Crocodile Man (D. Carter)

Chris Smither

Momma raised me on riddles and trances,
fat-back, channel cat, lily-white lies,
all wrapped up in a jim-crack fancy.
I never met Poppa,
I never asked whyPeople said Poppa wasn't no-account anyway,
people said Poppa was a rollin' stone.
I turned twenty on the Wakama thruway,
headed upriver in the dark alone.CHORUS I been sleepin' with a stranger in a no-name town,
Thanksgiving dinner at the Top Hat Lounge,
Christmas Eve at the Fantasy Tan,
Lord have mercy on the Crocodile Man
I hooked up with a carnie,
a little out of Memphis,
slavin' in a side-show,
pennies in a jar,
beetle-eyed jokers, hick-town princes,
rhinestone rubies and rubber cigars.I wrassled me a gator up in Omaha city,
done me another down in New Orleans,
tangled with the barker,
ran off with the kitty,
crawled the Mississippi and I got away cleanUnderneath the levee in a cattail thicket,
down in the shadows of a shady grove,
there's a thatch roof risin' from a poke-fence picket,
white smoke billows from a coal-black stove.
Inside the house is the hall of mirrors,
inside the mirror is the temple of sin,
inside the temple is the face of Momma,
and Momma, she knows where I been.My Momma knows exactly where this bad boy been.CHORUS
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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