

Season Of The Witch

Al Kooper

When I look outside my window
What do I see?
And when I look outside my window
So many different people to be, yeahThat 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 richOh no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witchWell, when I look over my shoulder
What do I see?
And when I look over my shoulder
Some ancient fellow I'm longing to belt'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 richOh no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witchAnd 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 willowsUpside 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 thinkingThinking about the times we used to have
And know they're gone forever
We'll never learn, never learnHelp me
Somebody help himAs I look over my shoulder
What do I see?
And as I look over my shoulder
There's so many pretty sights to seeThat 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 richOh 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
Momma, I'm cold

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