

504

Old 97's

I was playing every Monday on Burgundy in some shitty little bar
I was working on a novel called 'New Orleans Ain't No City', it's a Scar
The heroine does heroin, the hero wears his hair just like The King
He says, "It ain't my job to sweet talk you, my job's just to sing" I was loved once by a woman
She don't love me anymore, 504, 504
And I won't never know no woman like the one
I'd known before 504, 504, and she don't love me anymore Well, the hero wears a hair-net
From the outset he drinks Jax beer from a can
He says, "There's something 'bout this city always gets me
I'm a sentimental man" Well the heroine plays violin
And reads her Elmore Leonard everyday
She's the one that finds the body
He's the one that gets away I was loved once by a woman
She don't love me anymore, 504, 504
And I won't never know no woman like the one
I'd known before 504, 504, and she don't love me anymore I was loved once by a woman
She don't love me anymore, 504, 504
And I won't never know no woman like the one
I'd known before 504, 504
You know she had me singing Gospel out in the kitchen
On the floor 504, 504, and she don't love me anymore No she don't love me anymore
No she don't love me anymore, 504

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