

Connie Smith, Louisiana Man

At first mom and papa called their little boy Ned
They raised him on the banks of the river bed
A houseboat tied to a big tall tree a home for my papa and my mama and me
The clock strikes three papa jumps to his feet
Already mama's cookin' papa something to eat
At half past papa he's ready to go he jumps in his piro headed down the bayou
He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat
He set the crops in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man
A muskart hides a hangin' by the dozen even got a lady make a muskart's cousin
Got 'em out dryin' in the hot hot sun tomorrow papa's gonna turn 'em into mon
[fiddle - steel - fiddle]
They call mama Rita and my daddy's Jack
A little baby brother on the floor that's Mac
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin' Fram and Malene are the family twins
On the river float papa's great big boat that's for my papa goes into town
He takes every bit of the night and day
Then even reach the place where the people stay
I can hardly wait until tomorrow comes around
That's the day my papa takes his fure to town
Papa promised me that I could go even let me see a cowboy show
I saw the cowboys and Indians for the first time then I told my papa gotta go again
Papa said hon we got the lines to run
We'll come back tomorrow cause the work to be done
He's got fishin' lines strung across...
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man