

## Creole Woman

Toby Keith

I stopped in Thibodeaux, Roadhouse in Louisiana  
I wasn't stayin' long, I was a wanted man  
The air was thick with danger, I watched the vixens dance  
My six gun in my pocket, my pistol in my pants  
I let her walk up on me, she pinned me to the door  
She said she swore she knew me, we'd never met before  
She pressed up hard against me, I stared into her eyes  
She grabbed my face and kissed me, she had me hypnotized

I'm runnin' down the road, can't find the interstate  
It's like I'm being followed and I can't get away  
The snakes and alligators, they whisper in the wind  
I hear her calling to me, I turn around again  
Cry of a Creole woman  
Woke up the devil down in me

She took me to her bedroom, smelled like a cheap hotel  
Never had a Cajun queen, I'm used to Southern belles  
But through the smoky billows of my tobacco leaves  
I watched her in the mirror as she was lovin' me

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What's this you wicked woman, some kind of voodoo game?  
Hell I haven't slept since Thursday, don't even know your name  
This spell you got me under, got just one remedy  
Just like a poison potion, that goes down smooth and sweet

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