

Next Week Sometime

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

I went out last night just to walk around
And let the cool breeze fill my head,
When this young lady walked up to me
And this is what she said
"hey there mister you're a nice big fella
And your looking mighty fine,
Howz about we go to a fine French restaurant
You can buy me imported wine"

I told her next week sometime, but no not now.
I never did believe in buying Boudreauxs for ladies on the very
first date
No how.
Well I told her to give me sometime to think
And I might just buy that imported drink,
But it'll be next week sometime
But no not now

Well I went to see the fortune teller,
Just to have my fortune told.
She said "young man your almost rich
Your worth a great big pot of gold.
Now the way you've got to get this gold
You better listen while I tell!
You've got to sneak into the lonesome graveyard
When the clock is striking 12."
Well I got my pick and my shovel,
I made the graveyard at 12 last night,
When I got there I do declare
I spied a form all dressed in white.
When I spied that form all dressed in white
My blood ran both hot and cold,
He said "hey there mister don't be afraid
I'm going to help you dig your gold"

I told him next week some time but no not now,
I never did believe in digging ditches in a graveyard with a he
adless form
No how.
Well me and this thing we when't chest to chest
He said "hey there buddy when you gonna rest?"
I said next week some time
But no not now!