

Dixie Drug Store

Grant Lee Buffalo

Ooh Jambalaya
Ooh Jambalaya It was muggy July around supper time
When I pulled into New Orleans
I got dropped off at South Rampart Street
I was hungry for a plate of greens I made my way down the banquette
Where I could see an open door
And overhead a sign made of painted pine read
The Dixie Drug store Peppers and roots were hanging
From the rafters above
There were oils and sprays all on display
For money luck and for love I reached down to pick one up
When a dark hand grabbed my arm
And before I could see just who it was
She said you don't want that charm Ooh Jambalaya The last man to walk that thing out of here
Just up and disappeared
Found his wallet and his wingtip shoes
Near a tombstone down in Algiers What you need my traveling friend
Is a place to wash your jeans
And I wouldn't be the least surprised
If you were hungry for a plate of greens She beckoned me on up the stairs
For she'd done made up her mind
Said take off your hat and kick off your boots
And leave your pride behind Ooh Jambalaya She took me down to a secret place
In the bayou of her blankets
She offered to share her bourbon
I thanked her then I drank it Through a small crack in the ceiling
Burst the Louisiana moon
It shone down on our bodies
And we began to croon Like a couple of coyotes
We were howling through the night
And I swear they were a beatin' those
Congo drums outside Ooh Jambalaya We laughed until the mornin'
By then my pants had dried
I picked up my hat and pulled on my boots
And I gathered up my pride I figured she had done stepped out
I didn't see her anywhere
And I set out to find her
I headed on downstairs Got down to the bottom
I couldn't believe my eyes

Gone were all the bottles
And the remedy suppliesOoh JambalayaI shouted out for Marie
I darted out the door
An old man on the wooden porch said
What you in there forSon you got no business
The hoodoo store's been closed
Long as I remember
A century I supposeBut mister I just spent the night
With a young gal named Laveau
He said the widow Paris
Done had a little laugh on youI said you mean to tell me
That was the voodoo in'
He nodded yes none other
The queen of New OrleansOoh Jambalaya
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