

Jeff Buckley "Witches' Rave"

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It sounds just like a scream
I don't know what you mean
Your witchcraft's all around me
In your ragged pagan scene

You tell me all the ways around my garden that you like
I float just like a bubble
Heading for a spike

All is well between the breasts of passenger and slave
We'll never make it out alive to join
The witches' rave

You'd like to see him suffer
For you fantasy and thrill
He fell sick while we made love
He's out there, somewhere, still

Oh I feel the spell that you have cast, hot, pink, nasty
Bubble gum, coming down just like a big red coal

I can't help from looking
Outside for a guarantee
I can't help from looking
Outside for a guarantee

Hey! I try to keep all hidden
When you come around
Oh, no! The sight of broomsticks

Sliding on the ground
You're levitating something
'Cause I feel so collectible

We're all lying natural
He's watching from a window up above
I see he loves you, I'll bring you closer

Something in my fate says it's not right for me
Tell me
Am I cursed or am I blessed?
I can't tell, oh yes!

'Cause all is well between the breasts of
Passenger and slave
I'll never make it out alive to join
The witches' rave

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