

Buckley Jeff

"Witche's Rave"

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it sounds just like a scream. i don't know what you
mean.
your witchcraft's all around me in your ragged pagan
scene.
you tell me all the ways around my garden that you
like.
i float just like a bubble heading for a spike.

all is well between the breasts of passenger and slave.
we'll never make it out alive to join the witches' rave.

you'd like to see him suffer for you fantasy and thrill.
he fell sick while we made love, he's out there,
somewhere, still.
oh, i feel the spell that you have cast,
hot, pink, nasty bubble gum, coming down just like a
big red coal.
oooooooo. oooooooooo.

i can't help from looking outside for a guarantee
i can't help from looking outside for a guarantee.

hey! I try to keep all hidden when you come around.
oh, no! the sight of broomsticks sliding on the ground.
you're levitating something,? cause i feel so collectible.
we're all lying natural,
he's watching from a window up above i see he loves
you,
i'll bring you closer.
something in my fate says it's not right for me
tell me, am i cursed or am i blessed?
i can't tell, oh yes! ?

cause all is well between the breasts of passenger and
slave.
i'll never make it out alive to join the witches' rave.
oooooooooooo. oooooooooooooooooo.
i can't help from looking outside for a guarantee (7x)
for a guarantee.

