

Oh Susanna

The Be Good Tanyas

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
I'm goin' to Louisiana my own true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left, the weather was bone dry
And the sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry

Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee

Well, I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I dreamed I saw Susanna comin' down the hill
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, a tear was in her eye
Said I'm comin' from the south, Susanna, don't you cry

Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee

Well, I soon will be in New Orleans and when I do arrive
I'll go and find Susanna if she is still alive
And if I do not find that girl I will surely die
But when I'm buried in my grave, Susanna, don't you cry

Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee