

Bourbon Street Blues

Gilby Clarke

This poorboy was searching for an easy way out
He stole some poison from the voodoo house
Locked up in his bedroom 'cause he felt so ashamed
He couldn't take away his pain

He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car
He's got the Bourbon Street Blues
He's just a slave to his heart, a broken down car
He's got the poorboy blues

A Bourbon Street whore was his lover that night
He couldn't make love to his wife
Now he's the victim of her pleasure curse
She burned the bed they slept in

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May you never die till' I kill you
May you never live as long as I stand on your grave