

## Deja Voodoo

### Golden Earring

In broad daylight, your clean cut town  
Has turned into a hunting ground  
And Mama don't need no crystal ball  
To see the weight, that's coming down  
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day  
In the heart of night, it howls for more  
The beast that prowls, the killing floor  
And Mama don't need to read the cards  
To tell you times are gettin' hard  
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day

You've seen it before  
It's been done to you  
In another life, it spells taboo  
Mama calls it  
Mama calls it: Deja voodoo

When sweet turns to bitter, and not before  
When wolves come scratchin', at your door  
That's when mama's tea cup prophecy  
Will tell you how it's gonna be  
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day  
Tomorrow rips up your yesterday  
While it stars in your old passion play  
And mama can hear the spirit's song  
Singing in her head all night long  
25 hours a day, 25 hours a day