

Jimi Hendrix, Voodoo Chile Blues

I'm a voodoo chile
Lord I'm a voodoo chile
Yeah
I'm not sayin'

The night I was born
Lord, the moon turned a fire red
I said the night I was born
The moon turned a fire red

My poor mother cried
She said "the gypsy was right"
And I she fell right dead
Right on the floor there
Hey

And I said fly on
Fly on because I'm a voodoo chile, baby
Voodoo chile