

Witchcraft

Robert Palmer

Those fingers through my hair
That sly come hither stare
That strips my conscience bare
It's witchcraft
And I've got no defense for it
The heat is too intense for it
What good would common sense for it do?

'Cos it's witchcraft, witchcraft
And although I know it's strictly taboo
When you arouse the need in me
My heart says "yes, indeed" in me
Proceed with what you're leading me to

Although I've got the picture
You have become a fiction
'Cos there's no nicer witch than you
'Cos it's witchcraft, wicked witchcraft
And although I know it's strictly taboo
When you arouse the need in me
My heart says "yes, indeed" in me
Proceed with what you're leading me to

It's such an ancient pitch
But one I'd never switch
'Cos there's no nicer witch than you
'Cos there's no nicer witch than you