

Gourds, Pine Island Bayou

My poor uncle jimmy turk

He got his house full of water and dirt

In that flood of '94 pine island bayou

Came thru his door

In that flood of '94

That devil rain began t'poor

It swelled the banks of the sabine

Those waters dark and warm and mean

When that bayou began to crest

My uncle jimmy did his best

T'save his family and his home

To this day you can hear him moan