

Born on the Bayou

Little Richard

Now, when I was just a little boy,
Standin' to my Daddy's knee,
My poppa said, "Son, don't let the man get you
Do what he done to me."
'Cause he'll get you,
'Cause he'll get you now, now.
And I can remember the fourth of July,
Runnin' through the backwood, bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin',
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.

Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou.

Wish I was back on the Bayou.
Rollin' with some Cajun Queen.
Wishin' I were a fast freight train,
Just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans.

Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou.

Do it, do it, do it, do it. Oh, Lord.
Oh get back boy.

I can remember the fourth of July,
Runnin' through the backwood bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin',
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.
Chasin' down a hoodoo there.

Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou;
Down on the Bayou.

All right! Do, do, do, do.
Mmmmmmm, oh.