

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

"Gumbo Moon"

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Take me south of Buffalo
My feet are freezing cold
Take me south of Buffalo
My feet are freezing cold
New Orleans is calling me
Calling to my very soul
Take me down to the river
Build me a raft of twig and twine
Take me down to the river
Build me a raft of twig and twine
I'll float down that old river
'Til I taste that dandelion wine
River bring me swiftly
River run me smooth
Carry me over the mountains
'Til I'm under that gumbo moon
There's a brass band playing
I can hear them sweet and fine
There's a brass band playing
I can hear them sweet and fine
I will not stop my floating till

I cross that Louisiana line

River bring me swiftly

River run me smooth

Carry me over the mountains

'Til I'm under that gumbo moon

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