

# John Fogerty "Hoodoo Man"

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There's a thing creepin' in the woods,  
Like an ill wind that blows no good,  
Women and children begin to howl,  
When the moon-dog is on the prowl.

Chorus:

I'm a hoodoo-vooodoo-magic man, got the devil by the  
horns,  
His mischief in my hands. ooh-woo-woo!  
Ooh-woo-wooooooooooooo!

I can make like a big ugly bear,  
I can fly like a bird in the air,

You could look, but you could not see,  
You better make a move 'cause you know it's me.

Chorus:

Every night, when the moon gets high,  
Come the children through the hoodoo sky,  
All the women, they know my name,  
'cause I can fade away, treat 'em all the same.

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