

# Grant Lee Buffalo, Dixie Drug Store

Ooh Jambalaya  
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It was muggy July around supper time  
When I pulled into New Orleans  
I got dropped off at South Rampart Street  
I was hungry for a plate of greens

I made my way down the banquette  
Where I could see an open door  
And overhead a sign made of painted pine read  
The Dixie Drug Store

Peppers and roots were hanging  
From the rafters above  
There were oils and sprays all on display  
For money luck and for love

I reached down to pick one up  
When a dark hand grabbed my arm  
And before I could see just who it was  
She said you don't want that charm

Ooh Jambalaya

The last man to walk that thing out of here  
Just up and disappeared  
Found his wallet and his wingtip shoes  
Near a tombstone down in Algiers

What you need my travelling friend  
Is a place to wash your jeans  
And I wouldn't be the least surprised  
If you were hungry for a plate of greens

She beckoned me on up the stairs  
For she'd done made up her mind  
Said take off your hat and kick off your boots  
And leave your pride behind

Ooh Jambalaya

She took me down to a secret place  
In the bayou of her blankets  
She offered to share her bourbon  
I thanked her then I drank it

Thru a small crack in the ceiling  
Burst the Louisiana moon  
It shone down on our bodies  
And we began to croon

Like a couple of coyotes  
We were howling thru the night  
And I swear they were a beatin' those  
Congo drums outside

Ooh Jambalaya

We laughed until the mornin'  
By then my pants had dried  
I picked up my hat and pulled on my boots  
And I gathered up my pride

I figured she had done stepped out  
I didn't see her anywhere  
And I set out to find her  
I headed on downstairs

Got down to the bottom  
I couldn't believe my eyes  
Gone were all the bottles  
And the remedy supplies

Ooh Jambalaya

I shouted out for Marie  
I darted out the door  
An old man on the wooden porch said  
What you in there for

Son you got no business  
The hoodoo store's been closed  
Long as I remember  
A century I suppose

But Mister I just spent the night  
With a young gal named Laveau  
He said the Widow Paris  
Done had a little laugh on you

I said you mean to tell me  
That was the voodoo in'  
He nodded yes none other  
The Queen of New Orleans

Ooh Jambalaya (Scraps of phrases - Till the end)  
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