

# 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