

Louisiana Story

Lucinda Williams

In deep south
When I was growing up
Looking back on sweetness
Looking back on the rough

The sun going down
Crickets at night
Amour sounds
And mosquito bites

Swatting at a fly
Hearing the neighbors talk
It's so hot you could fry
An egg on the sidewalk

Outside playing
Barefoot in the street
Tar will be sticking
To the bottom of my feet

Running and chasing after
The ice cream wagon
Mama, can I have a quarter
So I can get me one

On a good day, Mama'd make us
Sweet coffee milk
On bad day's she'd cuss
When something got spilled

Her daddy taught the Bible
Lake Charles to Monroe
Shreveport to Slydell
Batton Rouge to Tibadeux

He'd chew tobacco
Spit it out in a can
All the while hollering
Don't let the screen door slam

Her daddy's kind
Didn't spare the rod
Blinded by the fear
And the wrath of the Lord

He'd call us sinners
Say you're going to hell
Now finish your dinner
And tell 'em you fell

And when the blood came
Mama told her
She was unclean
And her mama would scold her

Mama always felt
Christian guilt

And then put to bed
Under a homemade quilt

God knows it rains
In Louisiana
But not enough to wash away
Sins of the father

God knows Mama
Loved her daughter
And they say that blood
Is thicker than water

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Looking back on the sweetness
Looking back on the rough