

## Bayou Song

Tina Turner

Just another Louisiana morning  
Bayou rain falling without warning  
Babies crying

Windows dirty  
I cant see out them  
Sitting and smoking and thinking about it  
Lord I'm so tired

I've been out working in the long cold night,  
I'm too tired to eat, to hungry to fight  
Working for the man as hard as I can, trying to make a living i  
n this bayou land

Good lord what kind of life is this for my baby  
Its bad enough I gotta suffer it myself  
Take our love  
takes us from this bayou country  
Let the bayou bog starve by itself

Just another Lousiana afternoon  
Drinking homemade liquor 2 ounce smooth  
Till ya hanging

Don't talk much cause the pain is crazy  
times are hard things are hazy  
Lord i'm so tired

To make it in this town you gotta work all over  
When I get home I start all over  
Half dead by the end of the night  
But its what I gotta do to get my man a good life

Good lord what kind of life is this for my baby  
Its bad enough I gotta suffer it myself  
Take our love  
takes us from this bayou country  
Let the bayou bog starve by itself  
Let the bayou bog drink itself to hell