

Gumbo Moon

Grace Potter

Take me south of Buffalo
My feet are freezing cold
Take me south of Buffalo
My feet are freezing cold
New Orleans is calling me
Calling to my very soul

Take me down to the river
Build me a raft of twig and twine
Take me down to the river
Build me a raft of twig and twine
I'll float down that old river
'Til I taste that dandelion wine

River bring me swiftly
River run me smooth
Carry me over the mountains
'Til I'm under that gumbo moon

There's a brass band playing
I can hear them sweet and fine
There's a brass band playing
I can hear them sweet and fine
I will not stop my floating till
I cross that Louisiana line

River bring me swiftly
River run me smooth
Carry me over the mountains
'Til I'm under that gumbo moon