

Baron Samedi

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I'll show you man who walk on fire
And don't get burned
Don't get burned, don't get burned
He don't get burned
I'll show you man who tread on glass
And he don't get cut
Don't get cut, don't get cut
He don't get cut

You can take a knife and slit his throat
And he won't drop dead
Won't drop dead, won't drop dead
He won't drop dead
Been a ju-ju boy for a thousand years
And he ain't cut yet
Ain't cut yet, ain't cut yet
He ain't cut yet

Hold 'em
You've got to crease 'em and fold 'em
You've got to shape 'em and mould 'em
Take a piece of their soul man

Well he can take a little moonlight
Suck the poison from a snakebite
Movin' round about midnight
He's got the power of life

See the sacrifice of the virgin women
See the deadly snake and the headless chicken
Take a sip from dripping red
Make it with the living dead

Take you up when you feeling down
When you're sick he will come around
Takes his cures from out the ground
He's the one who can hypnotize
And you'll never believe your eyes
He can cause the dead to rise