

# 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 yeah  
It's got to be the season of the witch  
the season of the witch  
Season of the witch