

Nits

"Bayou Jubilee"

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Nothing in this world such a pure delight
As a fais-do-do on a Saturday night
Work your tail off all week long
But forget about your troubles with a party and a song

Boy I love those old time tunes
They can tickle your senses like a Cajun moon
Creole food sure tastes fine
When you wash it on down with that homemade wine

CHORUS:

Get out the fiddle rosin up the bow
There's gonna be some music and I hope it ain't slow
Grab your baby dance 'til three down at the Bayou
Jubilee
Grab your baby dance 'til three down at the Bayou
Jubilee

There's Pierre and his girl Laverne
Dancin' so hot you'd think their shoes were burning
Grandma's in the corner shakin' it too
She's got her own version of a Cajun boogaloo (repeat
chorus)

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