

John Grant, Voodoo Doll

You can't get out of your bad
Because you're so depressed
No one understand this
And you they think that you're a mess
I know this is not the case and I believe in you
I won't stop until I have convicted you of the truth

I made a voodoo doll of you
And I gave some chicken soup
Did you feel and warmth down deep inside
Did you feel how your blues went away and died
I made a voodoo doll of you
I ebeb put it in a (?) jumpsuit
Coz I thought that's what you'd do
If you had the opportunity to choose

Even on your worst day
I hate No one less than you
Breake into my home
And read my diary if you need some proof
You're going to make it
And you'll do much more than that
Just don't stop, just keep on moving
There's no turning back

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