Voodoo

Spiral Beach

Head filled up with air, It's obvious you love the skin you wear,
I need to lie down, need some air,
Messing and mussing your tie-dyed hair.You're making a big mistake, Mister.
I remember,
I'm not telling a tale.Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.Here I am,
Tied to a chair,
Explain it all,
How did I get there?
Lights are off and curtains dropped.
Hurry,
Stop right there.You're making a big mistake, Mister.
I remember,
I'm not telling a tale.Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gotta fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.What are we gonna do?
Call the doctor!
Call the police!
Call the hair stylist!
Call the deep sea diver!
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.I can't remember,
My head's full. of. air.

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