

# Oh, Susannah

James Taylor

Well I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee  
And I'm bound for Louisiana, my own true love for to see  
It did rain all night the day I left  
The weather was bone dry  
The sun was so hot I froze myself Suzanne, don't you go on and cry  
I said, Oh, Susannah  
Now, don't you cry for me  
As I come from Alabama with this banjo on my knee Well I had myself a dream the other night  
When everything was still  
I dreamed that I saw my girl Suzanne  
She was coming around the hill  
Now, the buckwheat cake was in her mouth  
A tear was in her eye  
I said, that I come from Dixie land Suzanne, don't you break down and cry  
I said, Oh, Susannah  
Now, don't you cry for me  
'Cause I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee

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