

Hurricane

The Band of Heathens

Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream
I hear the south wind moan
The bridges getting lower
Shrimp boats coming homeThe old man down in the Quarter
Slowly turns his head
Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle
And this is what he saidI 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 JuneHigh 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 nightBut 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 IllinoisI was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain
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