

Maria McKee, This Property Is Condemned

Twenty-seventh wagon full of cotton
Was parked outside my chicken shack door
I kept my crib covered up in satin
In case my baby came around for more
Now I feel, Daddy, somethin's not the same
'Cause there's weeds, and there's rust
And the roof won't hold the rain

Chorus:

I remember better days
Lace in every window
And roses 'round the gate
Now they've chased away all my friends
And they've locked me out
And hung a sign on the fence
That says this property is condemned

Take me down to the Viex Carre
Where a little girl can get a bed or a bit
If you should see me
Coughin' round the corner
Won't you mix in a little sugar
With my tonic tonight
I can feel like I'm part of the parade
'Cause I feel like there's bourbon
Slappin' around in my veins
I remember better days...

I got a new tiara, Daddy
Take me to the Mardi Gras
Buy me cotton candy, dress me up in flowers
Let me be your "baby doll";
We can ditch that social worker
In and out the swingin' doors on Tchoupitoulas Street
You may call me jailbait
But I ain't too little to take the heat
I can feel phantoms blowin' through my brain
And I feel, like I need someone to make 'em go away
I remember better days...