

Tangerine Dream, Lake Of Pontchartrain

It was on one bright March morning
I bid New Orleans adieu.
And I took the road to Jackson town,
my fortune to renew,
I cursed all foreign money,
no credit could I gain,
Which filled my heart with longing for
the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car,
beneath the morning sun,
I road the roads till evening,
and I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me,
till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,
by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,
my money here's no good,
But if it weren't for the alligators,
I'd sleep out in the wood"
"You're welcome here kind stranger,
our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out,
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house,
and treated me quite well,
The hair upon her shoulder
in jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty,
I'm sure it would be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me,
she said it could never be,
For she had got another,
and he was far at sea.
She said that she would wait for him
and true she would remain.
Till he returned for his Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my Creole girl,
I never will see you no more,
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness
in the cottage by the shore.
And at each social gathering
a flowing glass I'll raise,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.