

Hurricane

Laine Hardy

Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream I hear the South wind moan.
The bridges getting lower, shrimp boats coming home.
The old man down in the Quarter, slowly turns his head.
Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle and this is what he said.
I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain.
Underneath the Louisiana Moon.
I don't mind the strain of a hurricane
They come around every June
The High black water, a devil's daughter
She's hard, she's cold, and she's mean
But nobody taught her it takes a lot of water
To wash away New Orleans
Man came down from Chicago, he gonna set that levee right
He says, "It needs to be at least three
feet higher, it won't make it through the night"
The old man down in the Quarter,
He said don't you listen to that boy
The water be down by the morning,
And he'll be back to Illinois
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Underneath the Louisiana Moon
I don't mind the strain of a hurricane
They come around every June
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