

“Jambalaya” Song Lyrics

Lyrics by Hank Williams

A good-bye Joe, you gotta go, me oh my oh
He gotta go-pole the pirogue down the bayou
His Yvonne the sweetest one, me oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzin'
A kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dressed in style they go hog wild, me oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

**Jambalaya and crawfish pie and filé
gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma cher
a mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the
bayou**

Settle down far from town, get him a pirogue
And he'll catch all the fish in the bayou
Swap his mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou

**Jambalaya and crawfish pie, filé gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma cher
a mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the
bayou**

**Jambalaya and crawfish pie, filé gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma cher
a mio**

**Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the
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**Jambalaya and crawfish pie, filé gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma cher
a mio**

**Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the
bayou**

**Jambalaya and crawfish pie, filé gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma
chera mio**

**Pick a guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the
bayou**

**Jambalaya and crawfish pie, filé gumbo
For tonight, I'ma gonna see my ma cher
a mio**