

This Property Is Condemned

Maria McKee

27th wagon, full of cotton
Was parked outside my chicken shack door
I kept my crib covered up in satin
In case my baby came around for more

Now I feel, Daddy, somethin's not the same
'Cause there's weeds and there's rust
And the roof won't hold the rain

I remember better days
Lace in every window and roses 'round the gate
Now they've chased away all my friends
And they've locked me out and hung a sign on the fence
And it says, "This property is condemned"

Take me down the Vieux Carre
Where a little girl can get a bed or a bite
If you should see me coughin' 'round the corner
Won't you mix a little sugar with my tonic tonight?

I can feel like I'm part of the parade
'Cause I feel like there's bourbon
Slappin' around in my veins

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I got a new tiara, Daddy, take me to the Mardi Gras
Buy me cotton candy, dress me up in flowers
Let me be your baby doll, we can ditch that social worker
In and out the swinging doors on Tchoupitoulas Street
You may call me jail bait but I ain't too little to take the he
at

I can feel phantoms blowin' through my brain
And I feel like I need someone to make 'em go away, oh

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