

Raining In Port Arthur

The Gourds

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 refinerys 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