Louisiana Man

Johnny Cash

Well, at birth mom and papa called their little boy Ned
Raised him on the banks of a river bed
On a houseboat tied to a big tall tree
A home for my papa and my mama and meThe clock strikes three and papa jumps to his feet
Already mama's cooking papa something to eat
At half past, papa he's ready to go
He jumps in his pirogue headed down the bayouHe's got fishing lines strung across the Louisiana Rivers
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat
He's setting traps in the swamp catching anything he can
He's gotta make a living, he's a Louisiana man
Gotta make a living, he's a Louisiana manMy Muskrat hides hanging by the dozens
Even got a lady mink, a muskrat's cousin
Got 'em out drying in the hot, hot sun
Tomorrow papa's gonna turn 'em into moneyWell, they call mama Rita and my daddy Jack
Little baby brother on the floor that's Mack
Bren and Lin are the family twins
And big brother Ed's on the bayou fishingOn the river floats papa's great big boat
And that's how my papa goes into town
Takes him every bit of a night and a day
To even reach a place where the people stayAnd I can hardly wait until 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 showI saw the cowboys and Indians for the first time then
I told my pop I've gotta go again
Well, Papa said, "Son we've got lines to run
We'll come back again but first there's work to be done"He's got fishing lines strung across the Louisiana Rivers
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat
He's setting traps in the swamp catching anything he can
Gotta make a living, he's a Louisiana man
Gotta make a living, he's a Louisiana manGotta make a living, he's a Louisiana man
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