

## Hefner "The Sad Witch"

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You wouldn't believe in my new belle  
She flits and weaves a curious spell  
And under my skin is a place where she resides  
Finding a release in prayers and Psalms  
I will obey her articulate commands  
She is just a coquette and how I wish I could forget

Breathing new life into the sad witch  
And she promised me three wishes  
My only wish is she should remain here  
A poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame  
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures  
My only guess is she's misguided

The sins, the sins the heavenly limbs  
That greet below the red, red lights  
They hold no sway with me, now she's my intended  
The jewels around her neck retain a curious sheen  
God is in my heart but tearing at the seams  
Her atheist tracts are certainly persuading

Breathing new life into the sad witch  
And she promised me three wishes  
My only wish is she should remain here  
Poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame  
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures  
My only guess is she's misguided

Breathing new life into the sad witch  
And she promised me three wishes  
My only wish is she should remain in here  
A poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame  
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures  
My only guess is she's misguided

And I don't know, and I don't want to know  
If she floats or drowns, if she floats or drowns  
And I don't know, and I don't want to know  
If she floats or drowns, drowns drowns  
Drowns, drowns, drowns, drowns

I'm breathing new life into my sad witch

'Cause only my sad witch wants to know  
I'm breathing new life into my sad witch  
'Cause only my sad witch wants to know

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