## **Season Of The Witch**

## Vanilla Fudge

When I look outside my window What do I see? And when I look outside my window So many different people to be, yeah

That it's strange, so strange You've got to pick up every stitch Two rabbits running in a ditch The hippies out to make it rich

Oh no

Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch

Well, when I look over my shoulder What do I see? And when I look over my shoulder Some ancient fellow I'm longing to be

It's so strange, so strange You've got to pick up every stitch Two rabbits running in the ditch The hippies out to make it rich

Oh no

Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch Must be the season of the witch

And here we sit immersed in a liquid sea of love Shimmering rainbows in silver sky above A looking glass that reflects our past Tied with seaweed all around like willows

Upside down, you caress my heart Caress my soul, surround my limbs You laugh your laugh and hold my body fast And we wake up and sit here thinking

Thinking about the times we used to have And know they're gone forever We'll never learn, never learn

Help me Somebody help him

As I look over my shoulder What do I see? And as I look over my shoulder There's so many pretty sights to see

That it's strange, so strange You've got to pick up every stitch You've got to pick up every stitch Those hippies out to make it rich

Oh no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch
Season of the witch
Please have mercy on my soul
No, no, must be the season of the witch
[Incomprehensible]

God, God, hey
If you can't help us you better listen, please
Momma, I'm cold