

## Dead Thumb King

Ray Wylie Hubbard

I got some dirt from Lightnin' Hopkins's grave  
And some bones from an old black crow  
I got a rattlesnake tail inside my guitar  
I got a Molins cigarette and a double six domino

I got a Mercury dime and a two-dollar bill  
And a bouquet of nine black roses  
I got Four Thieves vinegar in a mason jar  
And I swear by the seven books of Moses

I's workin' the road at the crossroads  
It's bonafide conjurin' as all get-out  
Stand aside and let's qualify  
I am the dead thumb king, lest you doubt

I drink jimsonweed, sulfur, and honey  
I never cut my hair in broad daylight  
I wash my hands in extract  
Come dark, I light a candle to Saint Expedite

I got an Indian head leap year  
I took in a mean-eyed cat, I named her Snake Bite  
Red devil buried at the four corners of my house

I got a mouth harp thrown away by Charlie Musselwhite

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I got a rooster clock nailed to my front door  
And a prayer candle on my window sill  
I sleep with a woman who cusses in French  
She makes pinwheels of feathers and daffodils

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