

DOWN AT THE TWIST AND SHOUT

**Saturday night and the moon is out, I wanna head on over to the Twist and Shout,
Find a two-step partner and a Cajun beat. When it lifts me up, I'm gonna find my feet.
Out in the middle of a big dance floor, When I hear that fiddle, wanna beg for more.
Wanna dance to a band from a-Lou'sian' tonight.**

Well, I never have wandered down to New Orleans. Never have drifted down a bayou
stream,
But I heard that music on the radio, And I swore some day I was gonna go,
Down Highway 10 past Lafayette, To Baton Rouge and I won't forget,
To send you a card with my regrets, 'Cos I'm never gonna come back home.

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Instrumental break.

They got a alligator stew and a crawfish pie; A gulf storm blowin' into town tonight.
Living on the delta's quite a show; They got hurricane parties every time it blows.
But here, up north, it's a cold, cold rain, And there ain't no cure for my blues today,
Except when the paper says: "Beau Soleil is coming into town." Baby, let's go down.

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Instrumental break

Bring your mama, bring your papa, bring your sister too: They got lots of music and lots
of room.

When they play you a waltz from a-1910, You're gonna feel a little bit young again.
Well you learned to dance with your rock an' roll, You learned to swing with a do-ces-
do.

But you learn to love at the fais-so-do, When you hear a little Jolie Blond.

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