

Scatterbrain, Grandma's House Of Babes

Way down in Louisiana close to New Orleans,
I was raised among the evergreens.
In a titty-bar made of earth and wood,
It was my grandma's, it was good.

She never ever learned to read or write so well,
But she could run a bar like ringing a bell.
And all kinds of people came from miles around,
To see the girls dancing when the sun went down.
Yeah all the girls, grandma and me,
Were one big happy family.
A neon sign had her name in lights,
It said, "GRANDMA'S HOUSE OF BABES TONITE!"

Over the river and through the woods to Grandma's
House of Babes,
She had the goods out in the woods.
Grandma's House OF Babes-not just nice.
Grandma's House OF Babes-it's paradise.
Grandma's House OF Babes-House Of Babes

Aunts Bunny, Bambi, Honey, Candi and the rest,
Are just memories now, but oh so sweet,
Those days were the best.

When I got older I woved away,
I finally went back just the other day,
Now I regret I hadn't gone before,
'Cause the House of Babes-it ain't no more.
Gram got old-senile, now it's Grandma's House of
Reptiles.
A tourist trap off the interstate,
It's a Gator Zoo, she sells live bait.

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Grandma's House OF Babes-you know you can't go home
again
Grandma's House OF Babes-'cause now is now, and that
was then
Grandma's House OF Babes-baby