

Luba Dvorak

"Napoleon's Land"

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On the shores of the Mississippi
They drink their whisky neat
The winds are pickin up in the strange summer heat
In the smokey bars
On the cobblestones
Ans on the dirty street
The gypsy fortune tellers
They can all feel the heat

Bang your drum slowly boys
Bring out the band
March down St Louis Street
And make your last stand
Tell the pallbearers
That we'll need a hand
The waters are rising

On Napoleon's Land

Scenes of segregation are ringing like a bell
Flooding televisions
From the bayou to Washington
Help out thy neighbour
Like you good book say
They bring out the guns
To keep them in line instead

Fire your guns boys
Right in the air
Let the bullets fall where they may
Nothing is gonna wash away you beautiful dirt
So fire your last salut

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