

## Hurricane

### The Band of Heathens

[Intro] Ñ...2

**Am C D Am**

[Verse]

**C D Am**  
Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream, I hear the south wind moan  
**C D Am**  
The bridge is gettin lower, all the shrimp boats comin home  
**C D Am**  
The old man down in the Quarter, slowly turns his head  
**C D Am**  
Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle, and, this is what he said

[Chorus 1]

**C**  
I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain  
**D Am**  
Underneath the Louisiana moon  
**C**  
I don t mind the strain of a hurricane  
**D E**  
They come around every June  
**Am C**  
The high black water, a devil s daughter  
**D Am**  
She s hard, she s cold, and she s mean  
**C**  
But, nobody taught her, it takes a lot of water  
**D Am**  
To wash away New Orleans

[Verse]

**C D Am**  
A man came down from Chicago, gonna set that levee right  
**C**  
He said, it needs to be at least a-three feet higher  
**D Am**  
Won t make it through the night  
**C D Am**  
But, the old man down in the Quarter, said, don t you listen to that boy  
**C D Am**  
The water be down by the mornin , and he ll be back to Illinois

[Chorus 1]

**C**  
I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain  
**D Am**

Underneath the Louisiana moon

**C**

I don t mind the strain of a hurricane

**D**

**E**

They come around every June

**Am**

**C**

The high black water, a devil s daughter

**D**

**Am**

She s hard, she s cold, and she s mean

**C**

But, nobody taught her, it takes a lot of water

**D**

**Am**

To wash away New Orleans

[Solo]

**Am C D Am Am C D E Am C D Am Am G D Am**

[Verse]

**C**

**D**

**Am**

Thirty miles on the Gulf Stream, I hear the south wind moan

**C**

**D**

**Am**

The bridge is gettin lower, all the shrimp boats comin home

**C**

**D**

**Am**

The old man down in the Quarter, slowly turns his head

**C**

**D**

**Am**

Takes a sip from his whiskey bottle, and, this is what he said

[Chorus 2]

N.C.

I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain

Underneath the Louisiana moon

I don t mind the strain of a hurricane

They come around every June

**Am**

**C**

The high black water, a devil s daughter

**D**

**Am**

She s hard, she s cold, and she s mean

**C**

But, nobody taught her, it takes a lot of water

**D**

**Am**

To wash away New Orleans

[Chorus 3]

**C**

I was born in the rain on the Pontchartrain

**D**

**Am**

Underneath the Louisiana moon

**C**

I don t mind the strain of a hurricane

**D**

**E**

They come around every June

**Am**

**C**

The high black water, a devil s daughter

**D**

**Am**

She s hard, she s cold, and she s mean

**C**

But, nobody taught her, it takes a lot of water

**D**

**Am**

To wash away New Orleans

**C**

But, nobody taught her, it takes a lot of water

**D**

**Am**

To wash away New Orleans

[Outro]

**Am C D Am    Am C D E    Am C D Am    Am G D Am**