

# Wicked Old Witch

John Fogerty

Well way down yonder  
In the deep blue holler  
Yeah way back in the swamp  
Where the snakes go crawlin'

Shriveled old lady  
With a tombstone mouth  
Scarin' up trouble  
At the haunted house

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick  
Everybody 'fraid  
Of the wicked old witch

When sun goes down  
And moon gets high  
You can hear her cacklin'  
Out in the night

Well-a sinners and gamblers  
And gunslingers too  
Everybody scatters when the witch  
Comes through

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick  
Everybody 'fraid  
Of the wicked old witch

Saturday night  
And the wind begins to howl  
You can bet that old swamp witch  
Is out on the prowl  
Creatures and goblins, spooks all around  
Making their way up the road into town

Flyin' 'cross the moon on a big ol' stick  
Everybody 'fraid  
Of the wicked old witch