

Gourds, Raining In Port Arthur

This afternoon I walked out into a ditch

The crawfish stirred the water

The papermill blew in on the southeastern wind

And it was raining in port arthur

I pulled a dead limb from a fallen pine

The sun was dropping on the lower neches valley

I called the dogs from out of the woods with a hollar

And it was raining in port arthur

That night my daddy drove us to maw maw's

He and mama wanted to be alone

I sat up in that mimosa tree with my brother

And it was raining in port arthur

The refinery's hum and glow from the road

And I listen to the dove as she mourns

I'm standing in the rice fields of beaumont

And it was raining in port arthur