

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
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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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