

DOWN HOME

Back In The Day Accordians Play The Chanky Chanky Blues
From Deep Inside Her Aqua Eyes I Hear Those Ancient Tunes
Funky Fiddles Recite Riddles Bow The Low Brown Moan
The Poetry's There In Her Auburn Hair Where The Bayou Breeze Has Blown
She Two Steps Zydeco She Waltzes Fais Do Dos
When I Watch Her Walkin' Barefoot Across The Hardwood Floor
Makin' Good With What We Got Now That's The Cajun Creed
Man She Really Cooks It Up And Don't Need No Recipe

Down Home Where Her Back Door Open Up On The Bayou Teche
Down Home Where The One Calls Her Golden Soul For Sunset
Down Home I'll Always Be Where I Belong
If She's Beside Me I'll Be Home • If She's Beside Me I'll Be Home

Back In The Day The Old Folks Say How We Come To The Promised Land
I Can Hold Our History In Her Tender Little Hand
The Way's Been Hard But In The Name Of The Lord We Rejoice & Grieve
In Joy & Pain Her Smile's The Same As The Tears Upon Her Cheek
I Can Hear The Native Tongue What Was Our People's Right
In The Melancholy Melodies She Whispers Through The Night
I Swear It's In The Air I Feel It In The Fog
The Purple Mist That's In Her Kiss Breathes The Mother's Song

Passin' The Torch On The Front Porch Kid's Suckin' Sugar Cane
She Bathes Them Under Boom Boom Skies What Bring Angelic Rain
After Dark I Gently Start Slipping Off Her Magenta Dress
Lead Her Where A Woman & Her Man In The Loving Lights Are Blessed
First Time She Called My Name From The Forgotten Shrine
I Heard The Word From The Other Side
She Took My Heart To Heal Inside Her Secret Space
Raised My Spirit Up In The Fires of her Embrace

Words And Music By Walter Jr.

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