

# Marvin Gaye, Witchcraft

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

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