

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