

J.J. Cale, Thirteen Days

(J.J. Cale)

Thirteen days on a gig down south
We've got enough dope to keep us all happy
We've got two girls dancing the pick of the crowd
Sound man to mix us, make us sound loud
Sometimes we make money, sometimes we don't know
Thirteen days with life to go
Birmingham and Mobile not to Baton Rouge
Smoking cigarettes and reefer, drinking coffee and booze
See the sun come up in Georgia, go down in New Orleans
Never get to know a woman, except to get in her jeans
Sometimes we make money, sometimes we don't know
Thirteen days with life to go
Migrant Worker is the name of this band
When we come to your town, come see us if you can
Well, we been to California, we been to New York
Some think we're good, others they don't
Sometimes we make money, sometimes I don't know
Thirteen days with life to go