

Johnny Cash - Call Of The Wild

Tom: C

Bayou, bayou, bayou, bayou.

Now, here's a little tale about a flock of geese,
lookin' for a home and lookin' for a peace,
but before they're safely in the southern sand

they gotta watch out for that critter called man.

There's a goose and a gander and a goslin' child,
headin' on south at the call of the wild.

Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico.

Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from
the old bayou.

Well, the wind from the north it chills you to the bone,
and the call of the wild is callin' me : come home !

I'll lead my band of geese a marry trip,
we'll navigate that mighty Mississippi'.

Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico.

Way up high, don't fly low, the long toms will get you from
the old bayou.

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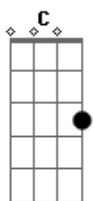
Bayou.
My pappy led this band of twenty-three,
and the second in command included me.
He made one fatal slip and he flew too low,
the long toms got him from the old bayou.

Honk and holler as we go, gonna see the Gulf of Mexico.

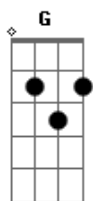
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bayou, bayou, bayou

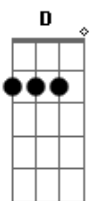
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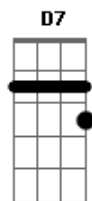
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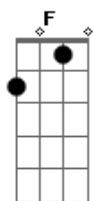
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