St. Roch Blues

Hurray for the Riff Raff

There must be somewhere in this whole world
There must be somewhere in this whole world
Cause I keep on trying, I keep on trying,
I keep on trying, I keep on trying!Uh, boy, it's a fly from the young man's hands
He pull a dime, no one understands
And I keep on crying, I keep on crying
I keep on crying, I keep on crying.
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uhBaby, please don't go
Down to New Orleans!
Cause you don't now
The things that I've seen!
Them bullets are flying,
Bullets are flying
Bullets are flying
Bullets are flying
Uh, got the St. Roch Blues
Down my soul
I've seen so many
Of my good friends go
And it won't be long,
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
Till I go!
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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