

Marlene Kuntz

"Sunrise Over Big Muddy"

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You got yer Huckleberry Finn, you got yer crocodile
smile,
Gotcher red beans and rice on yer green radio dial.
You got old Luke the Drifter, like a voice from beyond
In a scene I recreate.
Back in that room on a long afternoon
And a kid of 6 or 8,
I acquired a taste for that deep Southern sound
While them sad old steels whined.
And my mind rolls on like Big Muddy
Back to that slow-moving time.
Well, I never got down to Looziann' till I was 29.
When I fell in love with a Creole girl, she stole this soul
of mine.
With her deep brown eyes and her beautiful breasts
And her lips like rare French wine.
And we drank our fill of the warm night air
While the Cajun fiddles whined.
And watched the sun rise over Big Muddy
Once upon a wonderful time.
No engineer can take me there - it's lost like a beautiful
dream.
But someday I'll be gone, following a song,
Pretty Mama, won't you come along with me?
For if you close yer eyes you can't help but harmonize -
It's as easy as laughter and tears.
On dit que Plus ? a change, toules les choses restent al
meme.
That old river keeps a-rollin' while she's restin' in her
bed,
And the music runs on like Big Muddy through my head
In that lazy old three-quarter time.

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