

Spencer Brewer

"Voodoo"

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Head filled up with air, it's obvious you're lost
anywhere.

I need to lie down, need some air.

Messing and mussing you tie-dyed hair.

You're making a big mistake, Mister.

I remember, I'm not telling, tales.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

Hah.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

Hah.

Here I am, tied to a chair.

Explain it all how did I get there,

Lights are off and curtains drawn

Hurry, stop right there.

You're making a big mistake, Mister.

I remember, I'm not telling, tales.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

Hah.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

I've gotta make that, that, that voodoo.

Hah.

What are we gonna do?

Call the doctor?

Call the police?

Call the hair stylist?

Call the deep sea diver?

Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?

Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?

Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?

Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?

Hah.
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Who's gonna fix that, that, that voodoo?
Hah.

I can't remember, my head's full of air.

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