

Season of the Witch (New Stereo Version)

Vanilla Fudge

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

Songwriters
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