

# Ana's Mitchell, Out Of Pawn

Hey uncle Louie, I wrote you a song  
I'm glad you got your heart out of pawn  
I'm glad you got your king out of check  
At least that's how things stood when I saw you last  
It was New Orleans, before the flood  
You had just met a girl, you were falling in love  
She lived on the levee and knew the blues  
And played harmonica better than you  
In a neighborhood bar in the middle of summer  
Shoulder-to-shoulder, setting like sister and brother  
All of the sorrows you told each other  
Rose like smoke from the room  
The heat and the bourbon was in your head  
You were talking in tongues, you were back from the dead  
And the girl and the city were one and the same  
And last call never came

And I can see you swimming out into the street  
I can hear you singing, "When I die, don't cry for me"  
Hey uncle Louie, the city is spinning  
She sure is pretty, you sure are grinning  
She's leading you home from the heat of the bar  
To lie on the levee and look at the stars  
You can hold her hand, you can kiss her face  
Go slow if you can 'cause the world is a very sad place  
And when she leaves, she'll leave no trace  
And the world will still be there  
The sky is colored in purple and yellow  
You lie on the levee with stones for pillows  
And you and the girl and the city make love  
With the harlequin sky up above