

Take Her to the Mardi Gras

Harry Connick, Jr.

Why you
Goin' to the bayou
She don't wanna be by you
If you gonna waste the day
Give her
The Mississippi River
The Mississippi River
And the voodoo in the vieux carre

She'll fret
Walkin' on the banquette
Walkin' on the banquette
Is too refined for her

Her feet
Need to meet Canal Street
And only on Canal Street
Can she dance
She's always been partial

To a great grand marshall
She'll sing a capella
To dance with the man
With that fine umbrella

She's bored
Sittin' in the third ward
Sittin' in the third ward

Is much too slow
Meet her
In a club on St. Peter
And she'll be a little sweeter
Just go ahead and treat her
You'll be so in awe
Take her to the Mardi Gras

Play that thing!
Play like you live!
Take it to the street!
Oh yeah, baby!

Fancy
Dinner plans will make he antsy
Anyone who knows her can see
That's not her thing
She'll eat
Okra, turkey necks and pigs feet
Okra, turkey necks and pigs feet
And a spicy chicken wing

You'll say They say
When you see a lady who'll say You can see them in the treme
Come on laissez bon temps rouler And if she could just see them play
She's quite a catch It would be the very best day
Step right up That she ever saw
You don't have to put a fight up Take her to the Mardi

All you need to do is light up Take her to the Mardi
You've met your match Take her to the Mardi
Take her to the Mardi Gras
She'll be in her garters
When she walks down Chartres
Nothing could elate her
Greater than a plat eof
Alligator down Decatur

Her brand
Of a good time is a brass band
Which is very middle class and
Not there for show