Amos Moses
by Jerry Reed (1970)

Now Amos Moses was a Cajun. He lived by him-self in the swamp.
He hunted alli-gator for a living. He’d just knock ‘em in the head with a stump.
The Louisiana law’s gonna get you, Amos.

It ain’t legal huntin’ alligator down in the swamp, boy.

Now everyone blamed his old man for making him mean as a snake.
When Amos Moses was a boy his daddy would use him for alligator bait.

Tie a rope around his waist and throw him in the swamp.

Alligator bait in the Louisiana bayou.

Chorus: About forty-five minutes south east of Thibo-deaux, Louisiana
Lived a man called Doc Mil-sap and his pretty wife, Hanna.
They raised up a son who could eat up his weight in groceries

(spoken) Named him after a man of the cloth, called him Amos Moses.
Now the folks around south Louisiana, said Amos was a hell of a man. He could trap the biggest, meanest alligator and he'd just use one hand. That's all he got left cuz the alligator bit it.

Left arm gone clear up to the elbow. Well, the sheriff caught wind that Amos was up in the swamp trading skins. So he snuck in the swamp, gonna get that boy, but he never come out again. Well, I wonder where the Louisiana sheriff went to.

Well you can sure get lost in the Louisiana bayou. Chorus: About forty-five minutes south east of Thibodeaux, Louisiana lived a man called Doc Mil-sap and his pretty wife, Hanna.

They raised up a son who could eat up his weight in groceries (spoken) Named him after a man of the cloth, called him Amos Moses.