

# 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  
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