

# Born On the Bayou (feat. Booker T. & The M.G.'s)

## Creedence Clearwater Revival

Now, when I was just a little boy  
Standing to my Daddy's knee  
My poppa said, "Son, don't let the man get you  
Do what he done to me."  
'Cause he'll get you  
'Cause he'll get you now, now. And I can remember the fourth of July  
Running through the backwood, bare.  
And I can still hear my old hound dog barking  
Chasing down a hoodoo there.  
Chasing down a hoodoo there. Born On The Bayou Born On The Bayou  
Born On The Bayou. Wish I was back on the Bayou.  
Rolling with some Cajun Queen.  
Wishing I were a fast freight train  
Just a choogling on down to New Orleans.  
Born On The Bayou  
Born On The Bayou  
Born On The Bayou.  
Do it, do it, do it, do it.  
Oh, Lord.  
Oh get back boy.  
I can remember the fourth of July  
Running through the blackwood, bare.  
And I can still hear my old hound dog barking  
Chasing down a hoodoo there.  
Chasing down a hoodoo there.  
Born On The Bayou  
Born On The Bayou  
Born On The Bayou.  
All right! Do, do, do, do.  
Mmmmmmm, oh.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>