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Robin Williamson "Witches Hat"

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Certainly The children have seen them In quiet places where the moss grows green Coloured shells Jangle together The wind is cold, the year is old The trees whisper together And bent in the wind they lean

If I was a witches hat Sitting on her head like a paraffin stove I'd fly away and be a bat Across the air I would rove Stepping like a tightrope walker Putting one foot after another Wearing black cherries for rings

If I was a witches hat Sitting on her head like a telegraph pole Id fly away and be a bat Across the air I would roll Stepping like a tightrope walker Putting one foot after another Wearing black cherries for rings

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