

BAYOU BOY

Graham Barham

Bayou boys live a little risky
Sneakin' into games with a water bottle whiskey
Yes ma'am smile but a mean left hook
Know a lotta shit you can't learn in a book like

How to kill a cottonmouth with a dull shovel
How to get some sugar round a cane field fire
Red, white and blue but bleeding gold and purple
Where it never rains on a Saturday night

Way down yonder off the Mississippi
There's a little town of 150
Cypress knees sticking outta holy water
Sun's about as hot as the farmer's daughter
Catching crawfish in a ditch off the road
Sunday morning praying in your Mossy Oak
Mardi Gras dancing, catching beads
Hurricane twisted c'est la vie
If you don't know nothin' bout ducks or gators
Two finger waves and see ya laters
Slingin' delta dirt on jacked up toys
You ain't never been down to the Bayou, boy

Bayou boys will buy you a drink
And buy a piece of land where the church bells ring
Take a fanboat flying like it ain't no thing
Where the swamp and the Spanish moss meet

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Let the good times roll, let 'em all roll
Let that Louisiana heat soothe my soul
Let the good times roll, let 'em all roll
Laissez le bon temps rouler, sounds like home

Way down yonder off the Mississippi
There's a little town of 150
Cypress knees sticking out our holy water
Sun's about as hot as the farmer's daughter
Catching crawfish in a ditch off the road
Sunday morning praying in your Mossy Oak
Mardi Gras dancing, catching beads
Hurricane twisted c'est la vie
If you don't know nothin' 'bout ducks or gators
Two finger waves and see ya laters
Slangin' delta dirt on jacked up toys

You ain't never been down to the Bayou, boy

Nah, you never been down to the Bayou, boy
Never been down, never been down
To the Bayou, boy