Tankard "Voodoo Box"

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I'm a low life, trash, riff-raff
Drinkin' booze, pub-crawling man
Psychotics on narcotics I need 10 bottles a day

Lame and useless to the bone, broken dreams, leave me alone

But the last day, back alley A loony guy gave me the creeps His hands and feet were crippled He said: "This is for you"

Voodoo box, black magic, mumbo-jumbo, washing well Voodoo box, kingmaker, gift of gods, or sent from hell?

Voodoo box, black magic, mumbo-jumbo, washing well Voodoo box, my master, gonna pay that bloody bill

It's so easy, fascinating How my wealth and power grow Addictive and destructive, Champagne and fancy cars

For every wish it lets me pay, sacrificed my ears today

After years of self-mutilation Nearly nothing left on me I know, I must continue

Think I'll give my other eye

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