

## 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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