

Roll Me

Zachary Richard

The moon comes up when the sun goes down,
There's not another living soul around.
Sneak out of the window and come out on the porch,
I'll be waiting by the coulée with a pine tar torch.
Over in the cane field by Louis Boudreaux,
Between the cane mill and Bayou Carencro,
Steam will be rising up above the row,
Nobody's gonna see us, nobody gonna know.

When you roll, roll, roll me.
Take me in your arms and never let me go.
Roll, roll, roll me.
You know I can't control it when you roll me.
Come on, Baby, meet me underneath the Cajun moon,
When the cane gets high around the middle of June.
We gonna rock it, Baby, all night long,
Just as long as the mosquitos gonna leave us alone.
I never met a girl like you,
I want to show you what might sugar cane can do.