

Big Head Todd And The Monsters, Conquistadors

Shakin' em down and drunk on a holiday.
Dishin' them lectric blues in an old school way.
Lucy and Glenda Jones and an old beef bone.
Drinkin' that whisky juice till they all alone.

They was blues conquistadors, soul conquistadors.

Old Betty Mae was movin' it and doin' it right.
Muddy and John Lee rockin' in the house of blue light.
Trouble and worry come back on another day.
Nellie's aunt Bee got down and began to pray.

They was blues conquistadors, soul conquistadors.

You got to mess around to feel right.
Then you slow it down sometimes, just enough to get me home.
You got me digging in a coal mine diggin' in a blues mine.

Jesus gonna help me get there with them blues conquistadors, soul conquistadors.

Been twenty odd years since they burned that Checkerboard lounge.
Listen that Howlin' Wolf make a nasty sound.
Muddy and John Lee you know they passed away.
But the Gin room boogie still make you shake a leg.