Bon Temps Rouler

Mama Rosin

You see me there, well I ain?t no fool,
I?m one smart Frenchman never been to school.
If you want to get somewhere in a Creole town,
You start to let me show you your way around.

(Chorus)
You let the bons temps roluer,
You let the mulet puller,
Now don?t you be no fool, eh,
You let the bons temps roluer.

I got a Creole gal, she?s one fine dish,
Well, she?s got ways like the old crawfish,
She don?t do nothing but wait ?till Saturday night,
But when it comes to lovin?, she?s all right.

Chorus

Well, if you want to have yourself some real fine fun,
Go down to Louisiana and you get you one,
You?ll find them cutting cane all down the line,
I?ve got a cotton picker, she?s really fine.

Chorus

At the church bazaar or the baseball game,
At the French la-la, it?s all the same,
If you want to have fun now, you got to go
Way out into the country to the zydeco.

Chorus

Lyrics submitted by cubster.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/