Voodoo Thing

Colin James

Way down south, where the mangroves grow
Deep in the swamp down in the Bayou
There's a little story that's never been told
About a pretty widow who never grows old
And how she buried her soul with her wedding ring
Traded it off for that voodoo thingShe moves like the wind got a fire in her eyes
Well, she can bring down rain from the clear blue skies
Make the sun go down with a wave of her hand
Well, she can make a king of an ordinary manShe's gonna make you dance, she's gonna make you sing
When she gives you some of that voodoo thing
Ooh my voodoo thingLike a heart held close to the edge of a knife
One kiss from her lips turn my blood turn to ice
I tried to run by the light of the moon
I said I'll never be back, but I spoke too soonWell, she made me dance and she made me scream
Did she give me some of that voodoo thing?
The voodoo thing, ooh, my voodoo thingShe'll put a spell on you

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