He was sitting on a houseboat
Middle of the swamp
Just him and the skeeters
And a cypress stump
Had a gallons of pure moonshine
In the bottom of an airboat
Delivery time

He turned on the engine
Cruised through the swamp
Just a couple minutes
To his first stop
When he rolled up he could tell something wasn't right
'Cause old man Boudreaux always sat out smoking on his pipe
But this time all the lights were off and no one was around
Blue lights and sirens filled the air and he laid that hammer down

And he said, catch me if ya can
I'm 'bout to jump this beaver dam
No I ain't scared of your souped up boat
They can't get to the places I go
By the time you figure out you're stuck
I'm raking in a couple thousand bucks
Saying thank you and going back out for a ride
'Cause it's delivery time

See the sheriff was the shiner
He was a dirty cop
Been running the business
Ten years non stop
So the sheriff got a posse
And a jug of gasoline
Loaded up his boys
And came in quiet though the reeds
In a couple seconds
They Circled his houseboat
And when the flames went up
That ole engine cranked and go
And they heard

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Some people say he burned up
Some say they shot him cold
But brand new jars keep showing up
In tucked away houseboats
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