Robert Palmer, Witchcraft

Witchcraft Lyrics
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 the need in me
My heart says yes indeed in me
Proceed with what your leading me to

It's such an ancient pitch
But one I wouldn't switch
'cause there's no nicer witch than you