Witch Blues

Steve Forbert

Hell ain't got no fury
That can match your kind of scorn
You've got a lot of people
Sorta sorry you were born

The way you treated Jim... yeah
Was more than I could understand
He took it sittin' down... yeah
You took it way on out of hand

You're makin' lots of bad news
(You're) spreadin' 'round them witch blues

When you come walkin' in... yeah
I look for some good place to hide
And if I find there ain't one
I do my best to get outside

The first time that I met you
You seemed like first-rate company
Don't that only go to show now
How wrong a guy can sometimes be?

You're makin' lots of bad news
Spreadin' 'round them witch blues
You're makin' lots of bad news
Yes, you're givin' people witch blues

You do not ride a broom, no
And you don't wear a pointed hat
But you can turn men into mice... yeah
You know a lot of tricks like that

And then I've seen you shatter women
Just like plate glass window panes
No, I don't know where you came from
But I would bet it's mighty strange

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You're makin' lots of bad news
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