

Deja Voodoo

Golden Earring

In broad daylight, your clean cut town
Has turned into a hunting ground
And Mama don't need no crystal ball
To see the weight, that's coming down
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day
In the heart of night, it howls for more
The beast that prowls, the killing floor
And Mama don't need to read the cards
To tell you times are gettin' hard
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day

You've seen it before
It's been done to you
In another life, it spells taboo
Mama calls it
Mama calls it: Deja voodoo

When sweet turns to bitter, and not before
When wolves come scratchin', at your door
That's when mama's tea cup prophecy
Will tell you how it's gonna be
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day
Tomorrow rips up your yesterday
While it stars in your old passion play
And mama can hear the spirit's song
Singing in her head all night long
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day