

Cajun Woman
Fairport Convention

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

F **C**
Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen
G **F** **C** **G**
I donâ€™t believe youâ€™re sinking but look at all the trouble youâ€™ve been

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

F **C**
Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen
G **F** **C** **G**
I donâ€™t believe youâ€™re sinking but look at all the trouble youâ€™ve been

C
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

F **C**
Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a queen
G **F** **C** **G**
I donâ€™t believe youâ€™re sinking but look at all the trouble youâ€™ve been

C
Well itâ€™s welcome to the graveyard and welcome to the throne
Welcome to the orphanage where your family sit and moan
F
Welcome to the liquor store and welcome to the poor
C
Your momma never told you how lucky you are

F Oh Cajun woman, some people still call you a **C** queen

G I donâ€™t believe youâ€™re sinking but look at all the trouble youâ€™ve been **F** **C** **G**

Great song from Fairport Convention s Unhalfbricking album. Written by Richard Thomson and lead vocals by Sandy Denny backed by everyone else except for Iain Matthews who was unfortunately kicked out of the band during this album s recording.