

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