

# J.J. Cale, Louisiana Women

(J.J. Cale)

Had me a gal in Baton Rouge, called her Lou-easy-ann  
She gave me a little bit of olden dream and a key of marijuana  
She treat me right  
Lord, lord, lord, she treat me right  
She treat me right, lord, lord  
Well, I went on to New Orleans, had myself a ball  
The ladies there, they don't care, they don't care at all  
They treat you right  
Warm, warm, Louisiana night  
Treat you right, lord, lord  
From the gulf of the Mississippi, up to Baton Rouge  
Those Louisiana women, oh lord  
Lord, you just can't lose  
They treat you right  
Treat you right  
They treat you right, lord, lord, lord, lord