

# Sugar Cane

Mary Gauthier

Mama said, she don't give a damn what those people say  
Cane smoke can't be good for you day after day  
Every year at harvest time when the black smoke filled the sky  
Shed pick me up and take me home and make me stay inside

From Thibodaux to Raceland there's fire in the fields  
All the way up the bayou from Lafourche to Iberville  
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain  
A dirty dark at daybreak burning the sugar cane

Christmas on the bayou, midnight come and gone  
Driving past the sugar mill and all the lights are on  
The parking lot is full of trucks I can see the furnace glow  
Everybody's working overtime, it's a good job, even though

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First came the sugar cane, then came Thibodaux  
Cane sugar built this town, cane sugar paved these roads  
They burn the leaves to harvest cash, money for the company  
Money makes the world go round, money, money, money

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The soot and ash are falling like a dark and deadly snow  
The air is full of poison to the Gulf of Mexico  
Dirty air, dirty laundry dirty money dirty rain