

# Elton John, Hey Papa Legba

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

He would recount the stories he had learned so well  
Fourteen years is a long time in one cell  
When the pipe is passed the opium does its rounds  
Papa Legba sitting pretty in a chicken little town

His textured skin, like leather in the sun  
Fingers beating hard upon a native drum  
He picks his teeth with a splintered back rib bone  
Papa Legba bears his fangs and lays alone

Hey Papa Legba, hoo-boo-be-do  
Hey Papa Legba, no one gonna bother you  
Hey Papa Legba, hoo-boo-be-do  
Shake Papa Legba, no one's gonna bother you tonight, alright

He was free to dance alone where the spirits run  
His almond eyes would twinkle on a hundred sons  
His champagne toast and white meat on a spit  
Papa Legba's drunken with a smile upon his lips