

Heathen Mother

Hurricane #1

Standing on the corner
I'm proud I whistle free
Change is in my pocket, feel good times Laughing with amusement
As the sun is on my back
I hear that train that's coming down the tracks I'm waiting for the woman
That knows just what to do
And cure me of an aching, ruptured back
Shes the one that rode the mule
And back from San Antonio
And placed the dying man upon the rack She asked if I was he who needed all the help
I just nodded and politely turned away
No need to be embarrassed
Said the woman from the train
I know lots of men who'd run and turn away Now you need my help and I will give it
Yes you need my help and I will show it She laid me on a bed
And she chanted all the names
Of the gods she knew from way back long ago
I put my head down easy
And sniggered to myself
And asked her if she knew the one called God I don't recognize the name
But I guess it's worth a try
There's nothing that these gods cannot do Some call me Heathen Mother
Some call me Nicky Jane
Some even call me devil that is pure And I always get the job done
With my heathen hands, I heal
Always get the job done
With my healing hands, I feel I stumbled from the bed
And felt my back at ease
And counted all the pennies that I had
She said I don't want your pennies
It's your soul that I just need
And give it to the man that's on the rack Always get the job done
With my heathen hands, I heal
'cos I always get the job done
With my healing hands, I feel Now you need my help and I will give it
Now you need my help and I will show it

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