Met a ragin' Cajun down in Louisiana And her flowered dress said her name was Hannah In her high button shoes we do it to and fro She said, "Do you know backwards and forwards It's all the same just like ya say my name"

And then she shake it, I can't mistake it It's pure poetry the way she moves ya know Now she's shakin' for me, allons danser, petit cherie Come on, come on, come on won't you dance for me

Oh yeah, doin' the Cajun rage (Yeah, yeah)
We do the Cajun rage (What you call it?)

We do the Cajun rage (What you say?) Doin' the Cajun rage (Whoa, yeah)

Called the Cajun rage Couchez fandango That the King 'a' Tango Now the Cajun rage

And it's incantations right across the nation Gone from town to town, state to state Ya just take the moves, ya get from rhythm and blues Ya put yer one foot down back the bottom around

To that crazy sound, it get you shakin', keeps ya achin' When ya doin' it right it's pure poetry so do it for me Allons danser, petit cherie
Come on, come on, come on won't you dance for me

We do the Cajun rage (What you call it?)
We do the Cajun rage (What you say?)

Doin' the Cajun rage (Yeah, yeah) Put yer belly in the rumba Doin' the Cajun rage (Whoa, yeah)

That's a kind 'a' samba Called the Cajun rage No do se do, no heel and toe

Now the two-step craze has turned the page With that new old dance called the Cajun rage Now I'm way outta line And I feel so fine, so fine

She said ya can't do that

In your cowboy hat
Put the hoe down, honey
Let's cut the chat, oh yeah, oh yeah

Doin' the Cajun rage (Yeah, yeah)
We do the Cajun rage (What you call it?)

We do the Cajun rage (What you say?) Doin' the Cajun rage (Whoa, yeah) Doin' the Cajun rage (Yeah, yeah)

We do the Cajun rage (What you call it?)
We do the Cajun rage (What you say?)

Doin' the Cajun rage (Whoa, yeah) Couchez fandango Dat's the kinda tango With yer belly in the rhumba

Lotta hip shakin', boppin'
That's the kinda rockin'
That's a kind 'a' Samba
With the nude Lambatta
Ya know that's gotta
Be the Cajun rage