

## Gumbo John

Tony Joe White

Gumbo John was a swamper, he had a small cafe  
A little ol' shack just outside of Baton Rouge  
Everybody around said you had it made  
If you were looking for the right kind of food

You just kick back and let the evening come  
Out on the back porch at Gumbo John's

Me and the boys in the band were needing a break  
We were covered with road dust and the homesick blues  
So we decided to stop and spend a few days  
Peel a few crawdads... check out the brew

Southern culture on the skids but it sure is fun  
Out on the back porch at Gumbo John's

He had an alligator named Clyde out back in a little stream  
He said, boys he's a friend of mine but he's still real mean  
He said you know I used to play the guitar myself  
He held up his hand and just had two fingers left

It was feeding time one evening he'd had a few beers  
Guess he got just a little too close... 'cause one chomp  
And ol' Clyde he ended his musical career  
But he could still rear back and sing that jolie blonde  
Out on the back porch at Gumbo John's

You just kick back and let the evening come  
Out on the back porch at Gumbo John's, Gumbo John's