

# 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  
Go back go back go back to your woods

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