

Houston

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Mama's got a baby sleeping in a grocery cart
Daddy's eyes are hazy wondering where they are
Waiting for the buses, waiting on some providence
Once we get to Houston, maybe it will all make sense

Praying to the Father and calling for the cavalry
Look at all this water and somehow not a drop to drink
Now did you ever hear of nightmares coming in the light of day?
Once we get to Houston, maybe they'll just wash away

Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Le bon temp New Orleans, never coming back to stay

Never been to Texas, hope this bus is on a tear
Never seen the President, maybe he will lead us there
And I never knew a promise that didn't break right in two
Once we get to Houston, maybe one will come true

Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Le bon temp New Orleans, never coming back to you

Last night I dreamed of rain but golden light was all I saw
I heard my old dog barking, went to see Mardi Gras
And I stood up on the banks and looked out over Pontchartrain
I woke up here in Houston, didn't even know my name

Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City
Le bon temp New Orleans, never coming back again

Roll on Mississippi, goodbye Crescent City