

Mama Lou

Rita Coolidge

Night time often finds me
At B-Street and third
At a tavern, better known, as Eddie and Flo's Golden Bird
Where an old gold-tooth lady, with a big bamboo fan
Plays piano
Sings with an old Cajun Band

Sing the blues, blues
Wear out your shoes, Mama Lou, Mama Lou
In the Bayou they named you, the hard-life has stained you
A good man won't claim you, sing the blues, Mama Lou

The midnight hours
At the Old Golden Bird
Mama Lou sings the blues, like a prophet, who's lived every word
Smothered in blue light, and lost in her rhyme
Mama Lou, Mama Lou
She'll sing you the blues for a dime

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Sing the blues, Mama Lou, Mama Lou
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Sing the blues, Sing the blues, Mama Lou, Mama Lou