

# 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