

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Something Wicked (

Something strange is happening  
My bones do ache and my ears, they do ring  
I could pull and tear my skin

I hear and smell and I want to scream  
The whispering and a scratching to be let in  
From outside and from within

By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes

There's something evil on the wing  
Something wicked is fast approaching  
Rushing through a hidden wind

Nothing good is what's in store  
It's nothing new and it's rotten to the core  
And a-howling at my door

We're dragged helpless in the undertow  
The quicksand surround and swallow us whole

By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes

Just around the bend  
Rushing on the wind  
Here it comes  
Here it comes