

Pure Prairie League

"Cajun Girl"

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(Bill Payne/Martin Kibbee)

Serious blue eyes, so pale & 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' 'til you seen my Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl

Cook Cajun, speak Creole & lay on the spice
Her fancy so free on them Saturday nights
She sing & she play with the parish hall band
Big city chanteuses just don't stand a chance

You ain't seen nothin' 'til you seen my Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl

You might find my dream just west of New Orleans
If you pole down the Bayou St. John
The way twin fiddles play
And she squeeze on her squeezebox 'til dawn
All night she'll carry on

You ain't seen nothin' 'til you seen my Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl

Tell long-legged Lucille I must send my regrets
It's nothing she done, it's just someone I met
With innocent heart, true talent so rare
She blooms on the bayou, this flower so fair

You ain't seen nothin' 'til you seen my Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl

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