Vieux Carre

Black Oak Arkansas

I'm down on Bourbon Street again,
down in that quarter of sin,
standin' on a corner where I used to stand,
down by Charlie Weaver, that old hot dog man.
When you're singin' and a playin' one year seems like ten.(Chorus)
But I'm down, down, down in Vieux Carre again,
street people never go to Pat's.
We never zip as hurricanes, no.I'm down on Bourbon Street again,
I'm back to see all my old friends,
on the corner cuttin' that Dixieland.
King Creole is one who seldom found,
oh and Papa Joe's is one place that Ive never been.But I'm down, down, down in Vieux Carre again,
we never sip on Hurricanes, no.(Repeat 1st verse)But I'm down, down, down in Vieux Carre again.

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