

Spell On Me

Reverend Horton Heat

I've got a cup of Mississippi,
And a hot rod cloud,
A hat full of Texas,
And a hot ride south.

Going up to lousiana,
With a pool room key,
To see the beer drinking guru,
Who put a spell on me.

I got a spell on me!
I got a spell on me!
I got a Mississippi mud spell on me!
I got a spell on me!

She's got a hog's head breath,
And a big old scar,
A green striped eyeball,
And the grease laden drum.

A Louisiana snowball,
With the cutest little smile,
Three French quarters,
On a Mississippi Mile.

I got a spell on me!
I got a spell on me!
I got a Mississippi mud spell on me!
I got a spell on me!

I got a moose to pin,
With a marshmallow grin,
Little glass fingers,
And a black leather hip.

Going up to lousiana,
With a pool room key,
To see the beer drinking guru,
Who put a spell on me.

I got a spell on me!
I got a spell on me!
I got a Mississippi mud spell on me!
I got a spell on me!

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