

Gris Gris Satchel

The Band of Heathens

(*Quist/Temple/Brooks/Jurdi)

St John's Eve, gone to see, Marie on Pontchartrain*
Twelve thousand black and white standing in the rain
Gold stars on my forehead, don't need no tarot deck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Playing spoons on a box down on St Anne's street
Hoodoo peppers freed a man, charmed the judge's seat
Silver dollar burn a hole, cashed my last paycheck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Bonfire on midsummer's eve, ashes on my face
You might fall in love tonight or you might fall from grace
Creole on the bayou paying their respects
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Money on her resting place, X's on the wall
Rainbow snake has shed its skin, mark the sparrow's fall
Free from all my burdens, paid up all my debts
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck
Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck

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