Witchcraft

Robert Palmer

Those fingers in my hair that sly come hither stare
That strips my conscience bare, it's witchcraft
And I've got no defense for it, the heat is too intense for it
What good would common sense for it do?
'Cause it's witchcraft, wicked witchcraft
And although, I know, it's strictly taboo
When you arouse the need in me
My heart says yes indeed in me
Proceed with what your leading me to
It's such an ancient pitch but one I wouldn't switch
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you
'Cause it's witchcraft, that crazy witchcraft
And although, I know, it's strictly taboo
When you arouse the need in me
My heart says yes indeed in me
Proceed with what your leading me to
It's such an ancient pitch but one I wouldn't switch
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you

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