

Harry Connick, Jr. "Take Her To The Mardi Gras"

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Hart Corey
Young Man Running
Don't Take Me To The Racetrack
Oh yea
Oh yea
Oh no, no
Your mother told me that you
Don't live at home no more
Your mother told me that she don't like
The way I call you on the telephone
The old lady cursed the day that I was born
You never answer when I come by your door
Yet, leave me messages I cannot ignore
For a light dance, we took some heave steps my dear
You wear my trench coat in the rain and disappear
Does the forecast say?

Don't take me to the racetrack
Cause I don't want to place or show-ow
Don't take me to the racetrack
I'm not the jockey you think you know-ow
So, don't take me to the racetrack (to the racetrack)

You left a note for me to wait in the park
Two weeks have passed the leaves turn gray and dark
I'm confused at all the things you've said
There's no wall big enough for me to crash my head
You're too romantic and so foolish she equipped
Every love story will have it's own script
Something strange at work with one's integrity
The way we bleed our hearts and hang on hopelessly
And the forecast says?

Don't take me to the racetrack
Cause I don't want to place or show-ow
Don't take me to the racetrack
I'm not the jockey you think you know-ow
So, don't take me to the racetrack, oh yeah

Don't take me to the racetrack, (racetrack, racetrack)
Oh
Don't you take me to the racetrack, (racetrack,

racetrack)
Here we go

Don't take me to the racetrack
I'm not the jockey you think you know
Don't take me to the racetrack
I know there's trouble down below
Don't take me to the racetrack
Mmm
To the racetrack
Don't take me to the race
Don't take me to the racetrack
Oh yea.

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