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 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