

Dixie Drug Store

Grant Lee Buffalo

B A E all along

It was muggy July around supper time

When I pulled into New Orleans

I got dropped off

At south Rampart Street

I was hungry for a plate of greens

I made my way down the banquette

Where I could see an open door

And overhead a sign

Made of painted pine read

The Dixie Drug Store

Peppers and roots were hanging

From the rafters above

There were oils and sprays

All on display

For money luck and for love

I reached out to pick one up

When a dark hand grabbed my arm

An before I could see just who it was

She said "You don't want that charm.

The last man to walk that thing out of here

Just up and disappeared.

Found his wallet and his wingtip shoes

Near a tombstone down in Algiers.

What you need, my travelling friend,

Is a place to wash your jeans

And I wouldn't be the least surprised

if you were hungry for a plate of greens."

She beckoned me on up the stairs

For she'd done made up her mind

She said "Take off your hat

And kick off your boots

And leave your pride behind."

Then she took me down to a secret place

In the bayou of her blankets

She offered to share her bourbon

I thanked her, then I drank it

Thru a small crack in the ceiling

Burst the Louisiana moon

It shown down on our bodies

And we began to croon

Like a couple of coyotes

We were howling thru the night

And I swear they were a beatin' those

Congo drums outside

We laughed until the morning

By then my pants had dried

I picked up my hat and pulled on my boots

And I gathered up my pride

I figured she had done stepped out

I didn't see her anywhere

And I set out to find her

I headed on downstairs

I got down to the bottom

I couldn't believe my eyes

Gone were all the bottles

And the remedy supplies

I shouted out for Mary I darted out the door

An old man on the wooden porch said,

"What you in there for?

Son, you got no business

the hoodoo store's been closed

Long as I remember a century I suppose"

"But Mr. I just spent the night

with a young gal named Laveau"

He said "The widow Paris

done had a little laugh one you"

I said "You mean to tell me,

that was the Voodoooin'?"

He nodded yes, "None other,

the Queen of New Orleans"