

Calling The Children Home

Little Feat

Uptown, the other side of canal
The funky butt hall down on liberty street
All day long it was the criminal morgue
Where dead street boys take a load off ther feet

When the sun goes doen buddy bolden plays the blues
Room full of sin, buckets of booze
How that horn could travel on a hot southern night
He was calling the children home all right
He was calling the children home

Bury me down in new orleans
So I can spend eternity above ground
You can flood this town
But you can't shut the party down
Ain't no drownin' the spirit
We callin' the children home

Yeah that spasm band side show down in Jefferson Square
The band wagon battles ain't goin' no where
Storyville girls tellin' tales in the night
How they bought all the bulls with a song

Cocaine Lil, sweet miss thing
At the hotel y'all ring ding ding
Poundin' the ivory's down at mahogany hall
They was callin' the children home
Oh yeah, they was callin' the children home

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Was it the paddle wheels of commerce make you move the president
Or the insiders and outlaws sellin' snake oil from the tent
A fresh breath of honesty would sure be heaven sent
But politics is politics, the business is the rent

Downtown people take to the streets
They checkin' the sounds, they lookin' to eat
Britsens manales just a trolly away
You can tease your palate any time night or day

There was the night at tips, when the fess hit the keys
Like a bomb goin' off, brought you down to your knees
Ernie K. Doe - Bobby Marchand -
Eddie Bo, don't forget Dr. John
They callin' the children home

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