Connie Smith "Louisiana Man"

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At birth Mom and Papa called their little boy Ned They raised him on the banks of the river bed 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 cookin' Papa something to eat At half past, Papa, he's ready to go He jumps in his piro headed down the bayou

He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana river Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat He set the traps in the swamp catchin' anything he can Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man

A muskart hides a hangin' by the dozen Even got a lady make a muskart's cousin Got 'em out dryin' in the hot hot sun Tomorrow Papa's gonna turn 'em into mon

They call my Mama Rita and my Daddy's Jack A little baby brother on the floor, that's Mac Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin' Fram and Malene are the family twins

On the river float Papa's great big boat That's for my Papa goes into town He takes every bit of the night and day To even reach the place where the people stay

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

I saw the cowboys and Indians for the first time Then I told my Papa gotta go again Papa said hon' we got the lines to run We'll come back tomorrow 'cause the work to be done

He's got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana river

Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat He set the traps in the swamp catchin' anything he can Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man

Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man Gotta make a livin' he's a Louisiana man Hey

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