

## Skid Row

# "Night Of The Warm Witch / The Following Morning"

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(Brendan "Brush" Shiels/Noel Bridgeman/Gary Moore)

Light up the eye of a female dwarf  
And the funeral of Clark Gable.  
Light up the sky as a fiery horse  
Lives and touch the stable.

She comes in crimson laced with black.  
Her room is up for sale.  
And once on earth she wears a mack  
And lives out every male.

Though there's pain, it is not her own.  
She'll use it as her mansion.  
Sticks and stones will be her throne,  
All night we'll watch her dancin'.

She'll curse and swear and leave her mark  
On everything she sees.  
Fright with worms and needle stings  
And scorn up on the piers.

Night of the warm witch, tip by tip,  
And don't you go outside.  
You'll be bewitched by this nasty bitch,  
Her eyes can hypnotise.  
She'll kiss your lips  
And a bad trip will be yours until sunrise.  
So sleep like a log, or you might become a frog  
On the night that the warm witch rise.

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