

Richard Thompson, Cajun Woman

The baby that the preacher gave you in the Spring
Spent the winter with his finger in the undertaker's ring

Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen
I dont believe youre sinking but look at all the trouble youve been

He grew up in the bayou with a bible round his neck
He never loved a woman the way you would expect

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Don't tell him 'bout his Father, don't tell him 'bout his name
The Gods won't get to Heaven if you crucify his brain

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Well its welcome to the graveyard and welcome to the throne
Welcome to the orphanage where your family sit and moan
Welcome to the liquor stile and welcome to the poor
Your mamma never told you how lucky you are

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I dont believe youre sinking but look at all the trouble youve been