

# Louisiana Man

[Rick Nelson](#)

At first mom and papa called their little boy Ned  
They raise 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 ready to go  
He jumps in his piro, headed down the bayou  
He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River  
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat  
He's settin' his traps catchin' anything he can  
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man  
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man  
Muskart hides hanging by the dozen  
Even got a little baby muskart's cousin  
Gotta 'em fryin' in the hot, hot sun  
Tomorrow papa's gonna turn them into mon  
They call mama Rita and my daddy Jack  
My little baby brother on the floor that's Mac  
Red and Lynn are the family twins  
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'  
On the river float papa's great big boat  
That's how my papa goes into town  
He takes every bit of the night and day  
Then even reach the place where the people stay  
I can hardly wait till tomorrow comes around  
That's the day my papa takes his fures to town  
Papa promised me that I could go  
Even let me see a cowboy show  
I saw the cowboys and Indians for the first time  
Then I told my papa gotta go again  
Papa said son we got the lines to run  
We'll come back again 'cause there's work to be done  
He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River  
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat  
He's settin' his traps catchin' anything he can  
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man  
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