

Jambalaya

Poutníci

[Verse 1]

Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the bayou.
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

[Chorus]

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

[Verse 2]

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin',
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen.
We dress in style and go hog wild, me oh my oh.
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

[Chorus]

Well jambalaya and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio.
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo,
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.

[Chorus]

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