Witchcraft

Frank Sinatra

Those fingers in my hair That sly come-hither stare That strips my conscience bare It's witchcraftAnd 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 tabooWhen you arouse the need in me My heart says yes indeed in me Proceed with what you're leading me toIt'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 tabooWhen you arouse the need in me My heart says yes indeed in me Proceed with what you're leading me toIt's such an ancient pitch But one that I'd never switch 'Cause there's no nicer witch than you

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