

It's hard in St. Bernard there's tears in Algiers
If you're calling for New Orleans
There's nobody here
So fix yourself a drink
Pack your things and go
Last one out turn off the lights and board up the doors
I want to go home whatever it takes
I want to go home when the levee breaks
I want to go home where the streets have holes
I want to go home where the good times roll
The Ninth Ward's disappeared the Treme's overflowed
It's Dante's Inferno
In the Superdome
The inhumanity of this insanity
Could have been prevented
Oh so easily
My heart is heavy feet everywhere it seems
This time even fats ain't walking back to New Orleans
I want to go home whatever it takes
I want to go home when the levee breaks
I want to go home where the streets have holes
I want to go home where the good times roll
The world is gonna pay 'cause we'll be everywhere
There'll be dancing in your streets
Music in your air
But when that water starts to fall you won't see us around
Unles you're buying drinks for us in our home town
I want to go home whatever it takes
I want to go home when the levee breaks
I want to go home where the streets have holes
I want to go home where the good times roll