

## Mary Black

### "Houston"

Visit "[Houston](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Mama's got her baby sleeping in a grocery cart  
Daddy 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, calling for the cavalry  
Look at all this water, 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, le 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 lead us  
there[Houston lyrics on ]  
And I 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, le 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, went to see Mardi Gras  
And I stood out up 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, le bon  
temps New Orleans  
Never coming back again  
Roll on Mississippi, Goodbye Crescent City

