

# New Orleans Is Sinking

The Tragically Hip

All right

Bourbon blues on the street, loose and complete  
Under skies all smoky blue green  
I can't forsake a dixie dead shake  
So we danced the sidewalk clean

My memory is muddy, what's this river that I'm in?  
New Orleans is sinking, man, and I don't want to swim

Colonel Tom, what's wrong? What's going on?  
You can't tie yourself up for a deal  
He said, Hey, north, you're south, shut your big mouth  
You gotta do what you feel is real

Ain't got no picture postcards, ain't got no souvenirs  
My baby she don't know me when I'm thinking bout those years

Pale as a light bulb hanging on a wire  
Sucking up to someone just to stoke the fire  
Picking out the highlights of the scenery  
Saw a little cloud that looked a little like me

I had my hands in the river, my feet back up on the banks  
Looked up to the lord above and said, Hey, man, thanks

Sometimes I feel so good I got to scream  
She said, Gordie, baby, I know exactly what you mean  
She said, she said, I swear to god she said

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Swim