

# Lake Pontchartrain

Ludo

I'll tell it like it happened, it was Darius and Noland and me  
just a few po' boys trying to get up out of Missouri.  
Took 55 Louisiana, stopped by the highway to eat  
They both had crawfish, strictly chicken for me  
Back out under thunderheads, the radio was Southern soul.  
They interrupted Clarence Carter with a strange-ass local show.  
They were sayin':

"Come down to Lake Pontchartrain  
Rest your soul and feed your brain  
That's where you will get to see everything the water can be."

The rain was comin' down, the wind was howlin' outside of Slidell  
It was the kinda night that makes you think the whole world's goin' to hell  
We got off on an exit 'cause we couldn't read the map so great  
Near the Choctaw Motel, we parked to deliberate  
when out of the bayou came a man like the lake had a tounge.  
He was right up on the glass, all yellow-  
eyed, black teeth, bangin' on the windshield  
screamin' like a demon at the top of his lungs:

"Come down to Lake Pontchartrain  
Rest your soul and feed your brain  
Free for you and all your friends, crawfish 'til the bitter end.  
Come down to Lake Pontchartrain  
Wade to where the shallows break  
That's where you will get to see everything the water can be."

I was drivin' outta there as fast as a Camry could  
but the interstate was flooded and I had to take the road through the woods.  
Bad move in retrospect, the road disappeared in the rain  
and I stood on the break when I saw the sign:  
"Lake Pontchartrain..."  
Darius was yelling that he saw somebody out in the swells.  
He jumped out runnin' and Noland was goin' as well.  
"Come back!" Why the hell would they leave the car?  
And that's when I heard it - make no mistake -  
the voices were calling them from under the lake:

"Come down to Lake Pontchartrain...  
Come down to Lake Pontchartrain...  
Come down to Lake Pontchartrain...  
Come down to Lake Pontchartrain..."

The crawfish were screaming, the waves danced in time  
My friends went in deeper, the water, it climbed  
I watched in terror, the lake opened wide  
and horribly roaring, it pulled them inside.  
That's how it happened, why would I lie?  
There were no bodies, I've got none to hide.  
I'm just a boy, lost his friends in the rain  
Any more questions, just go and ask Lake Pontchartrain.