

## Parker

Psapp

A witch hunt, a sip of cream, a hot tempered, bleeding queen  
I sit away from you, can't tell you what to do  
You make my seasons, you make my black bells chime  
And I can't help it, I want to make you mine

I see your spinning mouth can take us what it can  
And in the dark of night he'll scribble out of line  
The concertina squeezing out my woe  
There are some things that I hope I never know

Take me, tangle me, I don't know what to believe  
Glass eye, a flash of green, I'm more jealous than I seem

Oh, when I watch you I see what you can do  
And though I'm trying there is no pleasing you  
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And though I'm trying there is no pleasing you