Red River

An Angle

I remember campin' all night down by the river's edge
Skinny dippin' in the bright moonlight, divin' off a ledge
Skippin' rocks across the water, fishin' on an old trout line
Gigging frogs till the early mornin', smokin' dried cross vine
Take me back down where the Red River rolls
Send me back to Lou'sianne
Take me back down where the white water flows
To the Cajun promised land
Give me my line and my old pirogue
Get me back as fast as you can
Take me back home where the Red River rolls
Take me back home where the Red River rolls
Floatin' down the river on a patched up inner tube
Eatin' dinner on the ground, made of fresh caught catfish stew
Lay awake at night when I hear a wildcat scream
Tellin' takes around the camp fire light about the girls in our dreams

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