

On Graveyard Hill

Pixies

And when the moon grows smaller
Donna picks out a flower
Gives her a witchy power
There in the witching hour, in the witching hour
Donna's taking her potion, eating all my devotion
Fucking up my emotion, in the witching hour
Donna picks her a flower, in the witching hour

On the graveyard hill, she's calling out her curse
I'm taking my last breath with each chapter and each verse
And soon I will be killed

In the poisonous forest, Donna lights up her torches
Her eyes are flying saucers
Her hair is black and gorgeous
I see her down at the crossroads
She can lead you to madness
She's leading me into darkness, in the witching hour
In the witching hour, in the witching hour
On the graveyard hill, she's calling out her curse
I'm taking my last breath, with each chapter and each verse
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