

Fairport Convention, Cajun Woman

Baby, that preacher gave you his pain
To let the window? on his finger in the undertaker's name

(Chorus)

Oh, cajun woman

Some people still call you a queen

I don't believe you're sinking

With all the trouble you've been

He grew up in the bayou with a Bible round his neck

He never loved a woman in the way you would expect

(Chorus)

Don't tell him by his father, don't tell him by his name

The dogs won't get to heaven, they'll crucify his brain

(Chorus)

Well, it's welcome to the graveyard and welcome to the throne

Welcome to the orphanage where your family sit and moan

Welcome to the liquor stand and welcome to the park

Your mama never told you how lucky you are

(Chorus)