

Little Feat "Cajun Girl"

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Bill Payne, Martin Kibbee
Serious blue eyes, so pale and so shy
Look closer 'cause she's got that look in her eye
Red hair that sails on a soft southern breeze
Fingers that fly on accordion keys

You ain't seen nothin', 'till you've seen my cajun girl
She's really somethin', my sweet singing cajun girl

Cook cajun, speak creole, and lay on the spice
Her fancy so free on these Saturday nights
She sings and she plays at the parish hall dance
Big city chanteuses just don't stand a chance

You ain't seen nothin', 'till you've seen my cajun girl
She's really somethin', my sweet singing cajun girl

Might find me a dream, just West of New Orleans
If you pole up the bayou St. John
The way twin fiddles play
And she squeezes her box until dawn
All night they carry on

Tell long leg Lucille I must send my regrets
It's nothin' she's done, it's just someone I met
With innocent heart, true talent so rare
She bloom on the bayou, this flower so fair

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