

Amos Moses

Yeah, here comes Amos

Now Amos Moses was a Cajun
He lived by his self in the swamp
He hunted alligator for a livin'
He'd just knock 'em in the head with a stump
The Louisiana law gonna get ya, Amos
It ain't legal huntin' alligator down in the swamp, boy

Now everybody blamed his old man
For makin' him mean as a snake
When Amos Moses was a small boy
His daddy would use him for alligator bait
Tie a rope around his waist, throw him in the swamp hahaha
Alligator bait in the Louisiana bayou

(chorus)

About forty-five minutes southeast of Thibodaux, Louisiana
Lived a man called Doc Millsap and his pretty wife Hannah
Well, they raised up a son that could eat up his weight in groceries
Named him after a man of the cloth
Called him Amos Moses, here he comes son, lookout

Now the folks from down south Louisiana
Said Amos was a hell of a man
He could trap the biggest, the meanest alligator
And just use one hand
That's all he got left 'cause the alligator bit it haha
Left arm gone clean up to the elbow

Well now the sheriff got wind that Amos
Was in the swamp trackin' alligator skin
So he snuck in the swamp gonna get the boy
But he never come out again
Well, I wonder where the Louisiana sheriff went to haha
You can sure get lost in the Louisiana bayou haha
Play it son, get 'em Amos
Ah, here he come

(repeat chorus)

Set out on 'em Amos, make it count son

Written by Jerry Reed
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