

no name

By Invader_Mira

Submitted: December 10, 2005

Updated: December 10, 2005

a song my freind wrote about the events in New Orleans...it was a school assignment but it turned out really well, so posted it

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Invader_Mira/24542/no-name

Chapter 1 - no name

2

1 - no name

This is a song my friend Oliver wrote about New Orleans...in case u didn't read the description.....hes a really good writer and I like this a lot, so comment, plz? I didn't give it a title cuz I have no right to...not my song.

Down along the levee, a shack with a red door
I play with the rats, spinning on the floor
Mom is out again, looking for some food
Don't know where she is, out somewhere in the wood
I pray to God tonight, could I have a little more?

Chorus:

The rain started down
The water began to rise
No more solid ground
No one hears our cries
Maybe these are dues
You pay to sing the blues
Just one more boy who's poor
Beyond his red door

The rain started early, maybe just a leak
The water started rising, the walls started to creak
People yelling, the rush of water, I start to scream
No one hears me, God is this a dream?
I think not, they didn't find me for a week.

Down along the ranch, a mansion with a red door
George plays with his cronies, not thinking of the poor
Publicity shots and a few good-natured winks
All drowned not with water but with top shelf drinks
I pray to God tonight, could I have a little more?

Chorus:

The rain started down
The water began to rise
No more solid ground
No one hears our cries
Maybe these are dues
You pay to sing the blues
Just one more boy who's poor
Beyond his red door

The rains died down, I survived some way
Momma floated by about 3 o'clock today
I pray for dry food and water - seems to be no rush
Everyone is too busy with a visit from Mister Bush