

## Oh, Susannah

James Taylor

Well I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,  
and I'm bound for Louisiana, my own true love for to see.  
It did rain all night the day I left, the weather was bone dry.  
The sun was so hot I froze myself, Suzanne, don't you go on and  
cry.

I said, oh, Susannah, now, don't you cry for me,  
as I come from Alabama with this banjo on my knee.

Well I had myself a dream the other night when everything was s  
till,  
I dreamed that I saw my girl Suzanne, she was coming around the  
hill.

Now, the buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye  
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I said, that I come from Dixie land, Suzanne, don't you break d  
own and cry.

I said, oh, Susannah, now, don't you cry for me,  
as I come from Alabama with this banjo on my knee.