

## Essex Green "New Orleans"

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Baby pack your things in a pickup truck  
We're getting out of this town  
There's too many people saying too many things  
Too many things to get around

I met a young man down in New Orleans  
Where the sky is blue and the trees are green  
He told me bout a shack by the riverside  
With a welcome mat outside

Where the whiskey flows and moonlight glows  
Breezes blow through the cotton groves  
And the sand squishes out from between your toes  
Think that's where I want to go

And the millions call to me  
And the millions call to me

Don't sell your house down in New Orleans  
There's a fortune in gold down there  
Spend a little time in the winter sun  
We have but a second to spare

You say you've had enough of the life you know  
Take you to a place where the time moves slow  
Where the sand squishes out from between your toes  
Think that's where I want to go

And the millions call to me  
And the millions call to me

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