

## Dat Greazy Thang

I took a trip down south to ease my troubled mind.  
I found a little roadside diner, nestled beneath the pines.  
She looked up at me real slowly as the screen door slammed behind my back.  
Yanky boy, whatcha doin up in here?  
You done come from the other side of the tracks.  
I said, baby don't make your mind up just on what you see.  
A Cajun soul ain't color blind, what's there more for me to be?

Hey now baby. Whatcha gonna do with that greazy thang?  
Hey now baby. Make it funky like the Orleans do.

Rain fell down through the magnolias as I sang a soulful song  
About healing, love and compassion and how we all should just get along.  
She took a short trip down the table with a sway and a shake I ain't seen before.  
Set the poor boy down real softly and went to bolt the door.  
She said, baby I made my mind up, caution to the wind,  
Southern hospitality, I'll show you what it means to me.

Hey now baby. Whatcha gonna do with that greazy thang?  
Hey now baby. Make it funky like the Orleans do.

Sun set low in the bayou as I felt the earth move and the stars aligned.  
In the moonlight I could see clearly the note she left behind.  
It said baby now where the hell were you as the levies broke that fateful day?  
**Has a been help** and the water kept rising, you and your kind looked the other way.  
And while your right there looking for who and what to blame,  
the colored thinks on empty streets, the town will never be the same.

Hey now baby. Whatcha gonna do with that greazy thang?  
Hey now baby. Make it funky like the Orleans do.

David Richardson

Lead Vocal: Lenny Lopez

Vocals and Horn arrangements by David Richardson

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