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 myselfSuzanne, don't you go on and cry
I said, Oh, Suzannah
Now, don't you cry for me
As I come from Alabama with this banjo on my kneeWell 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 landSuzanne, don't you break down and cry
I said, Oh, Suzannah
Now, don't you cry for me
'Cause I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee

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