

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