Rory Gallagher "King Of Zydeco (to: Clifton Chenier)"

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Well, it's a straight line as the crow flies To a heaven here on earth And if you make time, it's a cool drive Head down to the coast

If your taste runs to the gumbo Don't know where to go Let me introduce you To the King of Zydeco

If your head leaks like a trainer
The sea comes to your door
A strange sound from the juke-joint
A mile just down the road

Believe it when you hear it The sound of a 'rubbing board' Let me introduce you To the King of Zydeco

Move it over, open up that line Roll it over, buddy I'm insane

You won't feel like a stranger You've found a second home You can't get out of your tree there When the music hits your soul

Bye bye Big Brother 'Cause I'm going away I wanna listen to the man They call Clifton Cheniere

Feel like a statistic Feeling shrink-wrapped up too It's dun-time baby You been to long in school

Head down to the place Near to Thibodoux Let me introduce you To the King of Zydeco Move that semi, buddy I'm insane It's now or never, I can't touch the brakes

Well, it's a stone's throw from the Bayou And I can see the sign Shining like a beacon Right on through the night

No more airs and graces Gotta catch the show Let me introduce you To the King of Zydeco

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