

# Wolfmother, Witchcraft

Wrote a letter to you and threw it away  
Spirit tried to call me without words to say  
Sister can you tell me if it's gonna be ok

The chains and bangles were ringing aloud  
Calling out without a sound

She had witchcraft  
She drank from the craft

Her eyes are the opening to the soul  
Where spirits lie and secrets can be told  
Make her an offer your fortune can be sold

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