

Benjy Davis Project

"Louisiana Saturday Night"

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[Verse 1:]

I remember being young.
Hell I think i still am.
I was sittin steady chillin on the tailgate
Sippin on a day old pint of that Tennessee bam-she-
bam.
That's the last thing I recall.
Hell I heard I had a ball.
I was sittin sorta crooked stable staring at the stars,
Overwhelmed at how many cars are parked at bars.
Will this liquor make me sicker than we already are?
Is this my calling?
Am I falling?
Is this what I need?

[Chorus:]

It goes boom lights come flashing through the window
pane.
Lift my arms throw my spirit in the pouring rain.
Should I start runnin'.
I must be runnin out of time.
What am I doing on this Louisiana Saturday Night?

[Verse 2:]

Can i get a cigarette?
Fuma-Fuma pass it over I ain't got a lighter
What I do is use the stova-stova.
Take another shower.
Wipe it over rover chofer comin in a half an hour
Through the back seat ain't called shotgun.
Driver sittin crooked in the driver seat.
Good God! Am I gonna die?
Just another picture missing from the newspaper.
See you later.
Turn the funky radio up.
Turn that radio up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm bored talkin bout the night
Cuz we all know Louisiana sets it up right

With the band playin front stage
Never made the front page
Livin off a dollar
In the hopes I get a good wage.
Shout out! Everybody clap.
For the fine little girl in the second row back.
With the blonde hair, mini-skirt
Nice legs, tight shirt,
Sippin off a beer like a true baton rouge should act.

[Chorus]

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