

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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