

Be-Bop Deluxe

"Lakes Of Pontchartrain"

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It was on one fine March morning
I bid New Orleans adieu.
And I was on the road to Jackson town,
My fortune to renew,
I cursed all foreign money,
No credit could I gain,
Which filled my heart with longing for
The lakes of Pontchartrain.

I sat on board a railway car,
Beneath the morning sun,
And I road the roads till evening,
And I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me,
Till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,
My money here's no good,
But if it weren't for the alligators,
I would sleep out in the woods".
"You're welcome here kind stranger,
Our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out,
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mamma's house,
And treated me right well,
The hair upon her shoulder
In jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty,
I'm sure it would be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her would she'd marry me,
She said it could never be,
For she had got another,
And he was of at sea.
She said that she would wait for him

And faithful she would remain.
Waiting for her sailor,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare you well my Bonny ol girl,
I never will see you no more,
I wont forget your kindness
In the cottage by the shore.
At every social gathering
A flowing glass I'll raise,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

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