

J.J. Cale, Louisiana Women

(J.J. Cale)

Had me a gal in Baton Rouge, called her Lou-easy-ann
She gave me a little bit of olden dream and a key of marijuana
She treat me right
Lord, lord, lord, she treat me right
She treat me right, lord, lord
Well, I went on to New Orleans, had myself a ball
The ladies there, they don't care, they don't care at all
They treat you right
Warm, warm, Louisiana night
Treat you right, lord, lord
From the gulf of the Mississippi, up to Baton Rouge
Those Louisiana women, oh lord
Lord, you just can't lose
They treat you right
Treat you right
They treat you right, lord, lord, lord, lord