

Rustic Overtones, Shaker

Black and blue night sky.
Spells from hell, neon lights.
A hot Charleston night and he's walking by.
now you're cursed the worst
he just walks on by.
Eyes black as night and sharp as knives.
Look through the empty souls to the ghouls inside.
Why all the tension? Why this release?
When the devil hit the streets he started shaking up things.
Why should a sinner have to pray, have to stay all wrapped up in angel wings?
There is voodoo here- do you hear, stay clear.
But the beach just swarms with the year to years, money coming out their ears.
They paint the town red, that he shakes as blue as tears.
-chorus-
superstitions, cruel religion, witch doctor vision, sad long divisions.
Please shake on by bad wishes.