

# 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 thing  
She 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 man  
She's gonna make you dance, she's gonna make you sing  
When she gives you some of that voodoo thing  
Ooh my voodoo thing  
Like 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 soon  
Well, she made me dance and she made me scream  
Did she give me some of that voodoo thing?  
The voodoo thing, ooh, my voodoo thing  
She'll put a spell on you

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