

## Cajun Girl

The Oak Ridge Boys

Serious blue eyes so pale and so shy  
Look closer cause she's got that look in her eye.  
Red hair that sails on the soft southern breeze  
Fingers that fly on accordion keys.

You ain't seen nothing  
Till you've seen my Cajun girl.  
She's really something  
My sweet singing Cajun girl.

Cook Cajun, speak Creole and lay on the spice  
Her fancy so free on these Saturday nights  
She sing and she play at the parish hall dance  
Big city chanteuses just don't stand a chance.

You ain't seen nothing  
Till you've seen my Cajun girl.  
She's really something  
My sweet singing Cajun girl.

You might find my dreams  
Just west of New Orleans  
If you pulled up that via Saint John  
Where the twins fiddles play  
And she squeeze on that squeezebox till dawn.  
On that they carry on.

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

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She's really something  
My sweet singing Cajun girl.  
You ain't seen nothing  
Till you've seen my Cajun girl.

You might find my dreams  
Just west of New Orleans  
If you pole up that bayou Saint John  
Where the twin fiddles play  
And she squeeze on that squeezebox till dawn.  
All night they carry on.

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Till you've seen my Cajun girl.  
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