

# Witch

Coyne, Kevin

Witch, she's a witch and everybody knows  
She's a witch and everybody knows  
Why does she treat me this way?  
Why does she often turn and say  
"You can go away, I don't want you here today  
You can't play, you cannot play"?  
Witch, she's a witch and she's breaking my heart  
She's a witch and she's breaking my heart  
Why does she mooch around the house  
Refer to me as, 'That louse'  
Say all those awful things to my friends?  
It drives me round the bend  
She drives me round the bend  
Witch, she's a witch and I want to go  
She's a witch and I can't be slow  
I must rush down the road  
With my little bags packed down the road  
I must turn and scream at the passersby  
"That woman's told me lies  
You can see it in her eyes, she always was a liar"  
But in another day she was so good  
She'd helped me cut the hedge  
Even helped collect firewood  
But that was when we was poor  
Didn't have a thing, now we've got so much  
Our hands are smothered in clusters of rings  
She's got little trinkets, a little dog with a bell  
That ping, ping, ping, ping, stinks  
Witch, she's a witch and everybody knows  
She's a witch and everybody knows  
I cannot stand her friends anymore  
I'm going to wipe them across the floor  
I'm going to shout abuse as they drive away  
I hate their faces anyway, they laugh at me anyway  
Witch, she's a witch and leave me alone  
She's a witch and she won't leave me alone  
She has this little idea about me  
She knows all my secrets, you see  
She knows what I do in that little room  
She says she's going to lock me in it  
Trap me in it like a tomb  
Another day, she was so kind  
Made little comments about the quality of my mind  
Said delicious, delicious things about my figure and hair  
I knew, I knew, I knew, I knew  
She really cared to share the things we had  
Now there's too much and that is bad  
Now there's too much of everything bad  
And look at this, we don't need this  
What have you bought that for, we don't want that  
These possessions  
Possessions are getting on top of us all  
Every little thing, my goodness  
You don't need golden walls, what about me?