

The Benjy Davis Project

"New Orleans"

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It's trailer parks and swamps, canoes and cypress
stumps
About an hour east of Baton Rouge
We all anticipate the taste of "Hand Grenades"
And the sounds of Bourbon Street late afternoons
No one knows what's gonna make this different
Than the last time we decided we should go.
Only one thing seems to be consistent
That would be the fact that we don't know

I've got a pocket full of money and a fake ID
Never met the owner but he looks like me
More dumb bouncers than a basketball team
Oh, I love drinking and I love New Orleans

It smells like 50 years of cigarettes and beer
But no one seems to let that get 'em down
So let it all hang out
Cause that's what it's all about
You're invited to a party all year round

No one knows what makes this city different
Than any other town you'll ever find
Where every problem seems a little distant
So pack a bag but leave your shit behind

I've got a pocket full of money and a fake ID
Never met the owner but he looks like me
More drunk women than a boy's wet dream
Oh, I love women and I love New Orleans

I've got a pocket full of money and a fake ID
Never met the owner but he looks like me
But don't beat around the bush, if you know what I
mean
'Cause I trust women, but not on Bourbon Street

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