stackolee (with sonny terry)

Woody Guthrie

The end of the summer, down in New Orleans
Should've called, got caught up in the scene
Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't a damn thing right
Gonna be comin' home but baby, not tonightThe reason I'm stayin' is every thing's swayin'
It feels too good to leave
Pay all the bullshit, send me the receipts
I don't know where I'll beThe bayou's callin', the gypsy's out tonight
French quarter lamps are burnin', lamps are burning bright
Now I'm the kind of man, that will throw caution to the wind, all night long
I'll be here 'til the end, the caravan awaits me in a place within my mind
Wish you could be here, I guess another time, oh another timeWoo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pushin', and huggin', and pushin', and tuggin'
And woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pissin' and moanin', and jerkin' me off
I said, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Oh, ain't life grandOh woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the drinkin', and takin', and fakin' it all
I said, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the touchin', and feelin', and bumpin', and squealin'Now woo, hoo, oh yeah, ain't life grand
All the kickin', and screamin', all the lyin', and cheatin'
Now, woo, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Ain't life grand, ain't life grandAin't it grand baby? Ain't life grand baby?
Ain't life grand mama? Sweet daddy grand
Mama grand, brother grand, woman grand
Papa grand, granny grand, baby grand
Oh, I need a damn gram

Songwriters
Woody GuthriePublished by
WOODY GUTHRIE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/