

Louisiana Man

Written by Doug Kershaw



^C
At birth, Mama 'n' Papa called their
little boy Ned;
^G
Raised him on the banks of the river
^C
bed.
A houseboat tied to a big, tall tree,
^G
A home for my mama and my papa
^C
and me.
The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to his
feet;
Already Mama's cookin' Papa
^G ^C
somethin' to eat.
^C
At half-past, Papa, he's a-ready to go;
^G
He jumps in his pirogue, headed down
^C - ^{C7}
the bayou.

[CHORUS]

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

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

On the river floats Papa's great big boat;
^G ^C
That's how my Papa goes into town.
Takes ev'ry bit of the night and day
To even reach a place where the
^G ^C - ^{C7}
people stay.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

^C
Well, I can hardly wait 'til tomorrow
comes 'round;
^G
That's the day my Papa takes his furs to
^C
town.
Papa said, "Son, we got lines to run.
^C
We come back again, 'cause there's
^G ^C - ^{C7}
work to be done."

[REPEAT CHORUS - THEN BELOW]

^C ^G ^C
Gotta make livin' he's a Louisiana Man!