

# Better Than Ezra, King Of New Orleans

There's an angel on the stairs  
(as if you'd even care)  
When the lights go up,  
and the sun has nearly gone down.  
Did you see him on the street?  
Did you pass him at your feet?  
Did you think aloud, "how dare they  
even look me in the eye?"  
And he loves the girls.  
And he loves the boys.  
Going to make twenty dollars  
before the weekends over.  
So set him up,  
Let him fall.  
Turn him over in your hands.  
God save the King of New Orleans.  
Got a ticket to a show.  
Going to see him take a blow.  
When the drunk one said,  
"Cat Sssstevens was the greatest singer!"  
And did you kick him in the head?  
Did you see the blood run down? Did you laugh at all when the  
people walked right by and said aloud,  
"You gutter punks are all the same.  
"Probably make twenty dollars 'fore the weekends over."?  
So set him up,  
Then let him fall.  
Turn him over in your hands.  
God save the King of New Orleans.  
Radio in my head.  
Radio in that car.  
Going down again,  
he's going down again....  
Anyway you look, anyway you talk it over.  
It's easier to let it slip out of your mind.  
But it rips your heart out.  
Then it kicks your head in.  
Just give him one more chance,  
try to see the beauty in his world.  
All the way in on my hands, in on my feet,  
and shoulders. Going to make twenty dollars  
before the weekends over.  
So set him up,  
Then let him fall.  
Turn him over in your hands.  
God save the King of New Orleans.  
God save the King of New Orleans.