

# Bourbon Street

Little River Band

I've been out on the road,  
Haven't saved one red cent,  
The landlord, he don't rock'n roll,  
All he wants is the rent,  
Gonna have to bury my axe,  
And not sing when \*\*\*  
Gimme a Bourbon drink and these hubnail blues.

Burnham and I  
Were pretty good pals,  
Nothing that I mind,  
But I'd rather be with a coupla gals,  
This ole' heart a killin' time,  
When you ain't even got a dime,  
It's so hard to win when you've lost all you have to loose.

Guess I'll move on down on Bourbon Street,  
And have me a full course dixy drink,  
Drinking wine in the moonlight,  
'neath the cycamore tree,  
Gonna shuffle the limbs loose,  
You got voodoo bee,  
Guess I'll move on down on Bourbon Street,  
Come on babe, won't you come down with me?

Feels no base, And like they used to be,  
I'm this flash changin' player,  
There ain't no room 'nough for me,  
I wanna go where the music's playin',  
Cause that's the only way I remain sane,  
New Orleans, give me that southern feel,  
New Orleans, give me that southern feel.

Guess I'll move on down on Bourbon Street,  
And have me a full course dixy drink,  
Drinking wine in the moonlight,  
'neath the cycamore tree,  
I'm gonna gonna shuffle the limbs loose,  
Do that voodoo bee,  
Guess I'll move on down on Bourbon Street, hey,  
I said "come on babe, won't you come down with me?"

Ah, I can tell you,  
Shake him up a bit  
There he goes