

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
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man

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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Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man
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Hey