

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