

## **Carpenter Mary-Chapin "Houston"**

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Mama's got her babies  
Sleeping in a grocery cart  
Daddy's eyes are hazy  
Wondering where they are  
Waiting for the buses  
Waiting on some Providence  
Once we get to Houston  
Maybe it will all make sense

Praying to the Father  
And calling for the cavalry  
Look at all this water  
And somehow not a drop to drink  
Now did you ever hear of nightmares  
Coming in the light of day  
Once we get to Houston  
Maybe they'll just wash away  
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City  
Les Bon Temps New Orleans  
Never coming back to stay

Never been to Texas  
Hope this bus is on a tear  
Never seen the President  
Maybe he will meet us there  
Never knew a promise  
That didn't break right in two  
Once we get to Houston  
Maybe one will come true  
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City  
Les Bon Temps New Orleans  
Never coming back to you

Last night I dreamed of rain  
But golden light was all I saw  
I heard my old dog barking  
I went to see the Mardi Gras  
I stood up on the banks  
And looked out over Pontchartrain  
I woke up here in Houston  
Didn't even know my name  
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City

Les Bon Temps New Orleans  
Never coming back again  
Roll on Mississippi, Goodby Crescent City

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