Louisiana Man

Charley Pride

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
Headin' crops in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can
Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man
Muskart hides a hangin' by the dozen even got a lady make a muskart's cousin
Pile of hide drying in the hot hot sun tomorrow papa's gonna turn them into mon
[steel]
Well they call mama Rita and my daddy Jack
A little baby brother on the floor that's Mac
Riz and Liz 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 ever reach the place where the people stay
I can hardly wait till tomorrow comes around
That's the day my papa takes his fure 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 there's work to be done
He's got fishin' lines...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/