

Woody Guthrie "Stackolee"

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The end of the summer, down in New Orleans
Should've called, got caught up in the scene
Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't a damn thing right
Gonna be comin' home but baby, not tonight

The reason I'm stayin' is every thing's swayin'
It feels too good to leave
Pay all the bullshit, send me the receipts
I don't know where I'll be

The bayou's callin', the gypsy's out tonight
French quarter lamps are burnin', lamps are burning
bright
Now I'm the kind of man, that will throw caution to the
wind, all night long
I'll be here 'til the end, the caravan awaits me in a place
within my mind
Wish you could be here, I guess another time, oh
another time

Woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pushin', and huggin', and pushin', and tuggin'
And woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pissin' and moanin', and jerkin' me off
I said, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Oh, ain't life grand

Oh woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the drinkin', and takin', and fakin' it all
I said, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the touchin', and feelin', and bumpin', and squealin'

Now woo, hoo, oh yeah, ain't life grand
All the kickin', and screamin', all the lyin', and cheatin'
Now, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Ain't life grand, ain't life grand

Ain't it grand baby? Ain't life grand baby?
Ain't life grand mama? Sweet daddy grand
Mama grand, brother grand, woman grand
Papa grand, granny grand, baby grand
Oh, I need a damn gram

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