

Witches' Rave

[Jeff Buckley](#)

You sound just like a scream, I don't know what you mean
Your witchcraft's all around me in your ragged pagan scene
You tell me all the ways around my garden that you like
I float just like a bubble heading for the spike
All is well between the breasts of passenger and slave
We'll never make it out alive to join the witches' rave
You'd like to see him suffer for your fantasy and thrill
He fell sick while we made love, he's out there, somewhere, still
Oh, I feel the spell that you have cast, hot, pink and nasty
Bubble gum, coming down just like a big red coal
I can't help from looking outside for a guarantee
Hey! I try to keep all hidden when you come around
Oh, no! The sight of broomsticks sliding on the ground
You're levitating something 'cause I feel so collectible
We're all lying natural, he's watching from a window up above
I see, he loves you, I'll bring you closer
Something in my face says it's not right for me
Tell me, am I cursed or am I blessed, I can't tell, oh yes
'Cause all is well between the breasts of passenger and slave
I'll never make it out alive to join the witches' rave
I can't help from looking outside for a guarantee
I can't help from looking outside for a guarantee

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>