

(MED. SWING)

WITCHCRAFT

- Cy Coleman/
CAROLYN LEIGH

Those fin-gers in my hair, _ that sly, come hith-er stare _
 that strips my con-science bare, _ it's witch - craft. _
 And I've got no de-fense _ for it, the heat is too in-tense _ for it,
 what good would com-mon sense _ for it do? 'Cause _ it's
 witch - craft, _ wick - ed witch - craft. _ And _ al -
 though I _ know _ it's strict-ly ta - boo, _
 when you a - rouse the need _ in me, my heart says, "Yes in-deed" _ in me,
 "Pro - ceed with what you're lead - in' me to!" _
 It's such an an-cient pitch, _ but one I would-n't switch, _
 'cause there's no nic-er witch _ than you!