

Fairport Convention, It's Alright Ma, It's Only Witc

Looking through the window
To see which way the wind blows
It seems as though a hurricane is due today
Sunny on the outside
Stormy on the inside
Stormy weather's always best for making hay

In comes everlasting
Looks like he's been fasting
With his friends in a den with director's robe
Like a bandoliero
With his cigarillo
Robs the rich, robs the rest, brings it all back home

Please don't get us wrong, man
This is just a song, man
No matter what we say
This is the season
Stormy weather's on the way
This is the season
Stormy weather's on the way
You better start worrying, witchcraft's here to stay

In blows snow white
The dwarves are kind of off-white
The vision's his decision so they're out of luck
Associates are reeling
The wallpaper is peeling
He doesn't see the paperwork that's come unstuck

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In comes Saville
Had his fill of travel
Grabbed a bite on the flight, just touched down today
Looking drawn and haggard
Through the door he staggered
With a sound that he found over Frisco way

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