

Morgan City Fool

Delbert McClinton

The cold wind's blowin' through the bus at the back
door window where he shoved her head
If she had a gun, ya'll, she woulda' killed him dead
I realizin' I was about to be
A witness to murder in the first degree
I jumped up and found my hat but couldn't find my head,
All the time wishin' I could understand a little more
what's being said

I mumbled as I pulled my boots on
I hope there ain't a killin' before I get gone
When I found her, I looked all up and down her ya'll
for a cut place
Expectin' to find a bunch of blood
All around where she stood
But wasn't nothin' but a little romancin',
Old crazy man standin' there dancin'
All in the glass, bare assed
And the love song he was singin'

He said I'm gonna' get your gumbo
Way down yonder, baby, on the bayou
I'm gonna' get your gumbo
Well, come on baby and let me show you just a little
hoodoo

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