

Season Of The Witch

Vanilla Fudge

When I look outside my window
What do I see?
And when I look outside my window
So many different people to be, yeah

That it's strange, so strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
Two rabbits running in a ditch
The hippies out to make it rich

Oh no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch

Well, when I look over my shoulder
What do I see?
And when I look over my shoulder
Some ancient fellow I'm longing to be

It's so strange, so strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
Two rabbits running in the ditch
The hippies out to make it rich

Oh no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch

And here we sit immersed in a liquid sea of love
Shimmering rainbows in silver sky above
A looking glass that reflects our past
Tied with seaweed all around like willows

Upside down, you caress my heart
Caress my soul, surround my limbs
You laugh your laugh and hold my body fast
And we wake up and sit here thinking

Thinking about the times we used to have
And know they're gone forever
We'll never learn, never learn

Help me
Somebody help him

As I look over my shoulder
What do I see?
And as I look over my shoulder
There's so many pretty sights to see

That it's strange, so strange
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch

Those hippies out to make it rich

Oh no

Must be the season of the witch

Must be the season of the witch

Season of the witch

Please have mercy on my soul

No, no, must be the season of the witch

[Incomprehensible]

God, God, hey

If you can't help us you better listen, please

Momma, I'm cold