

The Pozo-Seco Singers "Louisiana Man"

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At first 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 mama and my papa and me.

Well, the clock strikes three, papa jumps to his feet,
Already mama's cookin' papa somethin' to eat.
At a half past, papa, he's ready to go,
He hops in his piro, headed down the bayou.

They got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River,
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat.
Settin' traps in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can,
Tryin' to make a livin' he's a Louisiana man,
Tryin' to make a livin' he's a Louisiana man.

Muskrat hides a hangin' by the dozen,
Even got a lady make a muskart's cousin.
Got a mountain dryin' in the hot, hot sun,
Tomorrow papa's gonna turn them into mon.

Well, they call mama Rita and my daddy's Jack,
A little baby brother on the floor, that's Mac.
Red and Lynn are the family twins,
Big brother Ed on the bayou fishin'.

On the river floats papa's great big boat,
That's how my papa goes into town.
Takes every bit of the night and the day
To even reach the place where the people stay.

I can hardly wait untill tomorrow comes around,
That's the day my papa takes his furs to town.
Papa promised me that I could go,
Even let me see a cowboy show.

I seen the cowboys and Indians for the first time then,
I told my papa, gotta come again.
Papa said, son we got the lines to run,
We'll come back again when the work is all done.

They got fishin' lines strung across the Louisiana River,

Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat.
Settin' traps in the swamp catchin' everythin' he can,
Tryin' to make a livin' he's a Louisiana man,
Tryin' to make a livin' he's a Louisiana man.

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