

Church "Witch Hunt"

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People 'round here say you're a witch
They're intrigued in seeing you roast
They really intend to burn you my friend
I think that's the bit they like most

Wake up baby
The mob are on their way
Howling, growling, they want your blood
They're out to get it today

You had to go and cure the Mayor's itch
Then you took care of his clerk
You fixed up John Green and the old Bishop's spleen
Put everyone out of work

Wake up baby
Oh baby open your eyes
Look around you
This may be your last sunrise

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