

Randy Newman, New Orleans Wins The War

Don't remember much about my baby days,
But I've been told
We used to live on Willow in the Garden District
Next to the sugar bowl
Momma used to wheel me past an ice cream wagon
One side for white and one side for colored
I remember the trash cans floatin' down Canal Street
It rained every day one summer
Momma used to take me to Audubon Park
Show me the ways of the world
She said, "here comes a white boy, there goes a black one,
that one's an octaroon
This little cookie here's a macaroon, that big round
thing's a red balloon
And the paper down here's called the picayune
And here's a New Orleans tune"
In 1948 my Daddy came to the city
Told the people they'd won the war
Maybe they'd heard about it, maybe not
Probably they'd heard about it and just forgot
'Cause they built him a platform in Jackson Square
And the people came to hear him from everywhere
They started to party and partied some more
'Cause New Orleans had won the war
(We knew we'd do it, we done whip those yankees)
Daddy said, "I'm gonna get this boy out of this place
Bound to sap his strength
People have fun here, and I think that they should
But nobody from here ever come to no good
They're gonna pickle him in brandy and tell him he's saved
Then throw fireworks all 'round his grave"
So he took us to the airport and flew us back to L.A.
That was the end of my baby days
Blue blue morning, blue blue day
All your bad dreams drift away
It's a blue blue morning, of a blue blue day
Lose those bad dreams
Those gray clouds above you,
what you want them around with you for?
You got someone to love you
Who could ask for more?
It's a blue blue morning, of a blue blue day
All your bad dreams drift away