

Jambalaya (On the Bayou)

by Hank Williams, 7/1952

Chords for Bari Uke inserted two new verses by Lew Toulmin, 11/2020

Strumming Pattern: DUDU

Intro: **[G] [D7] [G] [D7]**

[G] Good-bye Joe, me gotta go, me oh **[D7]** my oh
Me gotta go, pole the pirogue down the **[G]** bayou
My Yvonne, my sweetest one, she's not **[D7]** slow-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[G]** bayou

CHORUS

[G] Jambali, crawfish pie, filé **[D7]** gumbo
'Cause tonight, I'm gonna see my ma cher a **[G]** mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be **[D7]** gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[G]** bayou [2 X at the end]

[G] Thibodaux to Fontaineaux, the place is **[D7]** buzzin'
Kinfolks come to see Yvonne by the **[G]** dozen
Dressed in style, go hog wild, me oh **[D7]** my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[G]** bayou **CHORUS**

[G] Settle down far from town, get a **[D7]** piro[gue]
And I'll catch all the big fish in the **[G]** bayou
Swap my mon to get Yvonne what she **[D7]** needs-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the **[G]** bayou **CHORUS**

[G] Have some time? Buy some thyme and **[D7]** oregano
Have your mon, bring jambon to the **[G]** bayou
Lots of "ya" from my ma, and some **[D7]** chicken
That Jambali, mi oh my, it's **[G]** finger-lickin'! **CHORUS**

[G] We gotta go to Zydeco, mi oh **[D7]** mio
Dance a gigue, make it big, we will **[G]** fly-o
Play 'tit fer and guitar, none will **[D7]** sigh-o
Dance all night, what a sight, on the **[G]** bayou **CHORUS**

Jambalaya Parody Version by "U Guest It"

Age of one: spoke in tongues, truth to tell it
Age of two: He said, "truth: you should sell it"
Age of three – truthfully – walked on fire
That was my start, hand to my heart, I'm no liar

Age of four: I learned more of my purpose
Age of five: led revivals and service
Age of six: I transfixed and inspired
Them early days, I did amaze, I'm no liar

By my teens, I had seen revelations
Was ordained and obtained a congregation
While my peers all were steered to youth choir
I was, I swear, a millionaire -- I'm no liar

Youth was lost to the cross and its service
All the while fixed on my larger purpose
From the church, youthful urges were hidden
(Don't even think of doing things that's forbidden)

Married well: girl was swell and a cutie
Had some kids, so we did do our duty
Make the Word widely heard, feel Him guide me
Try as I might, something ain't right deep inside me

Filled with lust, 'bout to bust, need an outlet
In the lurch: 'Old School' church -- can't be 'out' yet
Feel such pain, dull my brain with a vial
And then a date with a new mate name of Lyle

I'm found out, people shout "What a scandal!"
Think me vile? Walk a mile in my sandals
Rest assured, I'm now cured of desire
That is my tale in full detail, I'm no liar