

# 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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With a Bible around his neck  
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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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