

# The River

Bakermat

It's quiet on the river this morning  
Ain't nobody on the water but me  
But the sun is coming on  
And it won't be long  
'Fore there's a little more wake  
Coming in this creek

I put the lines out in the  
Water in the morning  
They'll be loaded by the end of the day  
I put a trap or two in the wolf gut slough  
They'll be full if I'm lucky that way

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The river got outta the banks, sweet darling  
Probably up into the roots by now  
But there ain't no harrassing this ole fish assassin  
I'm gonna get 'em in the boat somehow

We gonna fry a mess of fish in the evening  
Me and whoever else is around  
And that baby of mine might be mad at me but  
Believe me, she'll be coming on down

Coming on down, coming on down, coming on down

Making noise with the alligator boys  
Twenty miles east of Gauttier  
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