

Tragically Hip "New Orleans Is Sinking"

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Alright

Bourbon blues on the street
Loose and complete under skies so smokey blue green
I can't forsake a dixie dead-shake
So we danced the sidewalk clean

My memory is muddy, what's this river that I'm in?
New Orleans is sinking man and I don't wanna swim

Colonel Tom, what's wrong? what's going on?
Can tie yourself up for a deal
He said, "Hey north you're south, shut you big mouth
You gotta do what you feel is real"

Ain't got no picture postcards, ain't got no souvenirs
My baby, she don't know me when I'm thinking bout
those years
Pale as a light bulb hanging on a wire
Sucking up to someone just to stoke the fire
Picking out the highlights of the scenery
Saw a little cloud that looked a little like me

I had my hands in the river, my feet back up on the
banks
Looked up to the Lord above and said, "Hey, man
thanks"
Sometimes I feel so good, I gotta scream
She said, "Gordie baby, I know exactly what you mean"
She said, she said, I swear to God she said

Oh no, no yeah

My memory is muddy, what's this river that I'm in?
New Orleans is sinking man and I don't wanna swim,
swim

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