

Witchcraft

Marvin Gaye

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 common sense 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 your leading 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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