

# This Property Is Condemned

Maria McKee

27th wagon, full of cotton  
Was parked outside my chicken shack door  
I kept my crib covered up in satin  
In case my baby came around for more

Now I feel, Daddy, somethin's not the same  
'Cause there's weeds and there's rust  
And the roof won't hold the rain

I remember better days  
Lace in every window and roses 'round the gate  
Now they've chased away all my friends  
And they've locked me out and hung a sign on the fence  
And it says, "This property is condemned"

Take me down the Vieux Carre  
Where a little girl can get a bed or a bite  
If you should see me coughin' 'round the corner  
Won't you mix a little sugar with my tonic tonight?

I can feel like I'm part of the parade  
'Cause I feel like there's bourbon  
Slappin' around in my veins

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I got a new tiara, Daddy, take me to the Mardi Gras  
Buy me cotton candy, dress me up in flowers  
Let me be your baby doll, we can ditch that social worker  
In and out the swinging doors on Tchoupitoulas Street  
You may call me jail bait but I ain't too little to take the he  
at

I can feel phantoms blowin' through my brain  
And I feel like I need someone to make 'em go away, oh

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