

Sneaker Pimps, Small Town Witch

Small town witch come to mess me up
Small town witch come to mess me up
Small town witch come to mess me up again

See black, see bloom
Died on an impulse over you
Caught like a corpse crawling round a dream
and loving you
And she hangs on youth
Crushing any feet to fit the shoes
Stepping it out with a size 12 mouth and cursing you

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She whored, she graced
bitching with a bottle, saving face
Blowing it out as the jury's doubt is laid to waste
See black, see bloom
Choked up on heartburn, bleeding through
How does it feel now the ones that feed are biting you

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