

# Alligator Pie

## Dave Matthews Band

Floatin' in the lower nine  
Waitin' for a boat to throw me a line  
See my Stella smile  
Sittin' on a roof eatin' alligator pie  
First day the water rise  
Second day the sun is high  
Third day Stella cries  
'Cause night time's dark as a dead man's eyes Lord  
Tell me when help is gonna come  
Stella said Daddy, when you gonna put me in a song?  
Storm went right on by  
Thanked the Lord everybody's alright  
Don't mean to throw off a second line  
But the Devil broke the levee and left us here to die Stella said Daddy, when you gonna put me  
in a song? Like a dance hall to get y'all down  
Like a dance hall to get y'all down  
Like a dance hall to get y'all down All the things we know and everything we hope for  
All the things we wanted  
Everything that was sure  
Now there is a scar where the old men used to be  
The corner store and market where Stella used to sing to me  
Grace is all I'm asking  
When will Grace return?  
Grace is all I'm asking  
Remember how it feels  
Lazy days in the summertime  
Then my Stella smiled  
Stella said Daddy, when you gonna put me in a song? Tell me, Lord, when help is gonna come  
She said Daddy, when you gonna put me in a song?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>