

# Season of the Witch

## Hole

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  
Mamma, I'm cold

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