

Creole Woman

Toby Keith

I stopped in Thibodeaux, Roadhouse in Louisiana
I wasn't stayin' long, I was a wanted man
The air was thick with danger, I watched the vixens dance
My six gun in my pocket, my pistol in my pants
I let her walk up on me, she pinned me to the door
She said she swore she knew me, we'd never met before
She pressed up hard against me, I stared into her eyes
She grabbed my face and kissed me, she had me hypnotized

I'm runnin' down the road, can't find the interstate
It's like I'm being followed and I can't get away
The snakes and alligators, they whisper in the wind
I hear her calling to me, I turn around again
Cry of a Creole woman
Woke up the devil down in me

She took me to her bedroom, smelled like a cheap hotel
Never had a Cajun queen, I'm used to Southern belles
But through the smoky billows of my tobacco leaves
I watched her in the mirror as she was lovin' me

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What's this you wicked woman, some kind of voodoo game?
Hell I haven't slept since Thursday, don't even know your name
This spell you got me under, got just one remedy
Just like a poison potion, that goes down smooth and sweet

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