

# Catie Curtis, Sugar Cane

I 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  
Black smoke fills the sky  
Get the kids and bring 'em home  
And make 'em stay inside  
From Thibodeaux to Raceland there's a fire in the fields  
All the way up the bayou from Lafourche to Iberville  
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain  
Dirty dark in morning when they're burning  
Sugar cane  
Christmas on the bayou, midnight come and gone  
Driving by the sugar mills all the lights are on  
Parking lot full of trucks inside the furnace glows  
Everybody's working overtime it's a good job even though  
From Thibodeaux to Raceland there's a fire in the fields  
All the way up the bayou from Lafourche to Iberville  
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain  
Dirty dark in morning when they're burning  
Sugar cane  
First came the sugar cane then came Thibodeaux  
King sugar built this town cane paved these roads  
Burn the leaves, harvest fast that's more for the company  
Nobody even thinks to ask, nobody thinks to scream  
From Thibodeaux to Raceland there's a fire in the fields  
All the way up the bayou from Lafourche to Iberville  
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain  
Dirty dark in morning when they're burning, burning  
Ashes are falling like a dark and deadly snow  
All the way up the bayou and to the gulf of Mexico  
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain  
A dirty deal with the devil and they're burning  
Burning, burning sugar cane