Kelly was a blackjack dealer living on the Gulf of Mexico Kelly had a taste for guns and pills; he was looking for a mark to roll Sarah was a Kappa from Tulane; she was looking for a little cha nge of pace When a cop pulled 'em over on the interstate, Kelly blew that c ar away (I heard him singin') [Chorus:] Gulf breeze, on the porch, me and my honey rockin' back and for Ridin' up again with my kin and friends, underneath the yellow moon Sweet dream, New Orleans, Mississippi River running over me Pretty mama come and take me by the hand Don't mock what you don't understand It's a southern thing (it's a southern thing) Now when they held up the bank in Mobile, they finally made it on the evening news She's a Georgia peach, never within reach; he's a felon from Ba ton Rouge I heard Robert Johnson playing on the steel guitar in the heat of the Delta sun Kelly drove 'em back up to Memphis to finish what the king had once begun (come on and sing it now:) [Chorus] (come on baby, now Come on baby now It's a southern thing) If we ever get out of here I want you to promise me you'll go Down to the Gulf and swim Deep in the sea And you'll think of me The way you used to sing that silly song to me: Sing: "M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-humpback-humpback" Get a little closer

"M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter-humpback-humpback"

Get a little closer!

[Chorus]