

## Hot Summer Nights

Hot summer nights in New Orleans  
That's the answer to a poor boys dreams  
Pitchin' pennies in the alleyway  
That's how the kids in the city play

Papa's choppin' wood in the backyard shed  
He works all night just to keep us fed  
He's sometimes drunk, but he makes ends meet  
He works in a bar on Bourbon Street

Way down here when it's supper time  
Mama cooks so good it's an outright crime  
Way down here when it's supper time  
We eat corn grits and we drink swamp wine

It don't happen much, but when I get down  
I love to roam in the French part of town  
And when I hear the sound of that sassy brass  
I gotta go and get me a shot of that jazz

All of the great ones started here  
They'd play all night and drink pints of beer  
Some of them died, but they never got old  
And what they played, man they called Swamp Soul

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