

## Cajun Girl

Little Feat

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

You ain't seen nothin', 'till you've seen my cajun girl  
She's really somethin', my sweet singing cajun girl

Cook cajun, speak creole, and lay on the spice  
Her fancy so free on these Saturday nights  
She sings and she plays at the parish hall dance  
Big city chanteuses just don't stand a chance

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She's really somethin', my sweet singing cajun girl

Might find me a dream, just West of New Orleans  
If you pole up the bayou St. John  
The way twin fiddles play  
And she squeezes her box until dawn  
All night they carry on

Tell long leg Lucille I must send my regrets  
It's nothin' she's done, it's just someone I met  
With innocent heart, true talent so rare  
She bloom on the bayou, this flower so fair

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