

# Houston

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

Mama's got a baby sleeping in a grocery cart  
Daddy's 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 and calling for the cavalry  
Look at all this water and 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 temp 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  
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 temp 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 up on 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 temp New Orleans, never coming back again  
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City

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