

## **Blue Dogs**

# **"Monday Mountain Momma"**

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Monday morning waiting on a freight train  
I can hear that whistle blowing  
My old lady tried to stop me  
But I told her I had somewhere to go  
Engine forty nine she took me down the line  
Back to New Orleans where the women taste like wine

Sweet song singin New Orleans lady  
Dancing on the barroom floor  
She makes living so easy  
I ain't got to work my days any more

Engine forty nine she took me down the line  
Back to New Orleans where the women taste like wine

Poker playing and gypsies  
Go together like the bird in the sky  
One is always drinking whiskey  
Neither stays in one place till the day that they die  
Engine forty nine she took me down the line  
Back to New Orleans where the women taste like wine

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