

Voodoo Thing

Colin James

Way down south, where the mangroves grow
Deep in the swamp down in the Bayou
There's a little story that's never been told
About a pretty widow who never grows old
And how she buried her soul with her wedding ring
Traded it off for that voodoo thing

She moves like the wind got a fire in her eyes
Well, she can bring down rain from the clear blue skies
Make the sun go down with a wave of her hand
Well, she can make a king of an ordinary man

She's gonna make you dance, she's gonna make you sing
When she gives you some of that voodoo thing
Ooh my voodoo thing

Like a heart held close to the edge of a knife
One kiss from her lips turn my blood turn to ice
I tried to run by the light of the moon
I said I'll never be back, but I spoke too soon

Well, she made me dance and she made me scream
Did she give me some of that voodoo thing?
The voodoo thing, ooh, my voodoo thing

She'll put a spell on you