

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
Giggin' 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

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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' tales around the camp fire light about the girls in our dreams

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