

C.c.r. "Born On The Bayou"

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Now when I was just a little boy standin' to my Daddy's
knee
my Poppa said son don't let the man get you do what
he done to me
'cause he'll get you 'cause he'll get you now.

I can remember the fourth of July runnin' through the
backwood bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin' chasin'
down a hoodoo there
chasin' down a hoodoo there.

Born on the bayou
born on the bayou
born on the bayou.

Wish I was back on the bayou rollin' with some Cajun
Queen.
Wishin' I were a fast freight train, oh, just a-jublin' on
down to New Orleans.

Born on the bayou
born on the bayou
born on the bayou.

I can remember the fourth of July, runnin' through the
backwood bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin', chasin'
down a hoodoo there,
chasin' down a hoodoo there.

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