

Rory Gallagher, King Of Zydeco (To: Clifton Chenier)

Well, it's a straight line as the crow flies,
To a heaven here on earth.
And if you make time, it's a cool drive,
Head down to the coast.
If your taste runs to the gumbo,
Don't know where to go?
Let me introduce you to the King of Zydeco.

If your head leaks like a strainer,
The sea comes to your door.
A strange sound from the juke-joint,
A mile just down the road.
Believe it when you hear it,
The sound of the rubbing board.
Let me introduce you to the King of Zydeco.
Yeahh..

Move it over,
Open up that lane.
Roll it over,
Buddy, I'm insane.

You won't feel like a stranger,
You've found a second home.
You can get out of your tree there,
When that music hits your soul.

Bye-bye Big Brother,
'Cause I'm going away,
I wanna listen to the man,
They call Clifton Chenier.

Feel like a statistic,
Feeling shrink-wrapped too.
It's fun-time baby,
You've been too long in school.
Head down to the place,
Near to Thibodaux,
Let me introduce you to the King of Zydeco.

Move that semi,
Buddy, I'm insane.
It's now or never,
I can't touch the brakes.

Well, it's a stone's throw from the Bayou,
And I can see the sign.
Shining like a beacon,
Right on through the night.
No more airs and graces,
Gotta catch the show.
Let me introduce you to the King of Zydeco.