

Season Of The Witch

Lisa Stansfield

When I look outside my window
There are so many things to see
And when I look inside my window
So many people I could to be
That it's strange, that is strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch
Oh you've got to pick up every stitch
Gotta be the season of the witch
Oh yeah, season of the witch.
When I look over my shoulder
What in the world do you think I see?
Another mother looking over their shoulder
Another mother looking over their shoulder at me
And it's so strange to be strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch,
Sat back and stop to make it rich
Oh no, must be the season of the witch
I guess this must be the season of the witch, yeah
Gotta be the season of the witch

When I look out of my window
What in the world do you think I see?
Some other mother looking over their shoulder
Why do they keep on looking back at me?
I tell you that is strange, sure it's strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch
That bitch will always be that bitch
I guess that this, this, this is the season of the witch oh yea
h
It's got to be the season of the witch
the season of the witch
Season of the witch