Witchcraft

Keith Textor

You put a spell on me girl
Some kind of southern breeze, and I know what it means
I'm not a superstitious man
But you're calling me back after being with him
You got me feeling strange
Pins and pains that I cannot explain
I can't explain
You must be using witchcraft
I met her Monday morning, by Monday evening I had found
She had a reputation, Miss Fiery hair is gonna put you down
She's got me saying something I never thought that I'd be saying again
And I can't explain
'Cause you're the dark black cat that crosses my path
And you're the mystic train that rolls off the track
It must be witchcraft for you to do someone like that
It must be witchcraft for you to do someone like that
You got me feeling strange
Pins and pains that I cannot explain
You got me saying something I never thought that I'd be saying again
And I can't explain, you must be using witchcraft

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