

# 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