

Bread, Take Comfort

Tecolote

Bread

(David Gates)

Voodoo woman made a doll of me
And ever since then I been in misery
She said I did her pretty little daughter bad
And ever since then she's been driving me mad
Let me go, let me go, Tecolote
Set me free, let me be, Tecolote
Drums keep beatin' in my head all night
Poltergeists knockin' on my left and right
Pain and a fever running 103
Just because her daughter wants to marry me
Rather die, rather die than get married
Let me go, tell her no, tell her no

(Solo)

You heard my story and you now know why
A strange old woman makes a grown man cry
And next time a pretty pretty turns your head
You better take a look at her mother instead
Let me go, let me go, Tecolote
Let me be, set me free, let me free