

New Orleans Is a Dying Whore

Down

The 1800's, before the inception
Of modern day ideals
Fake grip of appeals Straight to the street run, no barroom virgin
Double vision, cocaine
To a whorehouse of pain New Orleans is a dying whore
Naked she sleeps on my floor
New Orleans is a dying whore The spreading highway
To the underwater staircase
Leading up to a black room, to live there you're a fool Mob world politics, so broke it can't fix
Trapped in a time zone
There's no place like home New Orleans is a dying whore
If you're not seen break down the door
New Orleans is a dying whore New Orleans is a dying whore
Stripped down and beat to the floor
New Orleans is a dying whore
Blood covered, stuck to my floor

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