

Hoodoo Man

John Fogerty

There's a thing creepin' in the woods,
Like an ill wind that blows no good,
Women and children begin to howl,
When the moon-dog is on the prowl.

I'm a hoodoo-vooodoo-magic man, got the devil by the horns,
His mischief in my hands. ooh-woo-woo!
Ooh-woo-wooooooooooooo!

I can make like a big ugly bear,
I can fly like a bird in the air,
You could look, but you could not see,
You better make a move 'cause you know it's me.

I'm a hoodoo-vooodoo-magic man, got the devil by the horns,
His mischief in my hands. ooh-woo-woo!
Ooh-woo-wooooooooooooo!

Every night, when the moon gets high,
Come the children through the hoodoo sky,
All the women, they know my name,
'cause I can fade away, treat 'em all the same.