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