Calling The Maker

Aimee Allen

Get my money back, pay my bail
Put me, baby, in the county jail
Do my time, lord, and I won't tell
Everybody, everybody goin' to hell

Pick back my fat, skin my bones
Thirty-two teeth crack throwing stones
Call on Jesus, bring us home
I ain't done nothin' but love
(Oh)
I ain't done nothin' but...
(Oh)
Hey love

All hands are calling the maker
Dirty with the salt from the Undertaker
Damn! I hear John the Revalator
Mama's in the kitchen dancing and singing

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Put me baby, put me baby in the county jail
Do my time, lord, and I won't tell
Oh, everybody goin' to hell
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Your teeth crack throwing stones
Call on Jesus, bring us home
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Yeah, I hear him come down the hall

With a tip-tap, high clap, voodoo doll
Congo, Bongo, Blood lust song
White witch beating on a tree trunk gong
It's a boom-clack, boom-clack on my door
Click the key before there's more

I ain't don nothin' but
(Oh)
Hey love

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Ain't done nothin' but

Lyrics submitted by Jacob English.

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