

# The Be Good Tanyas, The Lakes Of Pontchartrain

It was on one bright March morning when I bid New Orleans adieu  
And I took the road to Jackson town, my fortunes to renew  
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain  
Which filled my heart with longin' for the Lakes of Pontchartain.

I sat on board a railway car beneath the morning sun  
And I rode the rails 'til evening and I laid me down again  
All strangers here no friends to me 'til a dark girl towards me came  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl from the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

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

She took me to her mama's house and she treated me quite well  
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell  
To try to paint her beauty I'm sure t'would be in vain  
So handsome was my Creole girl from the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she'd said it never would be  
For she had got another and he was off at sea  
She said that she would wait for him and faithful would remain  
'Til he returned to his Creole girl from the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fair thee well my bonny old lass I may never see you no more  
But I won't forget your kindness in that cottage by the shore  
And at every social gathering a golden glass I'll drain  
And I'll drink all health to the Creole girl from the Lakes of Pontchartrain.