

# Witches' Rave

Jeff Buckley

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

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  
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