**Hurricane by Band Of Heathens**

*Verse 1:* 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  
  
***Chorus:* 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**  
**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**  
*Verse 2:* 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"  
  
But 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  
  
***Chorus:* 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**  
**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**

*Verse 3:* Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream  
I hear the South wind moan  
Bridges getting lower  
Shrimp boats coming home  
  
The old man down in the Quarter  
Slowly turns his head  
Takes a drink from his whiskey bottle  
And this is what he said  
  
**Chorus: I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain  
Underneath the Louisiana Moon  
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