

# King of New Orleans

## Better Than Ezra

Got an angel on the stairs  
As if you'd even care  
When the lights are up  
And the sun had nearly gone down. Did you see him on the street?  
Did you pass him at your feet?  
Did you think at all, "How dare they even look me in the eye"? And he loves the girls  
And he loves the boys  
Going to make twenty dollars  
Before the weekends over So set him up  
To let him fall  
Turn him over in your hands  
God save the King of New Orleans  
Got a ticket to a show  
Going to see him take a blow  
When the drunk one said  
"Cat Stevens was the greatest singer!" And did you kick him in the head?  
Did you see the blood run down?  
Did you laugh at all, when the people walked right by and said aloud,  
"Gutter punks are all the same."  
Probably make twenty dollars 'fore the weekends over?" So set him up  
Then let him fall  
Turn him over in your hands  
God save the King of New Orleans  
Set him up  
Then let him fall  
Turn him over in your hands  
God save the King of New Orleans  
Radio in my head  
Radio in that car  
Going down again  
He's going down again Anyway you look  
Anyway you talk it over  
It's easier  
To let it slip out of your mind But it rips your heart out  
Then it kicks your head in  
Just give him one more chance  
Try to see the beauty in his world All the way in on my hands in on my feet and shoulders  
Going to make twenty dollars before the weekends over So set him up  
Then let him fall  
Turn him over in your hands  
God save the King of New Orleans  
Set him up

Then let him fall  
Turn him over in your hands  
God save the King of all New Orleans God save the King of New Orleans.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>