

# Seekers, Louisiana Man

Oh, yeh! Cajun man, do all he can,  
Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana man.  
At birth, Mama 'n' Papa called their little boy Ned;  
Raised him on the banks of the river bed.

A houseboat tied to a big, tall tree,  
A home for my mama and my papa and me.  
The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to his feet;  
Already Mama's cookin' Papa somethin' to eat.  
At half-past, Papa, he's a-ready to go;  
He jumps in his bureau headed down the bayou.

Chorus:

He's got a fishin' line strung across a Louisiana river,  
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat.  
He sets his traps in the swamps, catches anything he can;  
Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana man.  
Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana man.  
Oh, yeh! Cajun man, do all he can,  
Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana man.  
They call Mama Rita and my daddy Jack;  
The little baby brother on the floor is Mack.  
Bryn and Lynn are the family twins,  
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'.  
On the river float Papa's great big boat;  
That's how my papa goes into town  
Takes ev'ry bit of the night and day  
To even reach a place where the people stay.

(Chorus)

I can hardly wait 'til tomorrow comes 'round;  
That's the day my Papa takes his furs to town.  
Papa said, "Son, we got lines to run.  
We come back again, 'cause there's work to be done."

(Chorus)

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Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana man.  
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