

John Fogerty, Born On The Bayou

(John Fogerty)

Now, when I just was a little boy,
standin' to my Daddy's knee,
my poppa said "Son, don't let the man get you
and do what he done to me."

I can remember the fourth of July,
runnin' through the backwood bare.
And I can still hear my old hound dog barkin',
chasin' down a hoodoo there,
chasin' down a hoodoo there.

Born on the Bayou
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Wish I was back on the Bayou,
rollin' with some Cajun Queen.
Wishin' I where a fast freight train,
just a chooglin' on down to New Orleans.
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