Born On the Bayou

Copper Box

Now, when I just was a little boy,
Standin' to my Daddy's knee,
My poppa said "Son, don't let the man get you
And do what he done to me."

I can remember the fourth of July,
Runnin' through the backwood bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin',
Chasin' down a hoodoo there,
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.

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Wish I was back on the Bayou,
Rollin' with some Cajun Queen.
Wishin' I where a fast freight train,
Just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans.
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