

Zachary Richard "No French, No More"

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My Papa was a hard working mand,
Held a plow inside a caloused hand.
Up before the sun out on the land.
Try to give us everything he can.

He sent us off to school when a teacher came,
He said, "My boy try hard, do the best you can."
But the teacher we could not understand
Because she only talked "Am?ricain".

Papa couldn't tell us and it didn't make no sense
When the teacher told us we couldn't talk no French
no more.

Things were changing fast it Louisiane,
Cajun can't talk English feel ashamed.
But nowadays, it's getting so you can't
Tell the Cajuns from Am?rcains.

Papa couldn't tell us and it didn't make no sense
When the teacher told us we couldn't talk no French
no more.
Do you hear me calling, do you understand?
Once it is gone, it ain't never coming back no more.

I got me a job just like my Papa planned,
I wear a suit and dirt never touch my hand,
But I still see the look in my Papa's eyes,
The pain and the shame that he just could not hide.

Papa couldn't tell us and it didn't make no sense
When the teacher told us we couldn't talk no French
no more.
Do you hear me calling, do you understand?
Once it is gone, it ain't never coming back no more.
H?, mon cher gar?on,
Est-ce que tu me comprends?

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