# The Sad Witch

## Hefner

You wouldnt believe in my new belle
She flits and weaves a curious spell
And under my skin is a place where she resides
Finding a release in prayers and Psalms
I will obey her articulate commands
She is just a coquette and how I wish I could forgetBreathing new life into the sad witch
And she promised me three wishes
My only wish is she should remain here
A poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures
My only guess is shes misguidedThe sins, the sins the heavenly limbs
That greet below the red, red lights
They hold no sway with me, now shes my intended
The jewels around her neck retain a curious sheen
God is in my heart but tearing at the seams
Her atheist tracts are certainly persuadingBreathing new life into the sad witch
And she promised me three wishes
My only wish is she should remain here
Poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures
My only guess is shes misguidedBreathing new life into the sad witch
And she promised me three wishes
My only wish is she should remain in here
A poisonous saint with a brittle, crippled frame
And she fooled me with her motherly gestures
My only guess is shes misguidedAnd I dont know, and I dont want to know
If she floats or drowns, if she floats or drowns
And I dont know, and I dont want to know
If she floats or drowns, drowns drowns
Drowns, drowns, drowns, drownsI'm breathing new life into my sad witch
'Cause only my sad witch wants to know
I'm breathing new life into my sad witch
'Cause only my sad witch wants to know

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