

"Midnight in The Quarter"

by Jeff Newell

Fell asleep in Memphis,
Woke up in New Orleans.
How the smell of barbecue
Has changed to rice and
beans.

Taxi to the Quarter,
Shacked up in some cheap
motel.
The scents, some are from
heaven
And others seem from hell.

The sound of a lonely trumpet
Plays by the river's edge.
Some colored paper confetti
Decorates my ledge.

The second line stopped
playing,
The floats are stored away.
It's midnight in the Quarter
On another Mardi Gras day.

The sun has set on Rampart
Street,
St. Charles is under the
moon,
A child falls asleep tonight
Clutching to a gold doubloon

The streetcar's bell ain't
ringing
Balloons hang from the rail
The tourists have all gone
home
The rest are all in jail.

The locals seeking refuge
Have fled the Big Easy.
All that's left is measured
in tons,
You can see it on TV.

The second line stopped
playing,
The floats are stored away.
It's midnight in the Quarter
On another Mardi Gras day.

Looking down on Bourbon,
On another Mardi Gras
day.
The Cajuns and the
Creoles
'Laissez les bon temps
rouler.'

The lights are dark on
Canal Street
Rex and Zulu are tucked
in bed.
The catfish and the
crawdads
Swim inside my head.

Down in Pat O'Brien's
bar
The pianos sound no
tune.
The fountain of fire and
water
Will be extinguished
soon.

The second line stopped
playing,
The floats are stored
away.
It's midnight in the
Quarter
On another Mardi Gras
day.

Memories of parade day,
Caught some trinkets and
toys
A king cake will be
breakfast
For many girls and boys.

Me I like the café,
Powdered sugar on
beignets.
Coffee spiked with
chicory
Is sure to start your
day.

I'll head there in the
morning,
When the sun is all I
see.

Where I can enjoy some
peaceful time
By the banks of the
Mississippi.

The second line stopped
playing,
The floats are stored
away.
It's midnight in the
Quarter
On another Mardi Gras
day.

The second line stopped
playing,
The floats are stored
away.
Next year I'll be here
once again
For another Mardi Gras
day.