

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Houston

Mama's got her babies
Sleeping in a grocery cart
Daddy's eyes are hazy
Wondering where they are
Waiting for the buses
Waiting on some Providence
Once we get to Houston
Maybe it will all make sense

Praying to the Father
And calling for the cavalry
Look at all this water
And somehow not a drop to drink
Now did you ever hear of nightmares
Coming in the light of day
Once we get to Houston
Maybe they'll just wash away
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Les Bon Temps New Orleans
Never coming back to stay

Never been to Texas
Hope this bus is on a tear
Never seen the President
Maybe he will meet us there
Never knew a promise
That didn't break right in two
Once we get to Houston
Maybe one will come true
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Les Bon Temps New Orleans
Never coming back to you

Last night I dreamed of rain
But golden light was all I saw
I heard my old dog barking
I went to see the Mardi Gras
I stood up on the banks
And looked out over Pontchartrain
I woke up here in Houston
Didn't even know my name
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Les Bon Temps New Orleans
Never coming back again
Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City