

# Hurricane

Laine Hardy

Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream I hear the South wind moan.  
The bridges getting lower, shrimp boats coming home.  
The old man down in the Quarter, slowly turns his head.  
Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle and this is what he said.  
I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain.  
Underneath the Louisiana Moon.  
I don't mind the strain of a hurricane  
They come around every June  
The High black water, a devil's daughter  
She's hard, she's cold, and she's mean  
But nobody taught her it takes a lot of water  
To wash away New Orleans  
Man came down from Chicago, he gonna set that levee right  
He says, "It needs to be at least three  
feet higher, it won't make it through the night"  
The old man down in the Quarter,  
He said don't you listen to that boy  
The water be down by the morning,  
And he'll be back to Illinois  
I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain  
Underneath the Louisiana Moon  
I don't mind the strain of a hurricane  
They come around every June  
The High black water, the devil's daughter  
She's hard, she's cold, and she's mean  
But nobody taught her it takes a lot of water  
To wash away New Orleans  
Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream, I can hear the South wind moan  
The Bridges getting lower, shrimp boats coming home  
The old man down in the Quarter, slowly turns his head  
Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle and this is what he said  
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