

Louisiana Man

Written by Doug Kershaw



^G
At birth, Mama 'n' Papa called their
little boy Ned;
^D
Raised him on the banks of the river
^G
bed.
A houseboat tied to a big, tall tree,
^D
A home for my mama and my papa
^G
and me.

The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to
his feet;
Already Mama's cookin' Papa
^D ^G
somethin' to eat.
^G
At half-past, Papa, he's a-ready to go;
^D
He jumps in his pirogue, headed down
^G - ^{G7}
the bayou.

[CHORUS]

^C
He's got a fishin' line strung across a
Louisiana river,
^G ^C
Gotta catch a big fish for us to eat.
He sets his traps in the swamps, catches
anything he can
^G
Gotta man a livin' he's a Louisiana
^C
man
^G
Gotta make a livin'; he's a Louisiana
^C ^D
man. Whoa-oh

^G
They call mama Rita and my daddy
Jack;
^D
The little baby brother on the floor is
^G
Mack.
Bryn and Lynn are the family twins,
^G ^D ^G
Big brother Ed's on the bayou fishin'.

On the river floats Papa's great big
boat;

^D ^G
That's how my Papa goes into town.
Takes ev'ry bit of the night and day
To even reach a place where the
^D ^G - ^{G7}
people stay.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

^G
Well, I can hardly wait 'til tomorrow
comes 'round;
^D
That's the day my Papa takes his furs to
^G
town.
Papa said, "Son, we got lines to run.
^G
We come back again, 'cause there's
^D ^G - ^{G7}
work to be done."

[REPEAT CHORUS]