

Hollies

"Louisiana Man"

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At first Mom and Papa called the little boy Ned
raised him on the banks of the riverbed
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 cooking Papa something to eat
At half past Papa he's a-ready to go
He jumps in his bireau heading down the bayou

He's got fishing lines strung across the Louisiana River
gotta catch a big fish for us to eat
He sets his traps catching anything he can
Gotta make a living he's a Louisiana Man
Gotta make a living he's a Louisiana Man

Muskrat hides hangin' by the dozen
Even got a lady makes a muskrat cousin
All the hides drying in the hot hot sun
Tomorrow Papa's gonna turn them into mon

Call Mama Rita and my daddy is Jack
little baby brother on the floor is Matt
Green and Lynn are the family twins
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishing

On the river floats Papa's great big boat
that's how my Papa goes into town
Takes every bit of the night and day
to even reach the place where the people stay

I can hardly wait 'till tomorrow comes around
That's the day my Papa takes his furs to town
Papa promised me that I could go
he'd even let me see a cowboy show

I'd seen the cowboys and Indians for the first time then
Told my Papa gotta go again
Papa said "Son we got a life to run
We'd come back again 'cos there's work to be done"

chorus

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