

## Bourbon Street Blues

Gilby Clarke

This poorboy was searching for an easy way out  
He stole some poison from the voodoo house  
Locked up in his bedroom 'cause he felt so ashamed  
He couldn't take away his pain

He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car  
He's got the Bourbon Street Blues  
He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car  
He's got the poorboy blues

A Bourbon Street whore was his lover that night  
He couldn't make love to his wife  
Now he's the victim of her pleasure curse  
She burned the bed they slept in

He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car  
He's got the Bourbon Street Blues  
He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car  
He's got the poorboy blues

May you never die till' I kill you  
May you never live as long as I stand on your grave