

# Marie Laveau

Dr. John

Now there lived a conjure-lady, not long ago,  
In New Orleans, Louisiana! named Marie Laveau.  
Believe it or not, strange as it seem,  
She made her fortune selling voodoo, and interpreting dreams.

She was known throughout the nation as the Voodoo Queen.  
Folks come to her, from miles and miles around,  
She sure know how to put that, that voodoo down.

To the voodoo lady they all would go,  
The rich, the educated, the ignorant and the poor.  
She'd snap her fingers, and shake her head,  
She'd tell them 'bout their lovers! livin' or dead.

Now an old, old lady named widow Brown,  
Asked why her lover, stopped comin' around  
The voodoo gazed at her and squawked  
I seen him kissin' a young girl, up at Shakespeare's Park  
Hanging on an oak tree, in the dark.

Oh Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Oh Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, the Voodoo Queen,  
From way down yonder in New Orleans.

Ya, ya, ya! ya, ya, ya! ya, ya, ya! yaaaaa

Now old, old lady, she lost her speech,  
Tears start to rollin' down her checks,  
Voodoo say, Hush my darlin don't you cry,  
I make him come back, by and by.  
Just sprinkle this snake dust, all over your floor,  
I'll make him come back Friday mornin', when the rooster crow.

Now Marie Laveau she held em in her hand,  
New Orleans, Louisiana was her promised land.  
Quality folks, come from far and near,  
This wonder woman, for to hear.  
They was afraid to be seen, at her gate,  
They'd creep through the dark, just to hear their fate.  
Holdin' dark veils, over their head,  
They would tremble to hear, what Maria would say.

Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, the Voodoo Queen,  
From way down yonder in New Orleans.

Ya, ya, ya! ya, ya, ya! ya, ya, ya! yaaaaa

And she made gris-gris, with an old ram horn,  
Stuffed with feathers, shuck from a corn.  
A big black candle, and a catfish fin,  
She make a man get religion, and give up his sin.

Sad news got out one mornin', at the break of day,  
Marie Laveau had done pass away.

St. Louis cemetery, she lay in her tomb,  
She was buried one night, on the wake of the moon.

Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Oh Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
The folks still believe, in the Voodoo Queen,  
From way down yonder in New Orleans.

Oh Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Oh Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, the Voodoo Queen,  
From way down yonder in New Orleans.

Marie, Marie Laveau, Oh Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, the Marie Laveau,  
Marie Laveau, the Voodoo Queen.