made love He's out there, somewhere, still

Oh I feel the spell that you have cast, hot, pink, nasty Bubble gum, coming down just like a big red coal

I can't help from looking Outside for a guarantee I can't help from looking Outside for a guarantee

Hey! I try to keep all hidden
When you come around
Oh, no! The sight of broomsticks
Sliding on the ground
You're levitating something
'Cause I feel so collectible

We're all lying natural He's watching from a window up above I see he loves you, I'll bring you closer

Something in my fate says it's not right for me
Tell me
Am I cursed or am I blessed?
I can't tell, oh yes!
'Cause all is well between the breasts of
Passenger and slave
I'll never make it out alive to join
The witches' rave

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