

Leon Everett "Hurricane"

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Thirty miles out in the Gulf Stream
I could hear those South winds moan
The bridges are lookin' lower
Shrimp boats hurryin' home

The old man down in the quarter
Slowly turned his head
Took another sip of whiskey
Then he looked at me and said

Chorus:

Well I was born in the rain by Lake Ponchartrain
Underneath the Louisiana Moon
Don't mind the strain of a hurricane
She comes around every June
High black water, she's the devil's daughter
She's hard and she's cold, and she's mean
But nobody's taught her that it takes a lot of water
To wash away New Orleans

A man came down from Chicago
Gonna set that levee right
He said it's got to be three feet higher
Or it won't make it through the night

The old man down in the quarter
Said don't you listen to that boy
The water'll down by mornin', son
He'll be on his way to Illinois

Well I was born in the rain by the Ponchartrain
Underneath the Louisiana Moon
Don't mind the strain of a hurricane
She comes around every June
High black water, she's the devil's daughter
She's hard and she's cold, and she's mean
But we've finally taught her that it takes a lot of water
To wash away New Orleans

Chorus

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