

## 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...