

## Louisiana Man

The Hollies

At first Mama, Papa called the little boy Ned  
Raised him on the banks of the river-bed  
A houseboat tied to a big tall tree  
A home for my Papa and my Mama and me  
The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to his feet  
Already Mama's cookin' Papa somethin' to eat  
At half past, Papa, he's a-ready to go  
He jumps in his bireau, headin' down the bayou

He's got a fishin' line strung across the Louisiana River  
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat  
He sets his traps catchin' anythin' he can  
Gotta make a livin', he's a Louisiana Man  
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Muskrat hides, hangin' by the dozen  
Even got a lady, makes a muskrat Cousin  
Papa has 'em dryin' in the hot, hot sun  
Tomorrow Papa's gonna turn 'em to mon

Call my Mama Riiita and my Daddy Jack  
Little boy brother on the fioor is Matt  
Green and Lynn are the family twins  
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'  
On the river floats Papa's great big boat  
That's how my papa goes into town  
Takes every bit of the night and day  
To even reachthe place where the people stay

I can hardly wait till tomorrow comes around  
That's the day my Papa takes his furs to town  
Papa promised me that I could go  
He'd even let me see a cowboy show  
I'd seen the cowboys and Indians for the first time then  
Told my Papagotta go again  
Papa said "Son, we got a life to run  
We'd come back again 'cause there's work to be done"

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