

Something Wicked (This Way Comes)

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Something strange is happening
My bones do ache and my ears, they do ring
I could pull and tear my skin

I hear and smell and I want to scream
The whispering and a scratching to be let in
From outside and from within

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

There's something evil on the wing
Something wicked is fast approaching
Rushing through a hidden wind

Nothing good is what's in store
It's nothing new and it's rotten to the core
And a-howling at my door

We're dragged helpless in the undertow
The quicksand surround and swallow us whole

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

Just around the bend
Rushing on the wind
Here it comes
Here it comes