I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind, I'm so lonesome all the time—
Since I left my baby behind on Blue Bayou—

Saving nickels, saving dimes, working 'til the sun don't shine—
Looking forward to happier times on Blue Bayou—

I'm going back some day, come what may to Blue Bayou—
Where you sleep all day and the catfish play on Blue Bayou—
All those fishing boats with their sails a-float, if I could only see—
That familiar sun-rise, thru sleepy eyes, how happy I'd be—

Go to see my baby again, and to be with some of my friends—
Maybe I'd be happier then on Blue Bayou—

I'm going back some day, gonna stay on Blue Bayou—
Where the folks are fine and the world is mine on Blue Bayou—
And that boy/girl of mine, by my side, the silver moon and the evening tide—
Oh, some sweet day, I'm gonna take a way this hurtin' inside—

I'll never be blue my dreams come true on Blue Bayou—yoooooou.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b 3/13/17)