

# 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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Take me back home where the Red River rolls  
Take me back home where the Red River rolls  
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