

# Baton Rouge

## Dr. Manhattan

When I think of you, Baton Rouge  
I think of a Mariachi band  
I think of sixteen and a crisp green football field  
I think of a girl, I never had  
When I think of you, Baton Rouge  
I think of a back seat in a car  
Windows are foggy and so are we  
As the police asked for our I. D.  
So helpless, so helpless  
Ooh, ooh, so helpless  
Ooh, so helpless  
Ooh, so helpless  
So helpless  
Well, I once had a car, lost it in a divorce  
The judge was a woman of course  
She said, "Give her the car and the house and your taste  
Or else I set the trial date"  
So now when I think of you, Baton Rouge  
And the deep southern belles with their touch  
I wonder where love ends and hate starts to blush  
In the fields in the swamps in the rush  
In the terra-cotta cobwebs of your mind  
When did you start seein', me as a spider spinning web?  
Of malicious intent and you as poor, poor me  
At the fire at the joint, this disinterred and broken mount  
In the bedroom in the house where we were unmarried  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless  
When was I the villain in your heart  
Putting the brake on your start  
You slapped my face and cried and screamed  
That's what marriage came to mean  
The bitterest ending of a dream  
You wanted children and I did not  
Was that what it was all about?  
You might get a laugh when you hear me shout

You might get a laugh when you hear me shout  
I wish I had  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless  
So helpless  
Sometimes when I think of Baton Rouge  
I see us with two and a half strapping sons  
One and a half flushed daughters preparing to marry  
And two fat grandsons I can barely carry  
Daddy, uncle, family gathered there for grace  
A dog in a barbecue pit goes up in space  
The dream recedes in the morning with a bad aftertaste  
And I'm back in the big city worn from the race of the chase  
What a waste  
So thanks for the card the announcement of child  
And I must say you and Sam look great  
Your daughter's gleaming in that  
White wedding dress with pride  
Sad to say, "I could never bring that to you that wide smile"  
So I try not to think of Baton Rouge  
Or of a, of a, of a Mariachi band  
Or of sixteen and a crisp green football field  
And the girl, and the girl I never had  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless  
So helpless, so helpless  
So helpless

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