

Louisiana Man

Written by Doug Kershaw



^D
At birth, Mama 'n' Papa called their
little boy Ned;
^A
Raised him on the banks of the river
^D
bed.
A houseboat tied to a big, tall tree,
^A
A home for my mama and my papa
^D
and me.
The clock strikes three, Papa jumps to his
feet;
Already Mama's cookin' Papa
^A ^D
somethin' to eat.
^D
At half-past, Papa, he's a-ready to go;
^A
He jumps in his pirogue, headed down
^D - ^{D7}
the bayou.

[CHORUS]

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

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

On the river floats Papa's great big boat;
^A ^D
That's how my Papa goes into town.
Takes ev'ry bit of the night and day
To even reach a place where the
^A ^D - ^{D7}
people stay.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

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

[REPEAT CHORUS, THEN TAG BELOW]

^D ^A ^D - ^{D7}
Gotta make livin he's a Louisiana Man!