

Cajun Woman

Fairport Convention

Baby that preacher gave you spring
In the window with his finger
In the undertaker's wing

Oh, Cajun Woman
Some people still call you a queen
I don't believe you're sinking
Look at all the trouble you've been
He grew up in the Bayou
With a Bible around his neck
He never loved a woman
In the way you would expect

Oh, Cajun Woman
Some people still call you a queen
I don't believe you're sinking
Look at all the trouble you've been
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In the way you would expect

Don't tell him about his father,
Don't tell him about his name
The Gods won't get to heaven
Till they'll crucify his brain

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Well, it's welcome to the graveyard
And welcome to the throne
Welcome to the orphanage
Where your family sit and moan
Welcome to the liquor stand
And welcome to the poor
Your mama never told you how lucky you are

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