

# 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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