

# Louisiana Story

Lucinda Williams

In deep south  
When I was growing up  
Looking back on sweetness  
Looking back on the rough

The sun going down  
Crickets at night  
Amour sounds  
And mosquito bites

Swatting at a fly  
Hearing the neighbors talk  
It's so hot you could fry  
An egg on the sidewalk

Outside playing  
Barefoot in the street  
Tar will be sticking  
To the bottom of my feet

Running and chasing after  
The ice cream wagon  
Mama, can I have a quarter  
So I can get me one

On a good day, Mama'd make us  
Sweet coffee milk  
On bad day's she'd cuss  
When something got spilled

Her daddy taught the Bible  
Lake Charles to Monroe  
Shreveport to Slydell  
Batton Rouge to Tibadeux

He'd chew tobacco  
Spit it out in a can  
All the while hollering  
Don't let the screen door slam

Her daddy's kind  
Didn't spare the rod  
Blinded by the fear  
And the wrath of the Lord

He'd call us sinners  
Say you're going to hell  
Now finish your dinner  
And tell 'em you fell

And when the blood came  
Mama told her  
She was unclean  
And her mama would scold her

Mama always felt  
Christian guilt

And then put to bed  
Under a homemade quilt

God knows it rains  
In Louisiana  
But not enough to wash away  
Sins of the father

God knows Mama  
Loved her daughter  
And they say that blood  
Is thicker than water

Out in deep south  
When I was growing up  
Looking back on the sweetness  
Looking back on the rough