

Alexis Cole - Witchcraft

Tom: D

Those fingers in 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
'Cause it's witchcraft, wicked witchcraft
And although I know it's strictly taboo
When you arouse a need in me
My heart says, "Yes, indeed!" to me
Proceed with what you're leading me to
It's such an ancient pitch, but one I wouldn't switch

'Cause there's no nicer witch than you
Those fingers in my hair, that sly, come hither stare
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Acordes

