

## GOODBYE, LA.

*words & music by Sven-Erik Seaholm*

Feel the wind  
Blowing through the sweet magnolia  
Scattered, torn and brown  
Stranded here like castaways  
With water all around  
No one's looking down

What we gonna do?  
What we gonna do?

Friends and all  
Floating down like maskers  
In a Marti Gras parade  
Watching all our precious objects  
Slowly drift away  
Nothing more to say

And nothing more to do

Goodbye, Louisiana  
So long, Pontchartrain  
I'm all about the sunshine here  
But not much for the rain  
*Laissez les bons temps rouler*  
With the hurricanes and beads  
Trying to hold my head up high  
With the water at my knees

All down Canal  
Gumbo ya-ya, helicopters  
Everything must go  
Waist-high waters stop no shoppers  
When prices get this low  
How low can you go?

Are you taking what you need?

(Chorus)

From Thibodaux to Tchoupitoulas  
Storyville to here  
The avenues are overflowing  
With anger, greed and fear

So goodbye, 'uisiana  
Farewell, Pontchartrain  
I'm all about the sunshine here  
But I'm not much for the rain