

Down, New Orleans Is A Dying Whore

The eighteen hundreds, before the inception
Of modern day ideals, fake grip of appeals,
Straight to the street run, no bar room virgin,
Double vision cocaine, to a whore house of pain
(Think deep within ourselves, things haven't changed so much)

New Orleans is a dying whore
Naked she sleeps on my floor
New Orleans is a dying whore

The spreading highway, the underwater staircase
Leading up to a black room, to leave there you're a fool
Mob world politics, so broke it can't fix,
Trapped in a time zone, there's no place like home
(If it ain't broke don't try and fix it, oh but there can be an exception)

New Orleans is a dying whore
With your love she breaks down my door
New Orleans is a dying whore

(Relax)

New Orleans is a dying whore
Stripped down and beat to the floor

New Orleans is a dying whore
Blood covered, stuck to my floor