

Tony Joe White, Mojo Dollar

Mojo Dollar came riding into town in a '57 Chevrolet
Yeah he had a 3030 rifle and a red bone hound
Said he wanted to make a trade
I seen him come out of the pawn shop with a guitar in his hand
And it froze me in my tracks when I looked into the eyes of a wild man

I heard the stories when I was just a young boy
People said that Mojo wasn't right
I couldn't get it out of my head so when everyone went to bed
I slipped out the backdoor late that night
Well I came up on his Chevy and I was scared of going on
But I followed his trail and went deep into wild man swamps

Well I knew I couldn't turn back when I found his little ol' shack
And Mojo had a big fire in the yard
I couldn't hear a word he said but his eyes rolled back in his head
He just kept on rompin' that ol' guitar
There was hoot owls callin'; there were wild cats pantin';
Snakes were crawlin'; Mojo started dancin';
He was a wild man he was a wild man

I've tried to forget it but it ain't no use
There are some who don't believe and some who do
But I'm telling it like it is there's still some things going on
And whatever you do don't go down to wild man swamps