

## **Richard Thompson**

### **"Cajun Woman"**

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The baby that the preacher gave you in the Spring  
Spent the winter with his finger in the undertaker's ring

Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen  
I don't believe you're sinking but look at all the  
trouble you've been

He grew up in the bayou with a bible 'round his neck  
He never loved a woman the way you would expect

Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen  
I don't believe you're sinking but look at all the  
trouble you've been

Don't tell him 'bout his Father, don't tell him 'bout his  
name  
The Gods won't get to Heaven if you crucify his brain

Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen  
I don't believe you're sinking but look at all the  
trouble you've been

Well it's welcome to the graveyard and welcome to  
the throne  
Welcome to the orphanage where your family sit and  
moan  
Welcome to the liquor store and welcome to the poor  
Your momma never told you how lucky you are

Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen  
I don't believe you're sinking but look at all the  
trouble you've been

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