

# 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  
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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  
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Gris gris satchel in my hand, Cross around my neck

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>