

Louisiana Man

Johnny Rivers

First, Mama Papa call a little boy 'Ned'
Raise him on the banks of the riverbed
In a houseboat tied to a big tall tree
Home for my mama and my papa and me

Half-past three, Papa jumps to his feet
Already Mama cooking Papa somethin' to eat
Half-past five, Papa's ready to go
Jumps in his hero, headed down the bayou

Got fishin' lines running 'cross the Louisiana River
Gonna catch a big fish for us to eat
Settin' traps in the swamp, catchin' everything they can
Gonna make a livin', he's a Lousiana man
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Muskrat hides hangin' by the dozen
Even got a little baby muskrat cousin
Got 'em out dryin' in the hot, hot sun
Tomorrow, Papa's gonna turn 'em into money

I can hardly wait until the mornin' comes around
That's the day my Papa taked the furs to town
Last time he told me that I could go
Maybe even catch a cowboy show

Saw cowboys and Indians for the first time then
Told my Papa: Got to come back again
Papa said: Son, we got lines to run
We'll come back again; there's work to be done