

Sugar Cane

Mary Gauthier

Mama said, she don't give a damn what those people say
Cane smoke can't be good for you day after day
Every year at harvest time when the black smoke filled the sky
Shed pick me up and take me home and make me stay inside

From Thibodaux to Raceland there's fire in the fields
All the way up the bayou from Lafourche to Iberville
Dirty air, dirty laundry, dirty money, dirty rain
A dirty dark at daybreak burning the sugar cane

Christmas on the bayou, midnight come and gone
Driving past the sugar mill and all the lights are on
The parking lot is full of trucks I can see the furnace glow
Everybody's working overtime, it's a good job, even though

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First came the sugar cane, then came Thibodaux
Cane sugar built this town, cane sugar paved these roads
They burn the leaves to harvest cash, money for the company
Money makes the world go round, money, money, money

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The soot and ash are falling like a dark and deadly snow
The air is full of poison to the Gulf of Mexico
Dirty air, dirty laundry dirty money dirty rain