

Lisa Loeb, Oh Susanna

One, two, three

I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee,
I'm bound for Louisiana,
My true love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze myself,
Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I dreamt I saw Susanna
Coming up a hill
Buckwheat cakes was in her mouth
Tears were in her eyes
I said I'd come to take her home
Susanna don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee.

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee

Oh, Susanna,
Oh, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With the banjo on my knee