

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

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 into and too hard to resist

She was a dancer