

Robert Smith

"Witchcraft"

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Those fingers in my hair.
That sly
Come hither stare
That strips my conscience bare
It's witchcraft.
And I've got no defense for it.
The heat is too intense for it.
What good would commonsense for it do?

'Cause it's witchcraft!
Wicked witchcraft.
And although I know
It's strictly taboo

When you arouse the need in me

My heart says "yes
Indeed" in me

Proceed with what you're lead in 'me to!
It's such an ancient pitch

But one I wouldn't switch
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you!

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