

John Fogerty "Wicked Old Witch"

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Well way down younder

in the deep blue holler

Yeah way back in the swamp

where the snakes go crawlin'

Shriveled old lady

with a tombstone mouth

Scarin' up trouble

at the haunted house

Chorus

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick

Everybody 'fraid

of the wicked old witch

When sun goes down

and moon gets high

You can hear her cacklin'

out in the night

Well-a sinners and gamblers

and gunslingers too

Everybody scatters when the witch

comes through

Chorus

Saturday night

and the wind begins to howl

You can bet that old swamp witch

is out on the prowl

Creatures and goblins, spooks all around

Making their way up the road into town

Chorus

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