

# New Orleans Wins the War

## Randy Newman

Don't remember much about my baby days,  
But I been told  
We used to live on Willow near the Garden District  
Next to the Sugar Bowl  
Momma used to wheel me past an ice cream wagon  
One side for White and one side for Colored  
I remember trash cans floatin' down Canal Street  
It rained every day one summer  
Momma used to take me to Audubon Park  
Show me the ways of the world  
She said, "here comes a white boy, there goes a black one,  
that one's an octroon  
This little cookie here's a macaroon, that big round thing's  
a red balloon  
And the paper down here's called the Picayune  
And here's a New Orleans tune" In 1948 my Daddy came to the city  
Told the people that they'd won the war  
Maybe they'd heard it, maybe not  
Probably they'd heard it and just forgot  
'Cause they built him a platform there in Jackson Square  
And the people came to hear him from everywhere  
They started to party and they partied some more  
'Cause New Orleans had won the war  
(We knew we'd do it, we done whipped the Yankees) Daddy said, "I'm gonna get this boy out of this place  
Bound to sap his strength  
People have fun here, and I think that they should  
But nobody from here every come to no good  
They're gonna pickle him in brandy and tell him he's saved  
Then throw fireworks all 'round his grave" So he took us down to the airport, and flew us back to L.A.  
That was the end of my baby days  
Blue blue morning, blue blue day  
All your bad dreams drift away  
It's a blue blue morning, of a blue blue day  
Lose those bad dreams  
Those gray clouds above you, what you want them around  
with you for?  
You got someone to love you  
Who could ask for more?  
It's a blue blue morning, of a blue blue day

All your bad dreams drift away

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