

# 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 later  
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 later  
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