

# Louisiana Man

Connie Smith

At birth 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 Papa and my Mama and me

The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to his feet  
Already mama's cookin' Papa something to eat  
At half past, Papa, he's ready to go  
He jumps in his piro headed down the bayou

He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana river  
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat  
He set the traps in the swamp catchin' anything he can  
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man  
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A muskrat hides a hangin' by the dozen  
Even got a lady make a muskrat's cousin  
Got 'em out dryin' in the hot hot sun  
Tomorrow Papa's gonna turn 'em into mon

They call my Mama Rita and my Daddy's Jack  
A little baby brother on the floor, that's Mac  
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'  
Fram and Malene are the family twins

On the river float Papa's great big boat  
That's for my Papa goes into town  
He takes every bit of the night and day  
To even reach the place where the people stay

I can hardly wait until tomorrow comes around  
That's the day my Papa takes his fire to town  
Papa promised me that I could go even let me see a cowboy show

I saw the cowboys and Indians for the first time  
Then I told my Papa gotta go again  
Papa said hon' we got the lines to run  
We'll come back tomorrow 'cause the work to be done

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Hey