

# The Church, Witch Hunt

People 'round here say you're a witch  
They're intrigued in seeing you roast  
They really intend to burn you my friend  
I think that's the bit they like most  
Wake up baby, the mob are on their way  
Howling, growling, they want your blood  
They're out to get it today  
You had to go and cure the mayor's itch  
Then you took care of his clerk  
You fixed up John Green and the old bishop's spleen  
Put everyone out of work  
Wake up baby, oh baby open your eyes  
Look around you, this may be your last sunrise