

## Club Zydeco Moon

Toby Keith

She was a dancer at the Club Zydeco Moon  
An all night social house and all day saloon  
She had the face and body, the devil's own desire  
Her lips were full and sugar sweet as blackberry wine

She danced around my table  
Flashin' gris-gris eyes at me  
Swayin' to the tempo of a squeezebox melody  
She reached down and snatched the folded money from my fist  
So easy to give in to and too hard to resist

She did her business underneath the candle light  
Always aware of Mama Zuzu's watchful eye  
How many young boys have lost their innocence  
Turned into old men wonderin' where their money went

What happened 20 years ago seem like yesterday  
I don't drive through that part of town, I go the other way  
She still dances through my bedroom every time I go to sleep  
To the rhythm of the music that the squeezebox player keeps

I smell the incense burning Mama Zuzu's cigarette  
Louisiana heat wave and the midnight summer sweat  
Somewhere down that alley there's an old run down saloon  
And she's waiting there for me at Club Zydeco Moon

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She reached down and snatched the folded money from my fist  
So easy to give into and too hard to resist

She was a dancer