

New Orleans Is Sinking

The Tragically Hip

Bourbon blues on the street, loose and complete
Under skies all smoky blue-green
I can't forsake a Dixie dead-shake
So we danced the sidewalk clean
My memory is muddy. what's this river that I'm in?
New Orleans is sinking man, and I don't wanna swim

Colonel Tom, what's wrong? what's going on?
You can't tie yourself up for a deal
He said "hey north you're south shut your big mouth,
You gotta do what you feel is real"
Ain't got no picture postcards, ain't got no souvenirs
My baby, she don't know me when I'm thinking 'bout those years

Pale as a light bulb hanging on a wire
Sucking up to someone just to stoke the fire
Picking out the highlights of the scenery
Saw a little cloud that looked a little like me

I had my hands in the river
My feet back up on the banks
Looked up to the Lord above
And said "hey man thanks"
Sometimes I feel so good I gotta scream
She said Gordie baby I know exactly what you mean
She said, she said, I swear to God she said...

My memory is muddy. what's this river that I'm in?
New Orleans is sinking man and I don't wanna swim

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written by BAKER, ROBERT / DOWNIE, GORDON / FAY, JOHNNY / LANGLOIS, PAUL / SINCLAIR,
GORDON

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