

King Of New Orleans

Better Than Ezra

Got an Angel on the stairs
As if you'd even care
When the lights are up
And the sun had nearly gone down
Did you see him on the street?
Did you pass him at your feet?
Did you think at all?
How dare they even look me in the eye?
And he loves the girls
And he loves the boys
Gonna make
Twenty dollars 'fore the weekend's over
So set him up
Then let him fall
Turn him over in your hands
God save the King of New Orleans
Got a ticket to a show
Did you see him take a blow?
When the drunk one said
"Cat Stevens was the greatest singer"
Did you kick him in the head?
Did you see the blood run down?
Did you laugh at all
When the people walked right by and said aloud?
Gutter punks
You're all the same
Gonna make
Twenty dollars 'fore the weekend's over
So set him up
Then let him fall
Turn him over in your hands
God save the King of New Orleans
Set him up
Let him fall
Turn him over in your hands
God save the King of New Orleans
Radio in my head
Radio in my car
Goin' down again

He's goin' down again
Any way you look
Any way you talk it over
It's easier
To let it slip out of your mind
But it rips your heart out
Then it kicks your head in
Would you give him one more chance?
Try and see the beauty in his world
All the way in on my hands
In on my feet and shoulders
Gonna make
Twenty dollars 'fore the weekends over
So set him up
Then let him fall
Turn him over in your hands
God save the King of New Orleans
Set him up
Then let him fall
Turn him over in your hands
God save the King of New Orleans
Yeah

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