

Robbie Robertson, Go Back To Your Woods

Hide in the bayou under the gun
Been to the house of the rising sun
Come down here trying to make a connection
Must have a bad sense of direction

Go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back go back to your woods)
Go back go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back to your woods)

Carry a torch and an old stiletto
The sound of thunder all over the ghetto
One-eyed jacks and king with the axe
Come from the wrong side of the tracks

Go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back go back to your woods)
Go back go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back to your woods)

When the night goes down on Storyville
If the women don't get ya the music will
Catch a thrill

You come down here in a four piece suit
Pork pie hat and the alligator boots
Keep jerking rabbits outta your hat
Now can ya pull a disappearing act

Go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back go back to your woods)
Go back go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back to your woods)

When the night goes down on Storyville
If the women don't get ya the music will
Get your thrills

Go back go back go back to your woods
Go back go back go back to your woods
Go back go back go back to your woods
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Go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back go back to your woods)
Go back go back go back to your woods
(Go back go back to your woods)

Back to your woods

?Names of various Mardi Gras Indian groups?
Going downtown all turned around
Before we came into this world
We came from a far off land
And now we are here to tell the story

And we comin from way back, way back
We got fire on the bayou,
Injuns here they come
From the reservations
Here they come, here they come
Injuns here they come