

# Lover of the Bayou

The Byrds

Catfish pie in gris gris bag  
I'm the lover of the bayou  
Mark your doorstep with a half wet rag  
I'm the lover of the bayou  
Raised and swam with the crocodile  
Snake-eye taught me the Mojo style  
Sucking weed on chicken bile  
I'm the lover of the bayou

I learned the key to the master look  
I learned to float in the water clock  
I learned to capture the lightning shock  
I'm the lover of the bayou  
And I got cat's an' teeth and hair for sale  
I'm the lover of the bayou  
Look out, look out, Baron Zombies on your tail  
I'm the lover of the bayou

I cooked the bat in the gumbo pan  
I drank the blood, drank the blood from a rusty can  
Turned me into the Honga man  
I'm the lover of the bayou