

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