

## Cajun Girl

Pure Prairie League

Serious blue eyes, so pale & so shy  
Look closer 'cause she's got that look in her eye  
Red hair that sails on a soft Southern breeze  
Fingers that fly on accordion keys

You ain't seen nothin' 'til you seen my Cajun Girl  
She's really something, my sweet-singing Cajun Girl

Cook Cajun, speak Creole & lay on the spice  
Her fancy so free on them Saturday nights  
She sing & she play with the parish hall band  
Big city chanteuses just don't stand a chance

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You might find my dream just west of New Orleans  
If you pole down the Bayou St. John  
The way twin fiddles play  
And she squeeze on her squeezebox 'til dawn  
All night she'll carry on

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Tell long-legged Lucille I must send my regrets  
It's nothing she done, it's just someone I met  
With innocent heart, true talent so rare  
She blooms on the bayou, this flower so fair

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