

# Alligator Bait

Robert Finley

Down in the Bayou  
Put on your swamp boots baby  
We goin' for a ride  
Down by Black Bayou  
Bring your camera baby, we might, might see an alligator or crocodile  
I remember the first time my Papa took me down Black Bayou  
He'd bought me of hip boots  
Well, we was out there walkin' around across on a log, and uh  
I didn't know anything and uh, I stepped on a log and the log moved  
And I didn't know what to do, so my Grandpa said  
"Boy, you stepped on an Alligator back"  
Lotta kids got ate like that

I didn't know no better, I was just a kid  
But this low down thing that my Grandpa did  
He knew, I knew that he loved me  
He wouldn't want me to get hurt  
But what he did that day was mistake 'cause he used me for Alligator bait

When the gator moved, he shot the gun  
He said "Boy, you did good"  
So confusin', I was just a lad  
But I was old enough to get mad  
I said, "I'm going home and tell my Daddy what you did"  
When I got home, I told my Daddy what happened  
And he just laughed, laughed, laughed  
He said "Boy, the thing Grandpa did to you, when I was a little lad, he did to me too"  
I ain't goin' back in the jungle  
You can't get me back to the swamp  
Far as I'm gonna go, into that oak tree stump  
That's where they scared the gator  
That's where we all sat there and ate her  
And they laughed, they said "We had a whole lot of fun"  
But I'm like, you wouldn'ta had it if I'd known what y'all were doin'  
So, uh, ain't goin' back  
Just thought I'd tell you that

Alligator bait  
Alligator bait  
I coulda' got ate  
They used me for alligator bait  
That's why I don't hunt today  
Somebody shoulda' told me