

Louisiana Man

Buck Owens

At first mom and papa called their little boy Ned
They raised him on the banks of the river bed
A houseboat tied to a big tall tree a home for my mama and my p
apa and me
The clock strikes three papa jumps to his feet
Already mama's cookin' papa somethin' to eat
At half past papa he's ready to go he hops in his piro headed d
own the bayou
They got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River
Gonna catch a big fish for us to eat
They said that crops in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can
Gonna make a livin' he's a Louisiana man gonna make a livin' he
's a Louisiana man
Muskart hides a hangin' by the dozen even got a lady make a mus
kart's cousin
Pile of hide dryin' in the hot hot sun tomorrow papa's gonna tu
rn them into mon
They call my mama Rita and my daddy Jack
A little baby brother on the floor that's Mac
Rynn and Lynn are the family twins big brother Ed's on the bayo
u fishin'
On the river float papa's great big boat that's how my papa goe
s into town
Makes every bit of the night and day then ever reach the place
where the people stay
I can hardly wait until tomorrow comes around
That's the day my papa takes his fures to town
Papa promised me that I could go even gonna see a cowboy show
I see the cowboys and Indians for the first time then told my p
appy gotta go again
Papa said son we got the lines to run
We'll come back again that there's work to be done
And they got fishin' lines...